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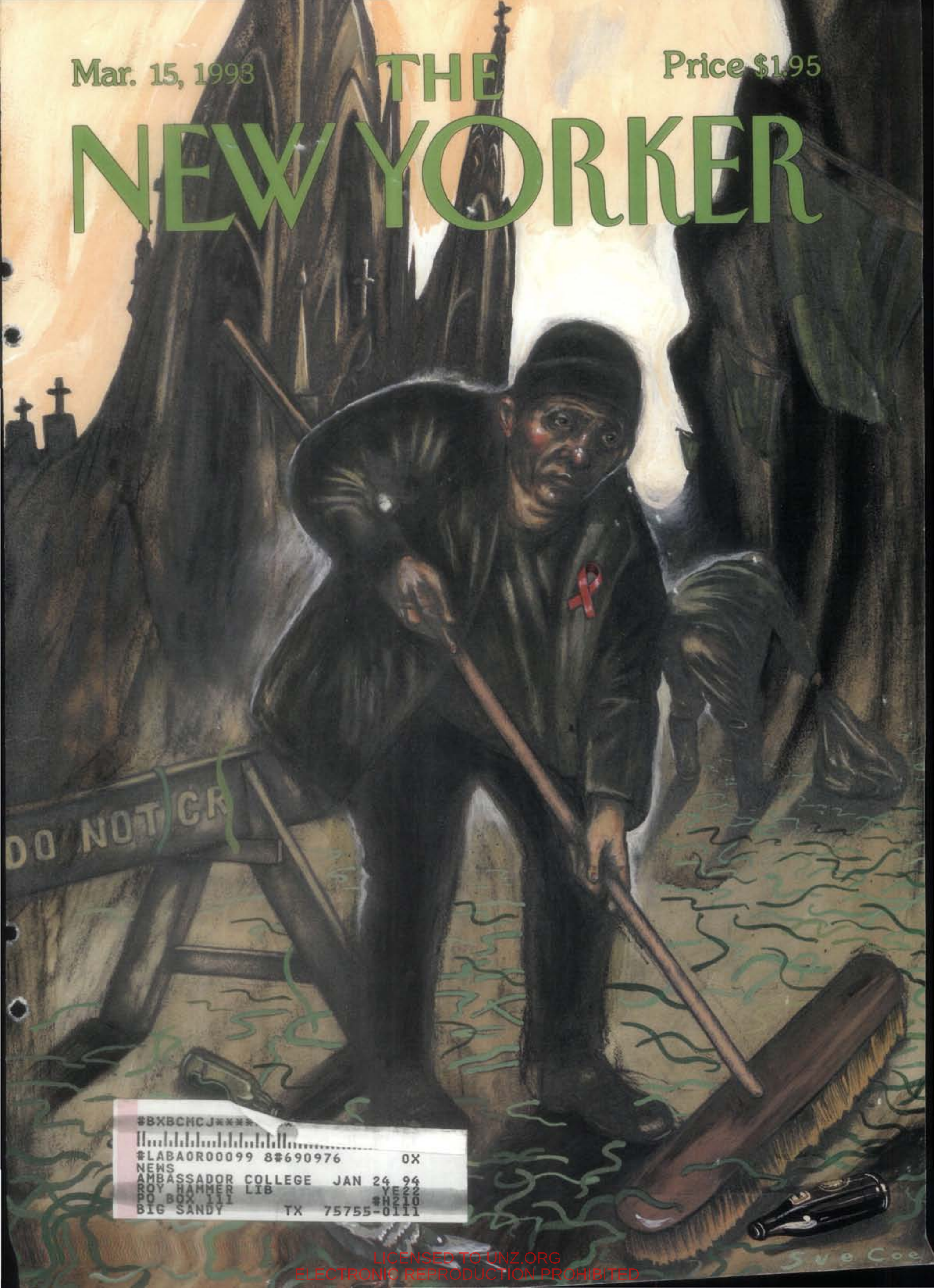

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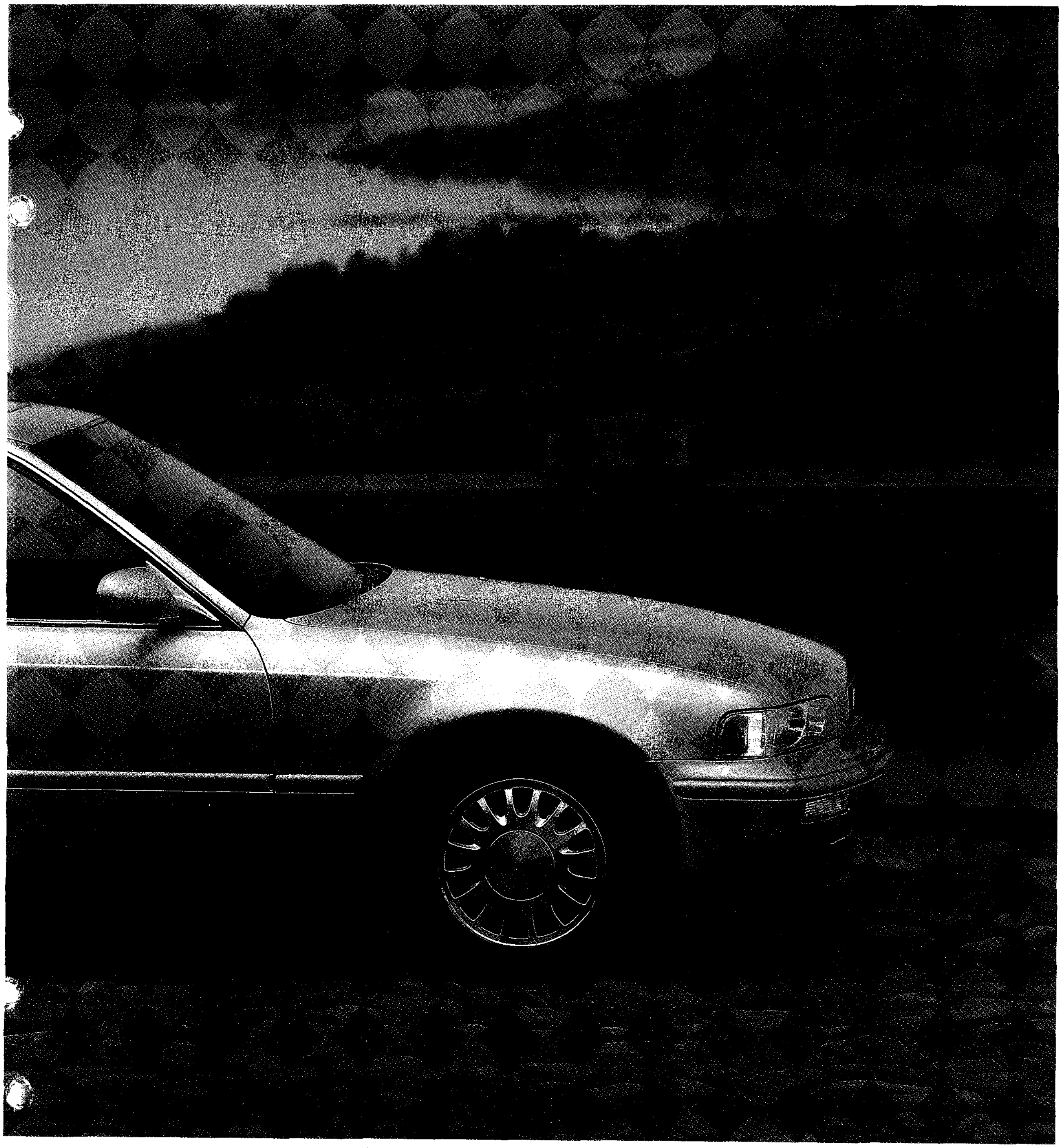

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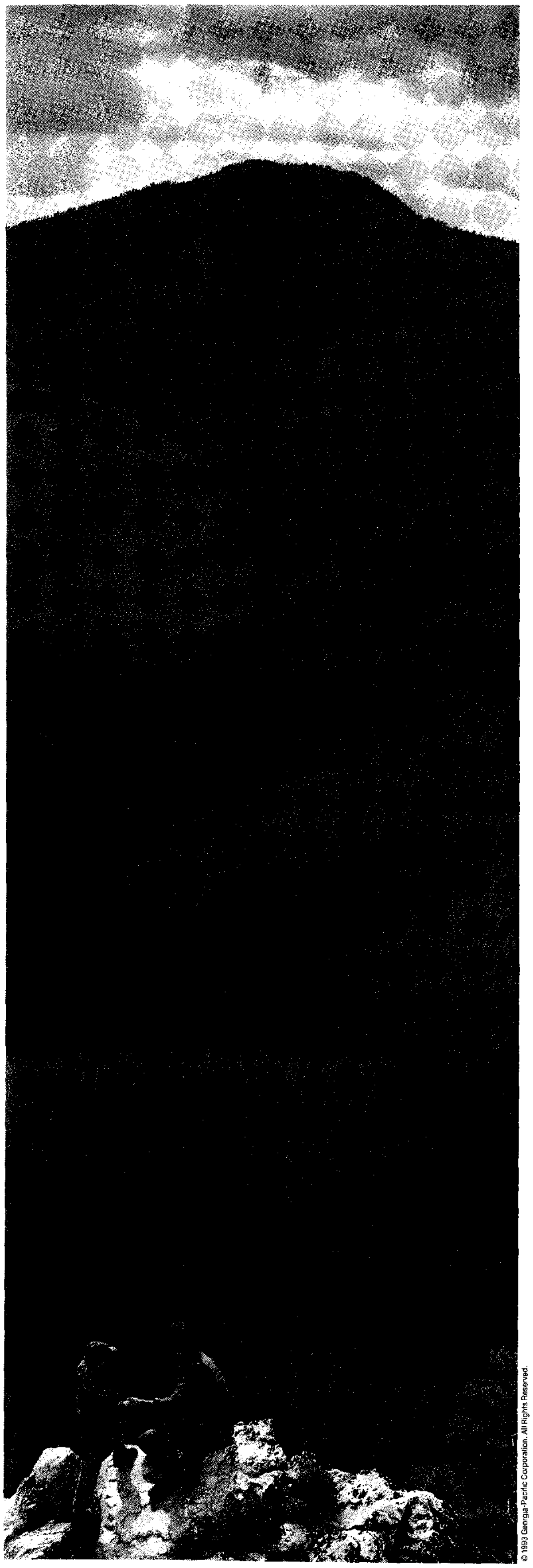

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COMMENT

QUIET VOICES FROM THE BALKANS

MILOŠ VASIĆ, a founding editor of *Vreme*, which is the only independent magazine still publishing in Belgrade, was in New York recently, talking about the war in the former Yugoslavia. "It's an artificial war, really, produced by television," he said. "All it took was a few years of fierce, reckless, chauvinist, intolerant, expansionist, war-mongering propaganda to create enough hate to start the fighting among people who had lived together peacefully for forty-five years. I acknowledge that noses were broken in barrooms over the years. But nobody was *killed*. You must imagine a United States with every little TV station everywhere taking exactly the same editorial line—a line dictated by David Duke. You, too, would have war in five years."

Zoran Pajić, a professor of law at the University of Sarajevo, was travelling with Mr. Vasić. Sarajevo, Mr. Pajić said, was a good place from which to watch the television war parties at work. For years before the war broke out, the city had been picking up TV news broadcasts both from Belgrade and from Zagreb, the capital of Croatia—where there is now no independent press whatsoever. "Both stations began to traffic in stereotypes," he said. "On Belgrade TV, the Croats became Ustashas. On Zagreb TV, all the Serbs were Chetniks. These are terms from the Second World War that today are ethnic insults. And then both stations began to play with the notion that Muslims are unreliable, dangerous fundamentalists. You could just watch these stations and know that something really big was rolling behind." What was rolling behind, of course, was war.

"It's very easy," Mr. Vasić, the journalist, said. "First you create fear, then distrust, then panic. Then all you have to do is come every night and distribute submachine guns in every village, and you are ready."

Mr. Pajić, the professor, described a somewhat more complex process. Postwar Yugoslavia was safe and predictable—a place of what he called "stable stagnation." "All social conflicts were resolved within one party, or by one charis

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matic leader, behind the scenes," he said. "After the Communist system collapsed, all that liberals like me could offer was the free market and free institutions. People were terrified. They were not ready for these insecurities. And this was a gap that had to be filled by nature. So the nationalists rose, exploiting social conflicts, and the Communist bureaucracies saw that nationalism was the way to keep the show going. It's the new form of collective identity. People have stopped saying 'I'm a good journalist.' They say 'I'm a good Serb' or 'I'm a good Croat.' "

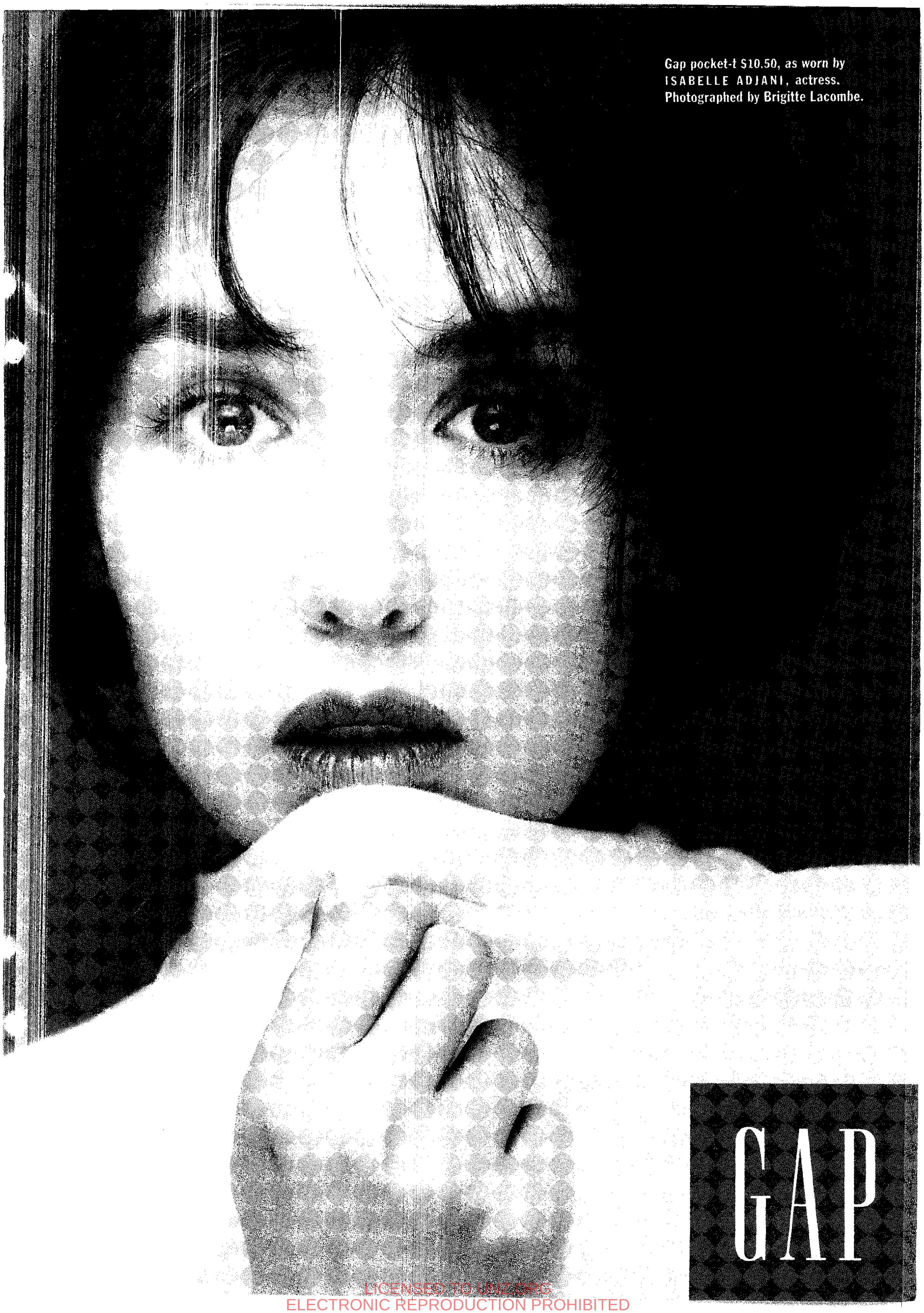
Even today, however, not everyone in the former Yugoslavia is a nationalist, good or otherwise. Moderates such as Mr. Pajić and Mr. Vasić may have been marginalized by the war parties, but they continue to press for the creation of secular, democratic, multiethnic political systems. Mr. Vasić, a large, droll man, persists, with his colleagues, in publishing *Vreme* (the word means "time"), despite constant harassment from the Milosevic regime. Daniel Plesch, who runs a research firm that was acting as host to Mr. Vasić and Mr. Pajić, said, "People sometimes buy *Vreme* just to have it in their homes, so that they can point to it and feel that they are *sane*—because they are surrounded by a truly psychotic culture."

Mr. Pajić, a longtime human-rights activist and a polished public speaker, is chairing a new organization, called the Experts Committee on the Crisis in Ex-Yugoslavia and composed of leading academics, opposition figures, and minority representatives from all the former republics. The committee, which hopes to build civic rather than ethnic-based political structures and to foster and protect an independent press, is now trying to attract some international support. "But the West, which was always very receptive to anti-Communist dissidents, doesn't seem to know what to do with anti-nationalist dissidents," Mr. Pajić said. One of the committee's projects is to establish an independent television station broadcasting into the former Yugoslavia—an idea that our State Department received with enthusiasm last summer but has yet to act upon. The Western press has had trouble even defining the new dissidents; the *Times*, for example, has described Mr. Pajić as an opponent of the Bosnian government, which he is not. He is critical of that government's nationalist tendencies, he said, but sympathetic to its plight. "Bosnia, as the most multiethnic area—'little Yugoslavia,' we called it—was in a very difficult position after the collapse," he said. "And the Bosnian Muslims were left as the only real guardians of Bosnian sovereignty, because, besides being the largest ethnic group, they were the only group that had no 'mother country' to turn to. This situation, of course, suited perfectly the Serbian and Croatian propaganda scenarios about an Islamic fundamentalist state being established in Europe." The Bosnian government has fought an essentially defensive war against Serbian and Croatian expansionism, he said. Though all sides have been guilty of human-rights abuses, Bosnian Muslims have been the main victims of what is, above all else, a war against civilians. Both Mr. Pajić and Mr. Vasić expressed exasperation with reporting that portrays the Balkans as a hopeless tangle of ancient blood feuds. "If you make all three sides equally guilty, you justify inaction," Mr. Vasić said. The fact is that the war is not incomprehensible, not out of control, he declared. There are things that can be done.

"We realize that any international peace process must deal with the warlords," Mr. Pajić said. "But, for visualizing long-term political settlements, the process must also include moderates—those who don't believe in intolerance and exclusivity." The Bosnian peace plan now being proposed by the United Nations and the European Community—a plan that in the Experts Committee's view threatens to "legitimate apartheid-style division of the country, imposed by military victories"—needs to be augmented, the committee feels, by enforceable agreements on the disarmament of all parties, by the establishment of an international administrative authority, and by the protection of minority rights.

The U.N.-E.C. plan "does not take into account those people who don't want to be tribal," Mr. Plesch pointed out. "Those in mixed marriages, for instance. In Bosnia-Herzegovina, the 1981 census showed that twenty-six per cent of all marriages were mixed." (When Mr. Pajić was asked about his family, he said that his father was a Serb and his mother a Sephardic Jew, and that he himself is married to a Bosnian Muslim whose maternal grandmother was a Czech. Their children, he guessed, would describe themselves simply as Sarajevans. "Nobody really discussed ethnicity in our family," he said. "It just wasn't important." Mr. Vasić, for his part, said that his two oldest children, from his first marriage, were Croats. His next three children, from his next marriage, were "integralist-universalists," he said, laughing, or Yugoslavs, and his youngest child, from his third marriage, was a Muslim.)

One evening during their visit here, while Mr. Pajić and Mr. Vasić were presenting their ideas at a public discussion on "Alternative Paths to Peace," held at the Church Center, on the United Nations Plaza, some of the "psychotic culture" that Balkan moderates are confronted with suddenly put in an appearance. A middle-aged blond woman with hot blue eyes began angrily interrupting the speakers with hostile questions and remarks. She was soon joined by a couple of extremely pugnacious men. All spoke with strong Slavic accents. The woman talked about "Mother Serbia" and "Austro-Hungarian propagandists" and "Mujahedin." The Bosnian Serbs—who have now driven a million and a half Bosnian Muslims from their homes, raping thousands and murdering at least a hundred thousand—are merely "trying to defend their culture," she said. One of the men said that there was no ethnic cleansing going on in Bosnia, only "ethnic shifting," and that there were no real Muslims, only Serbs and Croats who had mistakenly embraced Islam a few centuries ago. The blond woman, it turned out, was the American correspondent for Belgrade government television. That detail made it especially chilling, somehow, when she glared at Mr. Vasić, her fellow Serbian journalist, and spat "Traitor!" ◆



Gap pocket-t $10.50, as worn by
ISABELLE ADJANI, actress.
Photographed by Brigitte Lacombe.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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14	15	16				

THE THEATRE

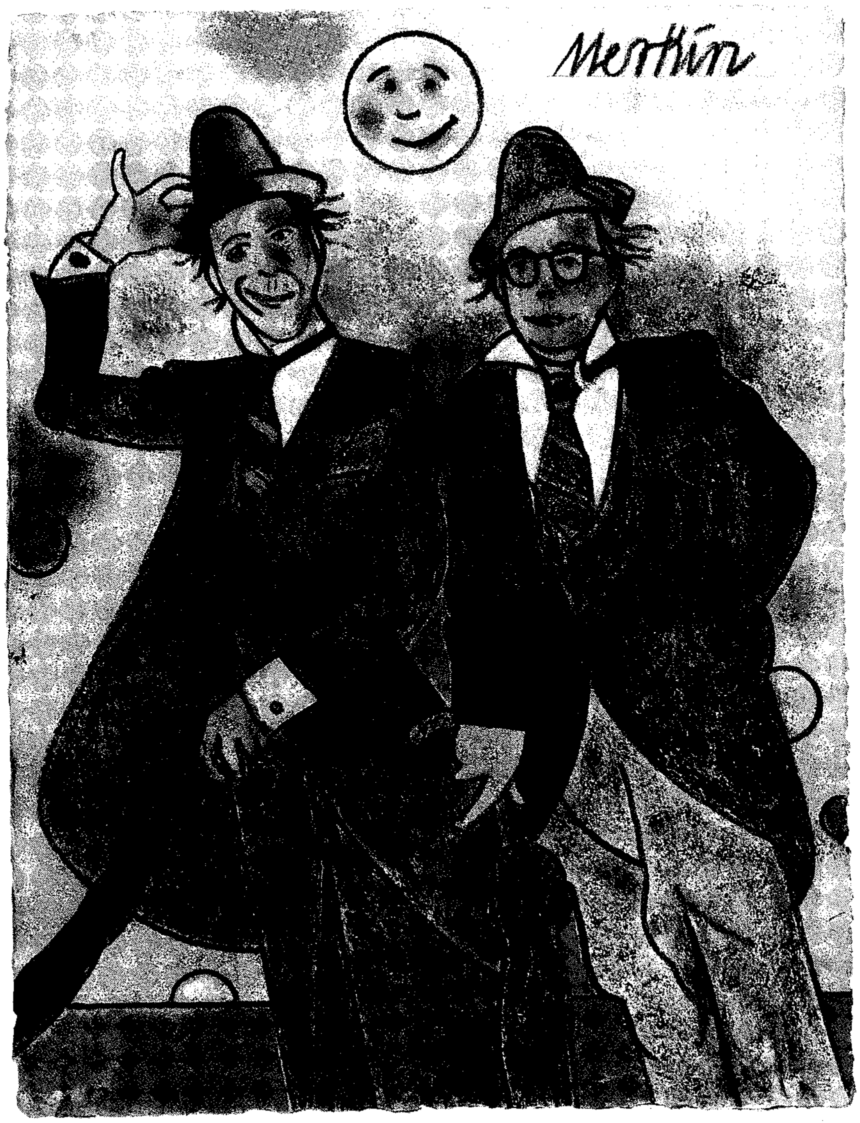
The Youngbloods

BROADWAY used to launch actors through the "New Faces" revue; now theatregoers who seek out fresh talent must take potluck. Anyone undertaking such a search should consider the following twenty-something performers:

Lili Taylor. Though Miss Taylor counts as a veteran, having appeared in nine films, she continues to display the qualities of a sophisticated adolescent. This should come as no surprise, given that she graduated in 1985 from that hotbed of midwestern precocity, suburban Chicago's New Trier High School. She's currently appearing in "Aven' U Boys," a play by Frank Pugliese.

Michael Stuhlbarg and Alec Phoenix. Both are members of the Juilliard Drama Division's remarkable class of '92, a cohort that also includes Michael Hayden, who plays Billy Bigelow in this season's acclaimed London revival of "Carousel." The sweet-looking Mr. Stuhlbarg is the Dauphin in the National Actors Theatre's "Saint Joan," and the poised Mr. Phoenix takes on the part of Berowne in Theatre for a New Audience's "Love's Labour's Lost," a role in which he has already distinguished himself at Juilliard.

Debra Eisenstadt. At present, the natural, charming Ms. Eisenstadt is the understudy for Mary McCann in David Mamet's "Oleanna"; she will assume the role of the politically correct princess full-time next month, when the play goes on the road. She'll be appearing in Stamford and Washington, but no doubt she'll be back in town soon.



David Shiner and Bill Irwin in "Fool Moon."

RICHARD MERKIN

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

BACK TO BACHARACH AND DAVID—A new musical revue. Previews begin March 11. (Club 53, at the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. 261-5853.)

CANDIDA—Shaw's play, with Mary Steenburgen, Robert Foxworth, and Robert Sean Leonard. Gloria Muzio directed. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

FACE VALUE—A new play by David Henry Hwang, with Michael Countryman, Mia Korf, Jane Krakowski, Mark Linn-Baker, Gus Rogerson, Gina Torres, Jeff Weiss, and B. D. Wong. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

FIRES IN THE MIRROR: CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN AND OTHER IDENTITIES—A short return engagement of Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show. March 12 at 8, March 13 at 3 and 8, and March 14 at 3. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

NEW YORK THEATRE WORKSHOP—Presenting two plays by Caryl Churchill in rotating repertory: OWNERS, from 1972, and TRAPS, from 1977. Both are in previews. (79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

PUTTING IT TOGETHER—A celebration of Stephen Sondheim's music, which was first seen last year in Oxford, England. With Julie Andrews, Stephen Collins, Christopher Durang, Michael Rupert, and Rachel York. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THE ROOT—A play by Gary Richards, with Giancarlo Esposito. Preview on March 10. Opens March 11 at 8. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

THE SECOND ANNUAL HEART O' TEXAS ECZEMA TELETHON—A comedy by Mark Dunn. Previews through March 15. Opens March 16 at 8. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

THE WIZ—Stephanie Mills and André De Shields return to their original roles in this revival of the 1975 musical. The two-week engagement begins previews March 16. (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AVEN' U BOYS—A play by Frank Pugliese, with Ron Eldard, Michael Imperioli, Lucinda Jenney, Cynthia Martells, Adrian Pasdar, and Lili Taylor. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

THE BEST OF FRIENDS—A play by Hugh Whitemore, with Roy Dotrice, Michael Allinson, and Diana Douglas. The work is about George Bernard Shaw and two of his friends, Sir Sydney Cockerell and the Abbess of Stanbrook. This drama was first done in 1988, in London. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

BUBBE MEISES, BUBBE STORIES—A musical written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

THE DESTINY OF ME—Or "Confrontations with My Father." Larry Kramer's latest work is rarely less than involving, but the dramatic structure—a family-memory play grafted onto the present-day story of an exhausted, love-seeking AIDS activist—breaks down for good in the second act. Many people who stay for the third act, however, claim to be deeply moved by the conclusion. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

FIVE WOMEN WEARING THE SAME DRESS—A play, by Alan Ball—a writer with star sitcom potential—about bridesmaids in a wedding in Knoxville, Tennessee. Everything here—the direction, the cast, the dress—is peachy. (Manhattan Class Company, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Closes March 13.)

FOOL MOON—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/8/93.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This new edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and among the holdovers are "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini,

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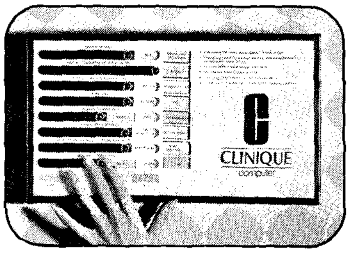
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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

as if you had to be told, is the inspired writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short star in a new musical by Neil Simon (book), Marvin Hamlisch (score), and David Zippel (lyrics). Adapted from the 1977 movie by Mr. Simon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Heliotrope Bouquet by Scott Joplin & Louis Chauvin—A play, with ragtime music, by Eric Overmyer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes March 21.)

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Love's Labour's Lost—Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Michael Langham. A Theatre for a New Audience production. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A series of vignettes, by the rising writer/performer David Drake, about contemporary gay life. Mr. Drake is more gifted as a performer than as a writer, but his show is frequently absorbing—by turns silly and poignant. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. With William H. Macy and Mary McCann. Not to be missed. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

On the Open Road—A play by Steve Tesich, with Byron Jennings and Anthony LaPaglia. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes March 14.)

Phaedra—Joanne Camp has the title role in Jean Racine's play (in a new translation by Margaret Rawlings). (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes March 20.)

Robert Johnson: Trick the Devil—A play about the legendary blues musician, by Bill Harris. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Closes March 21. For reservations, call 576-9028.)

Saint Joan—Maryann Plunkett, as Maid, and Michael Langham, as director, together rescue the faltering National Actors Theatre, as well as France. Jay O. Sanders, Nicholas Kepros, Lorne Kennedy, and Michael Stuhlbarg (as Dauphin) give strong support. Distinguished settings by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. (2/15/93) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes March 14.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. The show has recently moved to Broadway from Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Alec McCowen (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and James McDaniel (American) give stunning performances as hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Wilder, Wilder, Wilder—Three one-acters by the invaluable Thornton—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Pullman Car Hiawatha," and, best of all, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." The actors, though most of them are comparatively inexperienced, do a very good job, so the real star of the occasion is Edward Berkeley, the director who drew forth their flawless performances. (12/21/92) (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 662-8562.)

Wings—Jeffrey Lunden and Arthur Perlman's musical adaptation of a 1978 play by Arthur Kopit. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre, but it does at least serve as an occasion to present George C. Scott, as a grouchy, dying old professor. Mr. Scott does not let us down, and Tony Danza, making his New York stage début, demonstrates that he deserves a better part under happier circumstances. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

Merce Pieces

At the Cunningham company's annual City Center season (March 9-21), there will be several New York premières, including the hour-long "Enter," which features the seventy-three-year-old Mr. Cunningham himself. A newly published anthology, "Merce Cunningham: Dancing in Space and Time" (edited by Richard Kostelanetz), gives earlier glimpses of Mr. Cunningham:

"His build resembles that of the juvenile *saltimbanques* of the early Picasso canvases. As a dancer his instep and his knees are extraordinarily elastic and quick . . . The arms are light and long, they float." (Edwin Denby, 1944)

"There isn't a lot left he can do. Few things are simpler for a dancer than to rise from a kneeling position. When Cunningham does it . . . he steadies himself with one hand during the first part of the maneuver. Yet he does it with exactly the same timing at every performance. The precise spontaneity is endearing." (Alastair Macaulay, 1988)

"What the dancer does is the most realistic of all possible things, and to pretend that a man standing on a hill could be doing everything except just standing is simply divorce—divorce from life, from the sun coming up and going down, from clouds in front of the sun, from the rain that comes from the clouds and sends you into the drugstore for a cup of coffee." (Merce Cunningham, 1952)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—March 10 at 8: "Change of Address," "Touchbase" (company première), and "Trackers.". . . ¶ March 11 at 8: "Neighbors" and "Enter.". . . ¶ March 12 at 8: "Change of Address" and "Enter.". . . ¶ March 13 at 2: "Neighbors," "Beach Birds," and "Change of Address.". . . ¶ March 13 at 8: "Touchbase" and "Enter.". . . ¶ March 14 at 3: "Beach Birds," "Touchbase," and "Change of Address.". . . ¶ March 16 at 8: "Change of Address," "Doubletoss" (New York première), and "Loosestrife." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through March 21.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—The opening performance of a two-week engagement: "The Four Temperaments," "A Song for Dead Warriors" (company première), and "Concerto in F." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. March 16 at 8. Through March 28.)

Feld Ballets/NY—March 10 and March 16 at 8: "Aurora I," "Blooms Wake" (première), and "Common Ground.". . . ¶ March 11 at 8: "Danzon Cubano," "Ion," "Endsong," and "The Relative Disposition of the Parts.". . . ¶ March 12 at 8: "Common Ground," "Frets and Women," and "The Jig Is Up.". . . ¶ March 13 at 8: "Harbinger," "Kore," "Over the Pavement," and "The Relative Disposition of the Parts.". . . ¶ March 14 at 2: "Aurora I," "Circa," and "Wolfgang Strategies.". . . ¶ March 14 at 7:30: "Frets and Women," "Over the Pavement," and "The Relative Disposition of the Parts." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 4.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—A benefit celebration of the company's twenty-fifth year. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 15 at 8.)

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NIGHT LIFE

In the Name of Love

YOU may not recognize Darlene Love's name, but you've definitely heard her voice. In the early sixties, she recorded a string of Phil Spector hits, and she's sung backup on recordings by Sam Cooke, Dionne Warwick, the Beach Boys, Aretha Franklin, and many others. Most of her work, however, was uncredited, which helps to explain why, years later, she was singing on cruise ships and working at a dry cleaner's. Ms. Love's tumultuous career is the subject of "Darlene Love: Portrait of a Singer," which has been knocking out audiences at the Bottom Line for the past month and has been extended to Tuesdays and Wednesdays through the end of March.

The show, written by Melanie Mintz and performed by Ms. Love and others, features both past hits and new material, along with a biographical narrative. "We stay away from the really deep and depressing parts," Ms. Love says, "or we'd be up there for five hours." Most of these parts, she explains, were in the early eighties, when she was embarking on a solo career. "My marriage broke up, I lost my home, and I did actually sleep on the floor a few times," she says. Eventually, things began to turn around. She appeared in the revue "Leader of the Pack," acted in all three "Lethal Weapon" films, and, most recently, had a hit single, "All Alone on Christmas," from the "Home Alone 2" soundtrack. Ms. Love shows almost no bitterness about how little recognition—not to mention compensation—she's received for her early recordings. She jokes that when Phil Spector recently sent her a gold record she "kept looking in the box to see if there might be a check in there somewhere."

Darlene Love at the Bottom Line.

SCOTT MENCHIN

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**DAUGHERTY & FIELD**—a music-and-comedy team who have been known to sing "Blue Moon" and "Blue Room" at the same time—are currently at work in the Oak Room. Daugherty favors one-liners; Field, the pianist, prefers old-fashioned mugging. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. The cabaret will wind up its annual Brazil fest with **LECI BRANDÃO.** Her eleventh album of samba and bossa nova is titled "Comprometida," and she finishes up here on March 14. **MARIETTE HARTLEY** begins work on March 16.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Impressionistic "in concert" portraits of musicans who have played here round out a glossy décor. This week: the **BOOTSIE BARNES** quintet (March 11); the **REBECCA COUPE FRANKS** quartet (March 12-13); the **JOAN TYLER** blues band (March 14); the **DAVE PIETRO** quintet (March 15); and the **ANDY MILNE** quartet (March 16). Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. The **GEORGE SHEARING** duo and the **JIM HALL** trio share a bill through March 14, and the **CHARLEY KRACHY** trio performs on March 15. **PHYLLIS HYMAN** begins a week-long run on March 16. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club. **DARLENE LOVE** will be back for two two-day gigs. The first ends on March 10; the second begins on March 16. March 12-13 the Bottom Line will be the site of a show called "Child Is Father to the Man," which sounds suspiciously like a Blood, Sweat & Tears reunion. Playing together for the first time in twenty-five years are **RANDY BRECKER, JIM FIELDER, STEVE KATZ, AL KOOPER,** and **FRED LIPSIUS.** Also appearing with the group are **ANTON FIG, TOM MALONE, LEW SOLOFF,** and **JIMMY VIVINO.**

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. The **JAMES WILLIAMS** trio is here through March 10. The **KEVIN EUBANKS** trio will perform March 11-13. Trombonist **STEVE TURRE,** pianist **MULGREW MILLER,** and tuba player **BOB STEWART** are in on March 14. The **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE** trio starts up on March 15. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **EARTHA KITT,** who jokingly refers to her show here as "the mature Eartha Kitt." Kitt has a staggering list of stage, TV, and recording credits. Most of her songs are tales of men and money, and she doesn't so much sing her lyrics as growl them, prowling the stage like a lioness protecting her cubs. **BETTY BUCKLEY** will be in for a two-day gig on March 12-13. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club: new and used bands of every stripe pass through nightly. Consider: **ALICE DONUT** (March 10), **PLEASE** (March 11), **PLANET DREAD** (March 12), **MUMMIES** (March 13), and **MONICA NELSON** (March 16).

Continental Club, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. **KING MISSILE** is here on March 13. The band is fronted by John S. Hall, a performance-artist type whose vocals are, for the most part, nasty political monologues with titles like "To Walk Among the Pigs." King Missile has had unlikely college-radio hits like "Jesus Was Way Cool" and, most recently, "Detachable Penis." **MONKS OF DOOM** and **PURPLE MOON GIANTS** perform on the same bill. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night. **NITESPRITE** will be in on March 14. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Singer **GLORIA LYNNE** performs with a trio March 11-14; the **NEW YORK VOICES** start up on March 16. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth, turn-of-the-century ballroom that's been dormant for years, the club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches. The **ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE** finishes up a run on March 14; **STANLEY TURRENTINE** and **BOBBY LYLE** begin a week-long engagement on March 16. Dining.

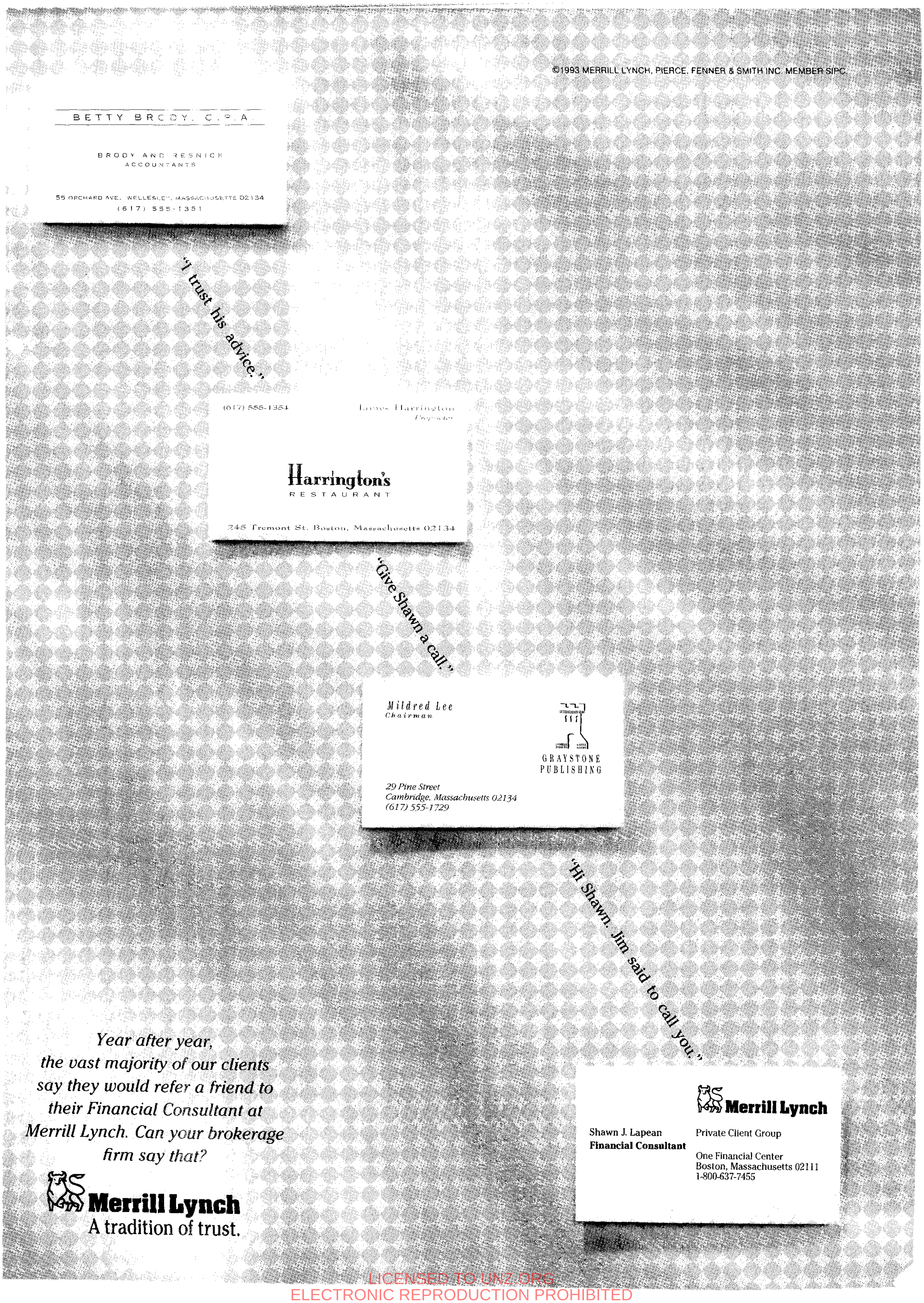
J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly. The **JUDY BARNETT** sextet will be here on March 13. On March 16, **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT** takes the stage. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The team of **STEVE KUHN** and **DAVID FINCK** is in residence March 10-13.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. **TIM BERNE** and the **HANK ROBERTS** duo share the honors on March 11; **CHRIS COCHRANE, MARC RIBOT,** and **SEBASTIAN STEINBERG,** among others, perform on March 12; and **BUFFALO TOM,** the **GRIFTERS,** and **POND** come in on March 13. Buffalo Tom formed at the University of Massachusetts, in Amherst, in 1986. They write infectious pop songs, then rough them up with feedback. Buffalo Tom recently released its third album, "Let Me Come Over." As for its live shows, bass player Chris Colburn once put it this way: "There's never a set list. We just play what we want." Pond, which hails from Portland, Oregon, is known for its dreamy melodies and its insistent guitar rock, not to mention its lead singer's modified mop-top.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. On March 12, erstwhile Throwing Muse **KRISTIN HERSH** plays solo. (**SHE NEVER BLINKS** will open that same night.) The Throwing Muses started out in the mid-eighties with some jagged and brilliant guitar pop, the best of which can be heard on the band's self-titled début album. Since then, the band has lost a few members—most notably Tanya Donelly. The Muses' records have become increasingly spotty over the years, and it's refreshing to see Hersh in a new context. **NOVA MOB, PITCHBLENDE,** and **CORNDOLLY** are here on March 13; the **MUMMIES** and **SUPERCHARGER** turn up on March 14.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Jelly Roll Morton tribute that's been in session since October will close on March 13. **VERNEL BAGNERIS** oozes a breezy, graceful elegance in portraying the man who claimed to have invented jazz in turn-of-the-century New Orleans. His script, drawn from interviews that Jelly Roll taped in the thirties, stresses



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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

the composer's genial side (which, history tells us, was not always in evidence). The fleet-fingered pianist is named Morten Gunnar Larsen. He and Bagneris pack sixteen numbers into little more than an hour, leaving the audience enriched, entertained, and wishing the show didn't have to end. **MICKEY ROONEY** comes in for a monthlong stay on March 16.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Revues have become Rainbow & Stars' strong suit and for the next couple of months the club will be home to a Rodgers and Hammerstein rave-up called "A Grand Night for Singing." The cast includes some familiar faces from Broadway: **VICTORIA CLARK, JASON GRAAE, MARTIN VIDNOVIC, LYNNE WINTERSTELLER,** and **KAREN ZIÉMBA.** Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Singer-pianist **BARBARA CARROLL,** who's the artist in residence for part of the year at Bemelmans Bar uptown, will be here on March 14. Carroll's sets alternate between jazz and cabaret. She'll glide through Cole Porter or Rodgers and Hart, then knock out a jazz tune by Dizzy Gillespie, occasionally slipping in an original along the way. Carroll will joined by bassist Jay Leonhart, who can also be heard on the singer's forthcoming album. **STEVE LUTVAK** is in on March 15. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine. **CEDAR WALTON, RON CARTER,** and **BILLY HIGGINS** are here through March 14, and the **MILES EVANS** big band, which holds forth every Monday night, plays a week-long gig as of March 15. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. **CHUCK BROWN AND THE SOUL SEARCHERS WITH THE P-FUNK HORNS** are here on March 13. **BOBBY PARKER** plays on the same bill. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The **MAL WALDRON** trio holds forth through March 14, and the **GEORGE COLEMAN** quartet starts up on March 16. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. This week: **CHUCKLEHEAD** (March 10), **MADHATTERS** and **JIGGLE THE HANDLE** (March 11), **SKADANKS** (March 12), **IRON BUTTERFLY** and **ABRAXUS** (March 13), **FUNKFACE** (March 14), and **CHOOSY MOTHERS** and **STYVE** (March 15).

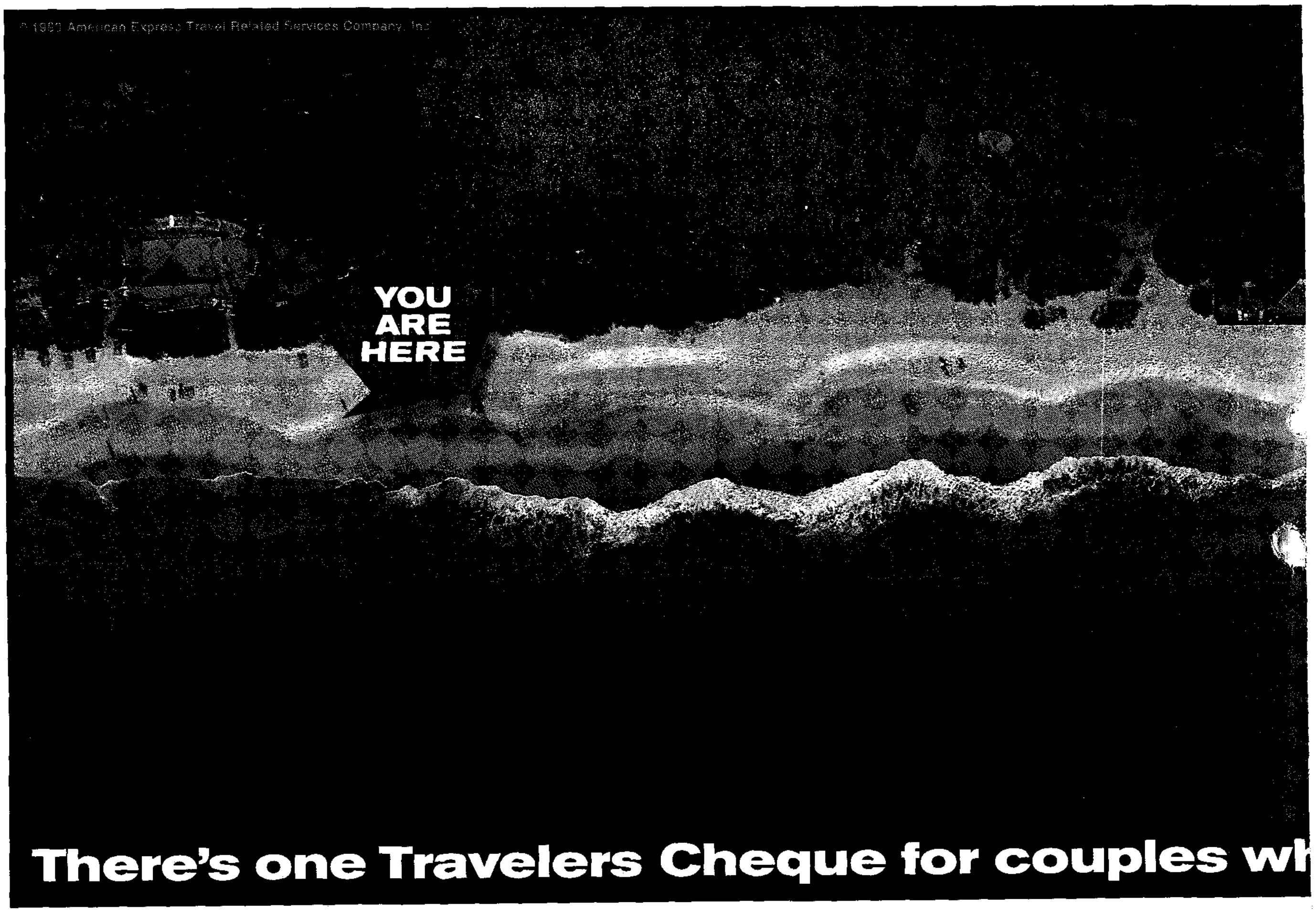
EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE three of them stood draped over the leg press at David Barton's workout palace (552 Sixth Avenue), each a study in deliberate dishevelment, courtesy of Dolce & Gabbana, DKNY, and Pepe Jeans. They were waiting for the party that Barton's gymamorata, Susanne Bartsch, was throwing (for somebody whose name nobody could remember) to start cookin'. Restless friends came up to them offering rides to Roxy or Smashing, or even home. The trio gave one and all a modest Gidget-like "toodles" wave and continued to drink and giggle.

Why weren't they in a rush to scratch a place full of low energy and dumbbells? "We couldn't get in to 'Groundhog Day' and we were freezing outside, so we got here early," one said. "Otherwise, we wouldn't be here yet," another said. "The invitation said 'from 10 P.M.' This is way too early. There are rules, you know." What rules? Looking slightly put out at having to recite the social catechism, the third droned, "Forty-five minutes late for dinner parties, an hour and fifteen minutes for cocktail parties, two and a half hours for the big bashes. Watch the door at 12:30. You'll see." At precisely 12:29, the door to Barton's gym opened, and it didn't close completely until more than a hundred and fifty people, the likes of whom keep Billy Norwich employed, had filed in. "Isn't this the best party in ages?" the worldly wise woman called out when we caught up with her by the pec deck. Then she whispered, "Be out of here by 1:30, tops." If you stood anywhere near the door between 1:30 and 1:45, you probably caught a chill.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Everyday Newt Burman (The Trilogy of Cyclic-Existence)"—The most recent collaborative work by composer John Moran and the Ridge Theatre, a performance group. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. March 11-14 at 7:30. Through March 21.)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ART

Draftsman's Contract

Honoré Daumier (1808-79), a working artist in the modern sense, was a lithographer by trade, as well as a pictorial satirist whose lampoons of King Louis Philippe once earned him a term in jail. To see Daumier caricatures like "The Legislative Belly," or the saturnine "Docteur Prunelle" in his sorely strained waistcoat, commissioned during the 1830's, is to relive one's discovery of a Dickensian world full of figures whose form and meaning are inseparable. By 1845, Baudelaire had decided that the cartoonist, along with Ingres and Delacroix, was one of the three best draftsmen of the age, and the Daumier show now at the Met (through May 2)—the first major exhibition of his drawings—does not prove the poet wrong.

Daumier was self-taught as an artist and could therefore freely choose his mentors. Clearly, these included Rubens and Fragonard, and a drawing such as "The Drunkenness of Silenus," from 1850, is a kind of magnificent throwback to the high Baroque. But Daumier's vast body of work also cleared the path for a formidable parade of successors, observers of modern life ranging from Manet to Picasso to Jules Feiffer (who will give a lecture, titled "Daumier's Orphans," at the museum on March 14, at 3 P.M.).

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Daumier Drawings." Through May 2. . . . ¶ "Faces and Figures: German and Austrian Artists, 1918-33" consists entirely of Met-owned objects, including prints by Beckmann, Grosz, Kokoschka, and Dix, and photographs by Raoul Hausmann, John Heartfield, and August Sander . . . . ¶ Paintings from the imperial court of fifteenth-century China, in "Painters of the Great Ming: The Imperial Court and Zhe School". . . . ¶ "The Greek Miracle: Classical Sculpture from the Dawn of Democracy" contains thirty-three statues from fifth-century Greece, many of which have never before left the country. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Max Ernst: Dada and the Dawn of Surrealism:" two hundred and thirty paintings, relief sculptures, collages, drawings, and prints. Through May 2. . . . ¶ "Thinking Is Form: The Drawings of Joseph Beuys." Approximately two hundred works, in such mediums as pencil, watercolor, oil, collage, and chalk on blackboard. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Recent Acquisitions: Photography" presents some thirty works—by Jan Groover, John Gutmann, and Doug and Mike Starn, among others—that reflect the diversity of the museum's collection. Through April 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Four Rooms and a House Ball: Pop and the Everyday Object" features the work of more than thirty Pop artists, including Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—The museum has recently become a veritable hot spot on the photography map, as is made clear by "Photography in Contemporary German Art: 1960 to the Present." Here one can see the biggest stars of German art, side by side with names that will probably be new to most Americans. There's Conceptual work, straightforward work, and everything in between, from Pop to kitsch to images reflecting the postwar fixation of German artists on their national identity. Through May 9. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—This year's Biennial is emphasizing issues of "identity, sexuality, allegiance, and our relationship to technology." Janine Antoni, Andrea Fraser, Marga Gomez, and Simon Leung are among the more than eighty American artists featured. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, An expanded installation of paintings, photographs, works on paper, and sculpture from the museum's permanent collection of contemporary art, inagurating the newly renovated West Wing. John Ahern, Adolph Gottlieb, Louise Nevelson, and George Segal are among the more than fifty artists represented. . . . ¶ Ida Applebroog's new installation, titled "Everything Is Fine," consists of a bunch of humdrum sketches on the back wall of the lobby, along with twenty-five freestanding paintings of chimpanzees. Toby Tyler would think he'd died and gone to Heaven, but nobody else is likely to be particularly moved. Through April 25. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—"One Thousand Days One Million Years," an exhibition of paintings from the "Today Series," by On Kawara. Also on view are "One Million Years (Past)," which comprises ten typewritten volumes, and "One Million Years (Future)," a sound piece. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Furniture from the French Renaissance, along with Old Master prints and drawings. . . . ¶ A permanent installation of blue-and-white Chinese por-

HE
IS
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ve tied the knot, just not around each other.

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celain, dating from the fifteenth century to the early nineteenth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Thomas Jefferson had admirably legible penmanship, which makes the autograph letters and other documents here accessibility itself. And his lucid style is astonishing to ears accustomed to the inanities of modern bureaucrats. The exhibit includes Jefferson's first published work, "Summary View of the Rights of America" (1774), a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence, and much more. Through April 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Secrecy: African Art That Conceals and Reveals," this museum's inaugural exhibition in this space, includes masks, figures, textiles, initiatory objects, and reliquaries. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Sundays, 11 to 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Is It Phyfe?" presents furniture by Scottish-born cabinetmaker Duncan Phyfe (1768-1854). (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Color prints, aquatints, and experimental uncolored prints are on view in "Touching Interiors: Mary Cassatt's Drypoints." Through March 28. . . . ¶ "Darkness and Light" presents the work of seven twentieth-century Swedish printmakers, with an emphasis on the drypoint tradition. Through March 28. . . . ¶ A show of American prints from the collection demonstrates James McNeill Whistler's influence on graphic artists at the beginning of this century. Through March 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The representation and reconfiguration of urban spaces, and the movement of people and things through such spaces, are the focal points of a show called "In Transit." Installations, photographs, and objects by such artists as Tadashi Kawamata, Marlene McCarty, Laura Cottingham, Helen Levitt, Camilo Vergara, and Krzysztof Wodiczko are included. Through April 11. . . . ¶ "Skin Deep" is a show of abstract works by Peter Hopkins, Byron Kim, Lauren Szold, and Jack Whitten, all containing references to skin and pigment. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Sculptural objects—a sweater, a pair of trousers—made out of transparent tape, by Oliver Herring. Through April 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Assault on the Arts: Culture and Politics in Nazi Germany" brings together assorted materials that illustrate the deleterious effects of the Nazi regime on art. Through May 28. . . . ¶ "Christian Boltanski: Books, Prints, Printed Matter, Ephemera" showcases the bleak oeuvre of this leading French Conceptualist. Through May 15. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Ten works by Keith Haring—eight drawings, one sculpture, and a sixty-foot mural. . . . ¶ Images of, and references to, money in art over the past thirty years, in "The Realm of the Coin: Money in American Art, 1960-90," featuring the work of Laurie Anderson, J. S. G. Boggs, Mary Kelly, Andy Warhol, and David Wojnarowicz. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

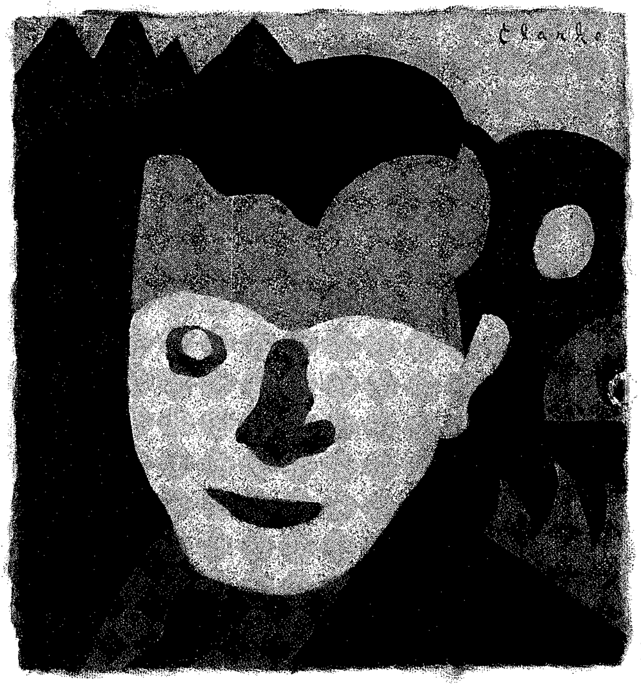
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—If Georgia O'Keeffe's landscapes deal with the optical effects of desert sun, and John Marin's those of the sea, then Dove was clearly the moonstruck member of this trio of important early-modern landscape painters who showed at Alfred Stieglitz's gallery. This is a show of Dove's works on paper, from the teens to the forties. The earlier drawings, redolent as they are of theosophy—like "March-April" (1929), depicting an erupting volcano—have an especially powerful erotic charge. Through March 13. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)—A delightful small show of woodcuts and etchings by the master engraver. Through March 20. (Pace Master Prints, 32 E. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—A strong show of paintings that are filled with both the wisdom of experience and a child's simplicity, by a Catalan painter who has been an important presence since the fifties but has received little recognition here. They also have an uncanny relevance to the work of artists several decades his junior, from Kiefer to Schnabel. In these large, wall-like works, with their boldly painted strokes and crosses, everyday images emerge from fields of abstract forms—a dining table from a black rectangle, a bed from several interconnected shapes, an envelope from markings that suggest the canvas's underlying stretcher bars. These are images of nourishment, regeneration, and communication, metaphoric rather than narrative. Often Tàpies scores his forms directly into the thick paint or marble dust of the surfaces, particularly such body parts as eyes and hands, which seem to float above his pictures like magical guardians. Through March 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**ROBERT COTTINGHAM,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 20); **TIBOR CSERNUS,** Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St. (through April 17); **HELEN FRANKENTHALER** and **ROBERT**



Arthur G. Dove at Dintenfass Gallery.

CARACCIOLO, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 20); **NANCY FRIED** and **BRYN JAYES**, Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through March 27); **ADAM FUSS** and **ROBERTO JUAREZ**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 27); **CATHERINE LEE**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 27); **MEDRIE MACPHEE**, Baldacci-Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 13); **ALICE TRUMBULL MASON**, Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 27); **JUAN MUÑOZ** and **THOMAS STRUTH**, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 20); **GEORGE NICK** and **SUSAN SHATTER**, Fishbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 27); **LUCIO POZZI** and **JANE ROSEN**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 13); **ARNULF RAINER**, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 20); **HAROLD REDDICLIFFE**, Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 20); **LARRY RIVERS**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (through March 27); **HARRY ROSEMAN**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through March 27); **THEODOROS STAMOS**, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 27); **WILLIAM WILLIS**, Littlejohn-Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 27); **TIMOTHY WOODMAN**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 20).

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Pizzi Cannella—Charcoals of crystalline forms, leaves, a table, etc., rendered in a romantic style reminiscent of Terry Winters and mid-seventies post-minimalism. Through March 20. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Robert Colescott—Colescott's current show, of recent paintings and works on paper, includes a new piece called "The Scream (Georgia O'Keeffe in L.A.)," the artist's take on last year's Los Angeles riots. The drawings downstairs are especially beautiful and ballad-like, full of vision and air: Colescott is a free-associating poet in paint. Through March 27. (Kind, 136 Greene Street.)

Carroll Dunham—Of all the bad-boy painters working today, Dunham is certainly one of the most entertaining, for unlike most of his peers he recognizes the childish nature of such displays. When he is at his most engaged, as he is in these new paintings, he lets the little boy in himself run wild. The results are battle scenes in kid colors, with squirt-like things containing genitalic appendages, sprays of roe and foam, and steamy hairs—a style that could be called Primordial Baroque. Yet whatever the appearance of these paintings, Dunham is at heart a traditional painter, and all that play is, in the end, a way to keep the eye entertained as it moves across the canvas. Through March 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Steve Gianakos—Through the years, Gianakos's humor has been slipping straight into tragedy, and these new "printed paintings"—all rendered on glued, distressed paper—are among his most tragic yet. The subject of each work is a Cubist sort of woman—her rearranged face or body battered by the manipulations of modernism—either descending a staircase or lying in a hospital bed with her legs outstretched or her nose severely out of joint. Through March 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Rodney Alan Greenblat—This veteran East Village artist's work is so spirited and good-natured that it seems mean to complain about its perennial childishness. This shortcoming is in ample evidence in the new show, but the good news is that Greenblat has finally found the perfect match between art and audience in the computer programs he has designed for four-to-seven-year-olds. They are a dazzling kind of visual entertainment likely to titillate the child in even the most grownup gallerygoer. Through March 13. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Lisa Hein—The centerpiece of this show is a pair of staircases within a freestanding room—one with nine steps, the other with seven—that visitors may climb and descend, with a light underneath that is supposed to confront them with their own shadow. Earnest, yes, but the artist is merely revisiting territory already poignantly explored by Alice Aycock in the seventies. Still, that Hein can, when she sets her mind to it, penetrate beyond mere phenomena is made clear in a series of wall works composed of rat turds either fashioned into the shape of a light bulb or—and this is where she leaps into the empyrean—shoved into the drainage furrows of soap dishes. Now, *that's* art. Through March 13. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

James Hyde—From the vast sea of competent New York abstract painting, Hyde is emerging as a strong-willed trickster who is driven to make good paintings and at the same time critique them; to pull the eye into the dreamy never-never land of "universal" abstraction and then, irreverently, subvert it; to be both a monster and the scientist who created him. Among the most endearingly preposterous works here is a big chunk of Styrofoam faced with a mustard-colored "fresco." Another consists of a "push-pull painting" propped against the wall behind a thick glass shield. But the most emphatically nutty piece of all is a glass box with Constructivist conventions painted on the outside and an endless process of condensation going on inside. Through March 13. (Good, 532 Broadway)

Bill Komoski—A striking show of new paintings consisting of black streaks and meticulously drafted natural forms—ranging from pelvic bones to sponges to phalluses—against white fields adorned here and there with large spots of printer's colors that look as if they have been burned into the surface. For about a decade, Komoski has been searching for ways to present drawing as painting, and his newest means are among the most elegant and successful he's found yet. Through March 13. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

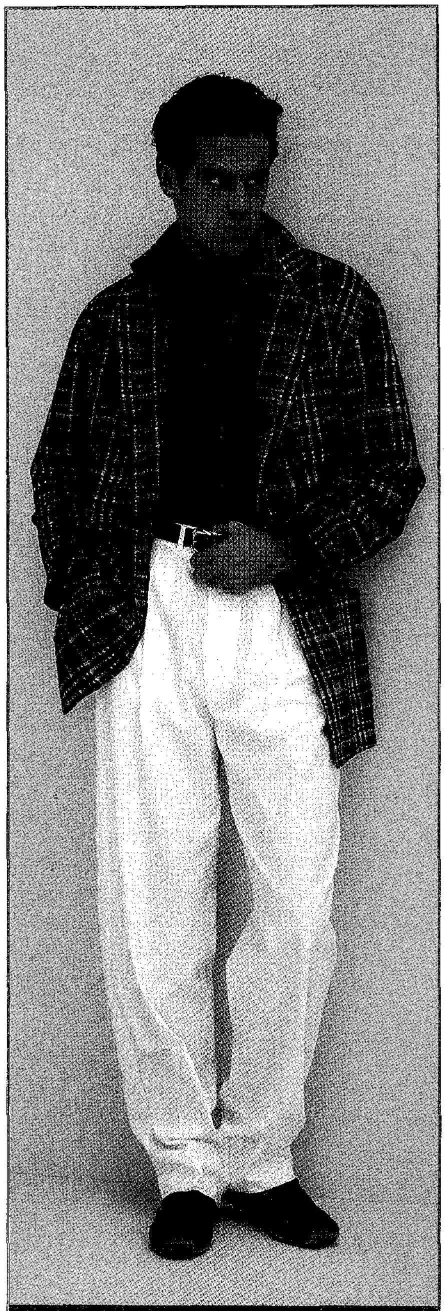
Matthew McCaslin—A very effective installation combining sounds and images. With boom boxes emitting continuous applause and a stack of speakers emitting ecstatic cheers, the artist reduces the experience of art to the thirst for total adulation. The corresponding loneliness of anxiety is expressed in the other work here, consisting of an endlessly ringing phone and a ticking clock. Through March 20. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

James Nares—Rarely has an artist done so much with so little. Nares has just one trick in his repertoire, but he performs it over and over again with consummate finesse: in a paradox of totally controlled freedom, he twists and turns a thick paint stroke as if it were Isadora Duncan herself onstage. Through March 20. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

David Robbins—The multimedia installations of Robbins' fictive Institute for Advanced Comedic Behavior attempt to explore the idea that art is a form of entertainment. But this institute's studies must be so advanced that the laughs have receded entirely, because all we're left with are markers indicating where wit may once have resided. If one takes this to be part of the artist's point, it is a very tiresome stance. Through March 13. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Lucas Samaras—A revealing show of pastels, covering the period from 1958, when the artist was in his early twenties, to 1988. Throughout his career, Samaras has been a deliberate outsider, forever off exploring his own tangents. His subjects are seemingly mundane ones, often standard art-historical fare—landscapes, flowers in vases, and the like. But his uniqueness lies in the treatment of these subjects. For instance, through the most deceptively casual means Samaras gives his interiors the primacy of self-portraits, with the windows as eyes and the landscapes visible through them, while idyllic, inevitably far off and vaguely alien. Through March 20. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Judith Shea—This underappreciated artist seems to be back near the top of her talents in four carved-wood sculptures that use monumental statues to explore issues of antimonumentality. Three depict women posed on pedestals, where men would be expected to stand, and there's one of an angelic man on a horse, a work whose rustic material transforms the Roman civic form of the con-



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quering hero. Standing by itself is a bronze of a strong, purposeful woman on a pedestal that is labelled simply "Artist." Through March 20. (Protech, 560 Broadway.)

ROBIN WINTERS/JANE DICKSON—An impressive show, mostly of clay heads with glass hats, dozens of which are arranged on a single long shelf. The busts range from the preposterous to the poignant, and wear headgear that ranges from the devil's horns to the Statue of Liberty's crown. There is also a series of plates with delightful narrative scenes painted on them. / Dickson establishes herself as the Everett Shinn of her generation with these small, intense paintings of Times Square peepshow performers. The artist has captured the smoky aura of the burlesque using ingeniously minimal means—the works are painted on sandpaper, an ideal medium for this artist's touch and this subject. Through March 20. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

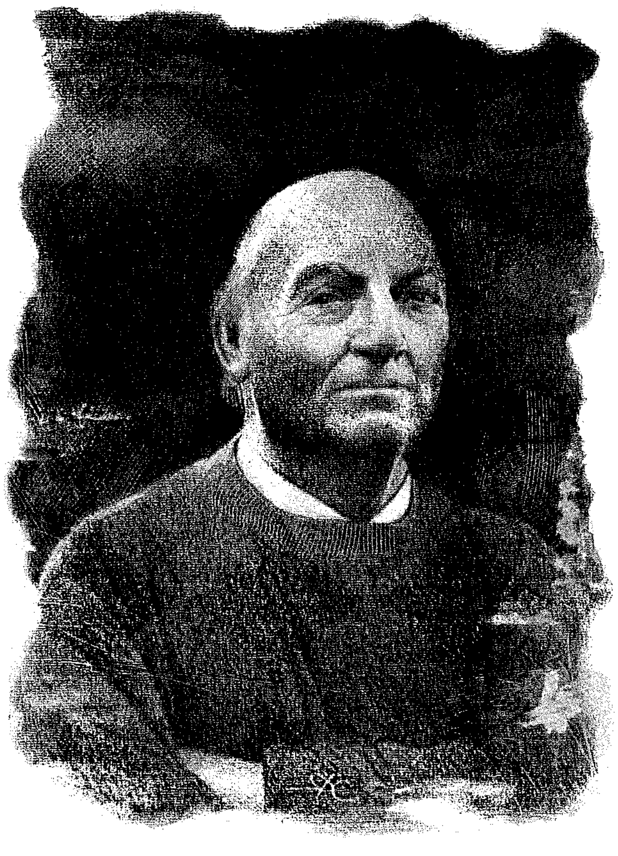
SHORT LIST—**VITO ACCONCI**, 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through March 20); **ALICE AYCOCK**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through March 13); **FORREST BESS** and **JOHN LEES**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (through March 20); **JOSEPH BEUYS**, Gibson, 568 Broadway (through April 3); **TONY BEVAN**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through March 20); **CAROLYN BRADY**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through March 13); **MARIO DELLAVEDOVA**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through March 13); **ROBERT GROSVENOR**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through March 27); **ROBERT HARMS**, Klarfeld Perry, 472 Broome St. (through March 27); **JENE HIGHSTEIN**, Klein, 594 Broadway (through May 9); **DAVID LASRY**, Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through March 10); **DAVID RABINOWITCH**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through April 30); **ROBERT REID**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through March 30); **ANN SCHAUMBURGER**, Eno, 164 Mercer St. (through March 25); **NOT VITAL**, Wooster Gardens, 40 Wooster St. (through April 3); **TINO ZAGO**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. (through March 27).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Invisible Cities

LEWIS BALTZ has been influential for more than twenty years, and that in itself is an accomplishment. But to be able to come up with imagery so thoroughly steeped in daily life that its artistry is not apparent until years later—and to do it for as long as he has, and as he does yet again with the show at the Borden gallery (560 Broadway; through March 20)—is even more remarkable. The photographs on view are from an ongoing series of large Cibachromes, which he began in 1989. These seemingly ordinary images, like much else that Baltz has done, mirror what it is like to live in a world where industrialization and technology are givens, where the presence of nature can no longer be taken for granted, and where community has a very different meaning from what it once had. These pieces were all shot at night in Italian cities, but they emphatically do not feature the kind of places that feed the tourist industry, and that's the point. Far from bringing us the glories of old Europe, they give us parking lots, and intersections, and roadside billboards set against fiery red backgrounds, punctuated with bursts of light as visceral as fireworks or stars.

The continuity between these images and Baltz's earlier American work, which often had a Conceptual bent, may not be obvious at first. But that same feeling of both human presence and human absence, that same odd, anonymous beauty that was so characteristic of vintage Baltz—his 1977 shots of a model home in Nevada, for instance—is still evident. Whether Baltz is depicting Italy, France, or America, he always makes the believable unbelievable, and vice versa.



John Stewart at the Staley-Wise gallery.

RALII COION

JOHN STEWART—Rusty tools, dried herbs, roses juxtaposed with artichokes, etc., most hand-tinted and all photographed with the utmost gravity. According to the artist, the work was made using a process of development so capricious that "no two prints are ever the same." Judge for yourself. Through March 13. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway)

SHORT LIST—**JOYCE TENNESON** and **PHYLLIS GALEMBO**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through March 28); **ROMAN VISHNIAC**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 18).

MUSIC

Crossover Dreams

Some years back, Keith Jarrett told an interviewer about a discouraging rehearsal for a Mozart concerto. It seems Mr. Jarrett had added an impromptu extra lick to the score, and the conductor had stopped and asked if the pianist was having a private conversation with Mozart. Mr. Jarrett recalled having felt in some measure censured, but affirmed rather plaintively that somewhere there must surely be a musician qualified to hold a musical conversation with Mozart—that the very idea was not necessarily sacrilege.

Sympathy in this incident properly belongs with Mr. Jarrett. Mozart was an exuberant improviser, and so were some of his favorite colleagues. And Mr. Jarrett deserves better than to be held in suspicion just because he has achieved renown in popular music. He happens to be a trained classical musician, too. His most recent record is an intent traversal of Dmitri Shostakovich's twenty-four preludes and fugues, dense music that will never have broad appeal and can be approached only as a labor of love. Mr. Jarrett will play a concert at Alice Tully Hall on March 14; here's hoping he has not lost his nerve, and that he will venture a personal conversation with Mozart if he feels so inclined.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI**, with Waltraud Meier, Bruno Beccaria, and Frederick Burchinal in the former, and Barbara Daniels, Vladimir Atlantov, and Juan Pons in the latter; conducted by Nello Santi. (March 10 at 8.). . . With Stefka Evstatieva, Kristjan Johannsson, and Frederick Burchinal in the former, and Diana Soviero, Vladimir Atlantov, and Juan Pons in the latter; Nello Santi. (March 13 at 8.). . . **ARIADNE AUF NAXOS**, the first performances of a new production, with Jessye Norman, Ruth Ann Swenson, Susanne Mentzer, Thomas Moser, and Thomas Stewart; Ion Marin. (March 11 and March 16 at 8.). . . **LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST**, with Ghena Dimitrova, Nicola Martinucci, and Alain Fondary; Christian Badea. (March 12 at 8.). . . With Carol Neblett, Nicola Martinucci, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. (March 15 at 8.). . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE**, with Kathleen Battle, Elizabeth Carter, Kurt Streit, Manfred Hemm, and Eric Halfvarson; Donald Runnicles. (March 13 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"The Bundle Man"—The première of a chamber opera with music by Marshall Coid to a libretto by Ilsa Gilbert; conducted by Mimi Stern-Wolfe and directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-1594. March 11-13 and March 15 at 8. Through March 21.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 13 at 7:30 and March 14 at 2:30.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Presenting two sections from "Njinga the Queen King," a musical-theatre work in progress by Pauline Oliveros and Ione on the theme of African transvestitism. (Willow Place Auditorium, 26 Willow Pl., between Joralemon and State Sts., Brooklyn. March 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 488-7659.)

Mannes Opera Ensemble—Presenting a somewhat abbreviated version of Pasquale Anfossi's 1777 operatic hit "Il Curioso Indiscreto," here incorporating alternate arias supplied by Mozart for a Viennese production in 1783; conducted by Neal Goren and directed by Rhoda Levine. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. March 13 and March 15 at 8. No tickets necessary, with seating available on a first-come, first-served basis.)

RECITALS

Firkušný and Friends—Pianist Rudolf Firkušný is joined by a circle of colleagues to perform chamber works by Mozart and Janáček; he'll get to rest while Jaime Laredo and Sharon Robinson play Ravel's Sonata for Violin and Cello. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 10 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Presenting an all-British concert comprising works by Oliver Knussen, Benedict Mason, Colin Matthews (a première), and Alexander Goehr (the New York première of his "Sing, Ariel," to be conducted by Mr. Knussen, and featuring sopranos Lucy Shelton, Laura Knoop, and Elizabeth Weigle). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 10 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—March 10 at 8: The foursome plays Beethoven's G-Major Quartet (Op. 18, No. 2); cellist Bernard Greenhouse assists in Glazunov's A-Major String Quintet and Arensky's Quartet for the unusual combination of violin, viola, and two cellos. (Alice Tully Hall.). . . ¶ March 13 at 8: Beethoven's Quartets in F Major (Op. 59, No. 1) and in B-Flat (Op. 130). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Jerome Lowenthal performs Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" (Op. 12); violinist Nai-Yuan Hu and cellist Nathaniel Rosen join him in trios by Mozart (in E Major, K. 542) and Brahms (in C Major, Op. 87). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 11 at 7:30 and March 14 at 4.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—Performing string quintets by Mozart (in D Major, K. 593) and Mendelssohn (in B-Flat, Op. 87), as well as Shostakovich's String Quartet No. 8. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 11 at 8.)

Concert Royal—Soprano Ann Monoyios will perform a pair of French Baroque cantatas on the Orpheus legend, by Rameau and by Michel Pignolet de Montéclair. The concert will also include Couperin's "Deuxième Leçon de Ténèbres," dances by Lully, and a sonata by Leclair. James Richman directs. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. March 12 at 8.)

Maxim Vengerov—In his New York début recital, the violinist will perform sonatas by Mozart (in B-Flat, K. 454), Beethoven (in F Major, the "Spring"), and Brahms (his Second), as well as Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise" and "Rondo Capriccioso"; with pianist Itamar Golan. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 13 at 8.)

Ying String Quartet—An all-in-the-family ensemble comprising three brothers and a sister from Chicago, performing quartets by Haydn (in C Major, Op. 64, No. 1), Christopher Rouse (his Second), and Mendelssohn (in E Minor, Op. 44, No. 2). (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. March 14 at 2.)

Mannes Trio—Performing trios by Beethoven (in C Minor, Op. 1, No. 3) and Mendelssohn (in D Minor), in addition to Chopin's "Polonaise Brillante" (for cello and piano). (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. March 14 at 2:45.)

Pamela Frank and Peter Serkin—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Bach (his Third), Busoni (his Second), and Brahms (his Third), as well as Schoenberg's Fantasy. (Alice Tully Hall. March 14 at 3.)

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MUSIC—Cont'd

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Mozart (in C Major, K. 303), Fauré (his First), and Bartók (his Second), as well as Schubert's A-Minor Sonatine. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. March 14 at 3.)

Gerald Ranck—The harpsichordist continues his Scarlatti sonata survey. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 874-5210. March 14 at 3.)

Anderson String Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn (Op. 64, No. 5, the "Lark"), Shostakovich (his Eighth), and Mendelssohn (in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1). Presented by the Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. March 14 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Bach Around the Clock—The Amateur Chamber Music Players (A.C.M.P.) is an international association of chamber musicians who, by consulting an ingeniously organized directory, can locate like-minded enthusiasts of corresponding skill in whatever city, town, or hamlet they happen to find themselves. To symbolize the way in which such alliances bridge geographic distances and foster good will (and also to memorialize the group's founder, the late Helen Rice), the A.C.M.P. is organizing a worldwide event: as the clock strikes four P.M. local time, an ensemble assembled in each succeeding time zone will have a go at Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, adding up to twenty-four run-throughs as the sun traces its diurnal course. Since the piece is scored only for strings, instrumentalists of other persuasions will be invited to double the string parts. For information about the A.C.M.P., call 244-2778. (Trinity School, 139 W. 91st St. March 14, with the downbeat at exactly 4, and with more amateur music-making and refreshments following. For information about participating, call 966-2776.)

Trio d'Amsterdam—A clarinet-cello-and-piano period-instrument trio, performing works by C. P. E. Bach, Beethoven, Weber, and Anton Franz Josef Eberl (who, apart from composing, made a concert tour with Mozart's widow and introduced Russia to Haydn's "Creation"). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. March 14 at 5.)

An die Musik—The ensemble performs pieces (and movements) by Haydn, Beethoven, Martinů, Arnold Cooke, and Dave Brubeck. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 15 at 7.)

Andreas Haefliger—Pianist, performing Sofia Gubaidulina's "Chacona," Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze," Mozart's F-Major Sonata (K. 332), Debussy's "Images" (Book Two), and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz." (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. March 15 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Festival Chamber Music Society—Noted chamber-music practitioners perform the trio sonata from Bach's "Musical Offering," Dohnányi's Serenade for String Trio, and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 16 at 8.)

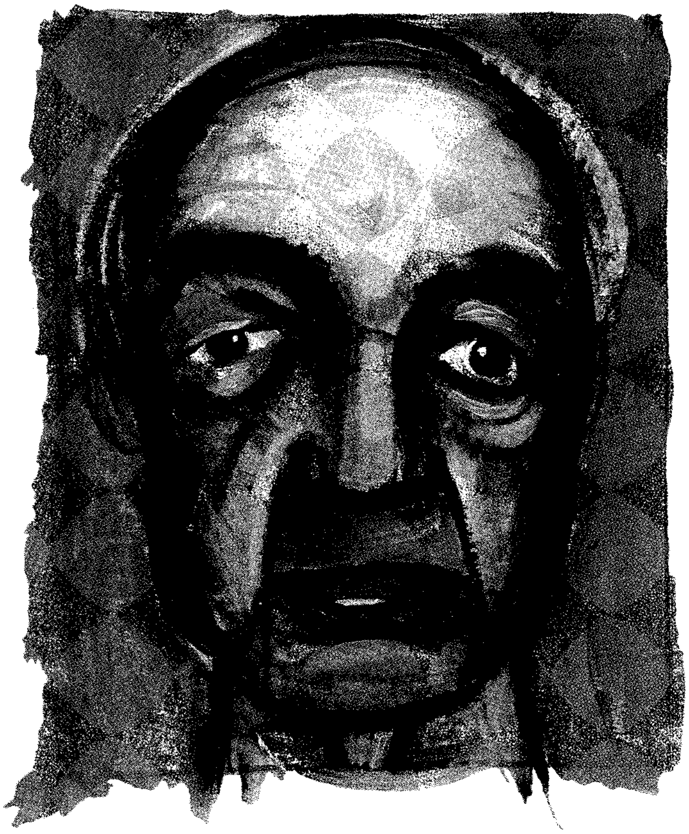
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

"Sacred Music in a Sacred Space"—Kent Tritle directs Bach's B-Minor Mass; with soloists and the choir and orchestra of St. Ignatius Loyola. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 439-8044. March 10 at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann conducts a benefit concert that includes Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1 (featuring Misha Dichter) and Mozart's Concerto in E-Flat for Two Pianos (with Mr. Dichter and his wife, Cipa Dichter). (Hunter College Auditorium, 69th St., between Park and Lexington Aves. 772-4448. March 11 at 7.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Pierre Boulez conducts Debussy's "Jeux" and "La Mer," Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with András Schiff), and Messiaen's "Chronochromie." (Carnegie Hall. March 11 at 8. . . . **note:** This concert will be the main public event of a professional training workshop for young conductors of twentieth-century orchestral music, led by Mr. Boulez. Music lovers may also observe two workshop sessions at Carnegie Hall: March 10 at 7:30, on "Jeux"; and March 11 at 10:30 A.M., on "Chronochromie." For information about these sessions, call 247-7800.)

Concordia—Marin Alsop conducts the chamber orchestra in the New York premières of scores by Donald Grantham, Christopher Rouse, and George Tsontakis, in addition to "Spider Dreams," by David Balakrishnan, the first violinist of the Turtle Island String Quartet, which will assist in the work's execution. (Alice Tully Hall. March 12 at 8.)



Pierre Boulez, with the Cleveland Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall.

ANDREA VENTURA

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducts trumpet-oriented works; with trumpeters Edward Carroll, David Bilger, Stephen Burns, Richard Kelley, and Armando Ghitalla. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 12 at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directs Dallapiccola's "Cori di Michelangelo Buonarroti il Giovane" and "Canti di Prigionia," as well as works by Arcadelt, Verdi, and Barber. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 13 at 8.)

Chanticleer—The men's vocal ensemble performs two largely overlapping programs of Renaissance works, folk songs, spirituals, and pop selections. (Alice Tully Hall. March 13 at 8. . . . ¶ Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. March 14 at 2. For information about tickets for the latter, call 586-4680.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directs choral works by nine American composers: Barber, Henry Brant, Irving Fine, Matthew Harris (a première), Hovhaness, Ives, Ronald Perera, Halsey Stevens, and Randall Thompson. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 14 at 4.)

"Music for Life"—An all-star AIDS benefit, featuring sopranos Jessye Norman and Kathleen Battle, baritone Thomas Hampson, violinists Midori and Pinchas Zukerman, and pianist John Browning; with James Levine and Kurt Masur conducting an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. March 14 at 7.)

Musica Viva—Jean-Louis Petit directs Fauré's Requiem and his own "Gloria," in a concert that will also include works by Handel, Debussy, Roger-Ducasse, and Ravel that will spotlight the harpistry of Markus Klinko. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. 535-5530. March 14 at 7.)

Starring Keith Jarrett—Thomas Crawford will conduct the Fairfield Orchestra in three concertante works by Jarrett (featuring violist Patricia McCarty, violinist Michelle Makarsky, and oboist Marcia Butler); Mr. Jarrett will also collaborate with Ms. Makarsky to perform the première of his Violin-and-Piano Sonata, and will be the soloist in Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467). (Alice Tully Hall. March 14 at 7:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directs the New York première of Dvořák's oratorio "Saint Ludmila." (Carnegie Hall. March 15 at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch, the orchestra's music director designate, conducts Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Maurizio Pollini), and Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." (Carnegie Hall. March 16 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Suzanne Vega—Welcome back, Suzanne, all is forgiven. That's what one is tempted to say after listening to the techno-pop transfusion producer Mitchell Froom gave Vega's icily precious songwriting in her recent album, "99.9 F°." It will be interesting to see if the tasty noise and dark humor of that surprising recording translate into a big-beat concert. (Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. March 11 at 8.)

Branford Marsalis—The Louisiana-born saxophonist salutes the blues with members of his "Tonight Show" band—pianist Kenny Kirkland, guitarist Kevin Eubanks, bassist Robert Hurst, and drummer Jeff (Tain) Watts—as well as guitarist Albert Collins and vocalist Linda Hopkins. Marsalis's excellent new record, "I Heard You Twice the First Time," features most of the above-mentioned folks and more, and its liner notes have some great quotes about the blues. Alberta Hunter says, "When I sing . . . what I'm doing is letting my soul out." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 12 at 8.)

Naughty by Nature—The trio of rappers from East Orange, New Jersey, who brought us the wildly popular "O.P.P." (Other People's *Property*—yeah, right) and "Everything's Gonna Be Alright," has just released a second album, "19 Naughty III." Some describe Naughty music as "party rap," others describe it as "street," and many are evidently unable to let it linger in the record/CD bins—"Hip Hop Hooray," the first single off "19 Naughty III," was No. 8 at press time. This Radio City rap-a-thon also includes the risen-from-the-ashes Run D.M.C., as well as SWV, Apache, and Wreckx-N-Effect, whose hit "Rump Shaker" brings to mind other fanny-oriented odes, like Sir Mix-A-Lot's "Baby Got Back," E.U.'s "Da Butt," and K.C. and the Sunshine Band's "(Shake, Shake, Shake) Shake Your Booty." (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. March 16 at 8.)

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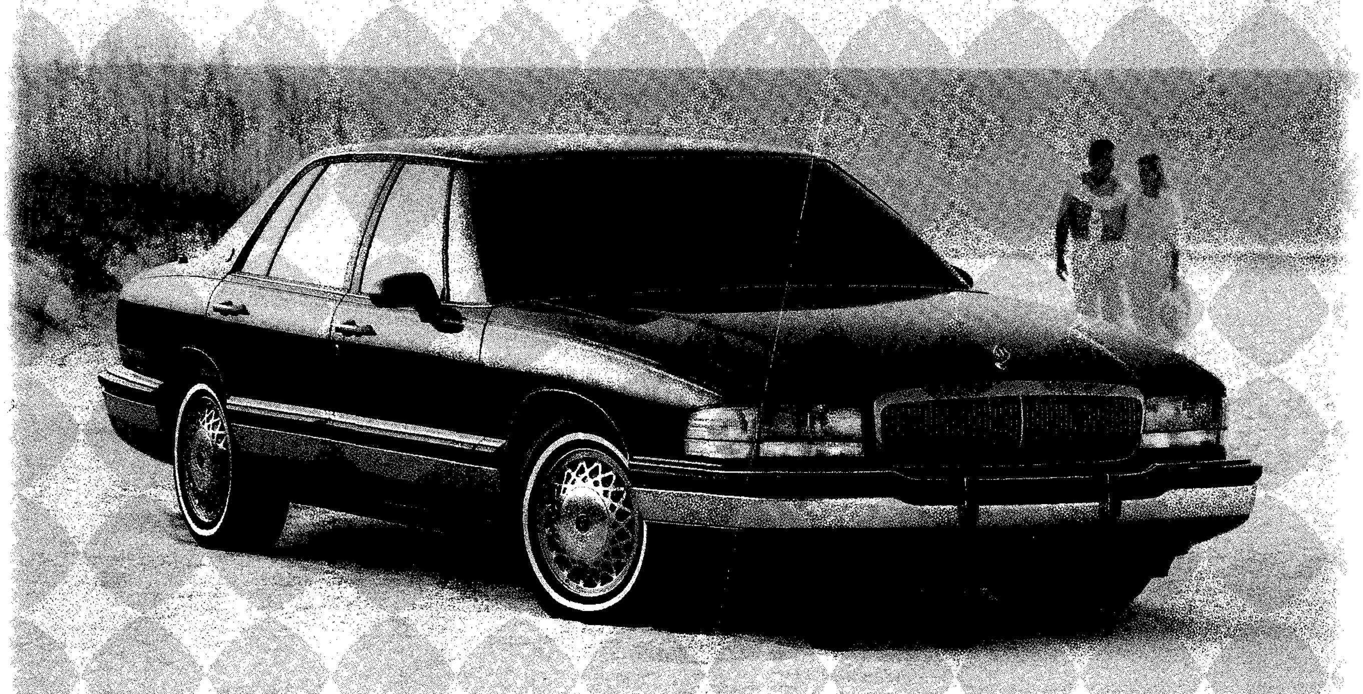

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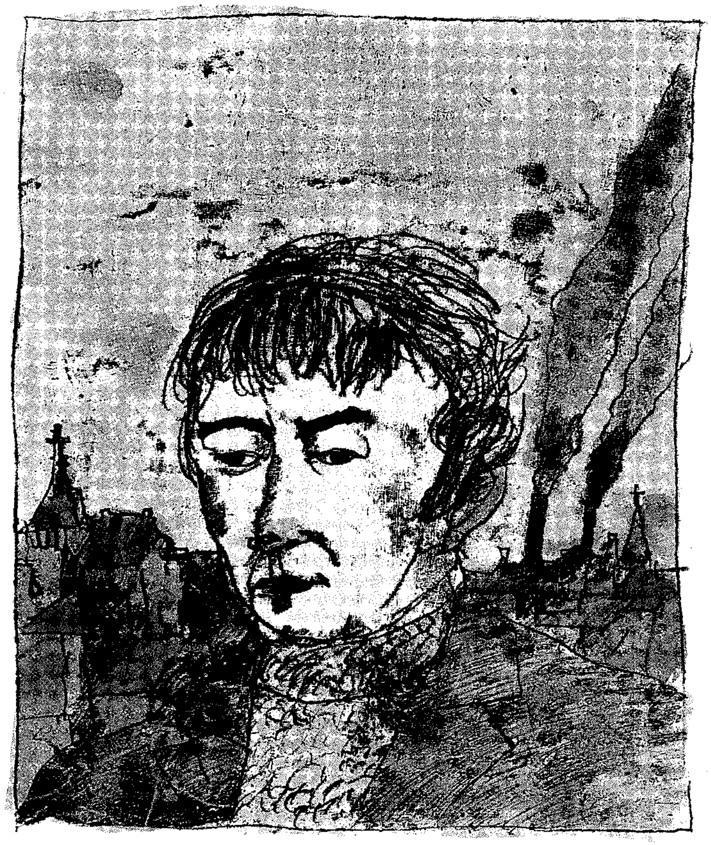

Seamus Heaney at the 92nd Street Y.

"Highlights in Jazz"—Mose Allison, the Kenny Davern quartet, and Ray Barretto and His New World Spirit. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. March 11 at 8.)

Billy Taylor Trio—With Jon Faddis. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 11 at 7.)

"Jazz at Six"—Gene Bertoncini, Joe Wilder, Rufus Reid, and Akira Tana. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. March 12 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

"A Great Night for the Irish"—Frank Patterson and others, including more than a hundred teen and pre-teen step dancers. (Radio City Music Hall. March 13 at 8.)

"Off the Wall-to-Wall"—A twelve-hour concert/performance/marathon featuring Anthony Coleman, Marc Ribot, Sally Silvers and Dancers, Ned Rothenberg, Zeena Parkins, Guy Klucevsek, and John Zorn, among many others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 13, starting at noon.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, March 10 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, March 13 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, March 16 at 7:30.

Rangers—Vs. the Boston Bruins, March 15 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, March 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, March 14. (Game time, 5:05.)

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Seamus Heaney—The poet and playwright will don his director's cap for a staged reading, with Roscoe Lee Browne and others, of his verse drama "The Cure at Troy." Derek Walcott will share directorial duties. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 15 at 8.)

Flowery—Spring *always* comes early when the New York Flower Show blossoms. This year's show, "Gardens for Our Future," includes lectures and demonstrations, which will be pegged to each day's particular theme: global greening, backyard ecology, roses, and herbs. Among the commercial exhibits will be garden tools, pressed-flower jewelry, and bonsai. There will be large, intricate landscape designs and, of course, enough flowers and plants to transport you to Eden. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. 757-0915. March 13-14, from 10 to 6, and March 15-16, from 10 to 8. Through March 21.)

Playful Women—A series of one-woman shows, including a dramatization of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's 1892 "The Yellow Wallpaper" and a celebration of the life of Carole Lombard. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 875-7079. March 11-12 and March 15, from 10 P.M. to midnight, and March 13-14, from 2 to 6. Through March 28.)

If You're into Leather. . .—Or blown glass, hand-knit sweaters, or jewelry, come to the eleventh annual arts-and-crafts fair at Columbia University, which will bring together over two hundred exhibitors. (Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. March 12, from 2 to 7, and March 13-14, from 11 to 6. Open the following weekend, too. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.)

Mostly Merce—March 11 at 5:30: A lecture about collaboration. . . . March 13, from 10:45 A.M. to 12:30: A workshop designed to give attendees a taste of the Merce Cunningham style. Visitors may participate or merely observe. (Omni Park Central Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. For more information and tickets, call 581-1212.)

I Want My Poetry Videos—Taped interviews and readings featuring Kenward Elmslie, Lydia Lunch, and Ron Padgett, among others. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. March 12 at 10:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the event.)

Paper Chase—The fifth annual "Works on Paper" exhibit, with everything from photography to architectural renderings. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. March 12-13, from 11 to 8, and March 14, from 11 to 7. Tickets at the door on the days of the exhibit.)

Making Music—Luthier Antonio Raya Pardo will lead a discussion about the Granada School of Guitar Making. There will be performances, too. (American Institute of Guitar, sixth floor, 250 W. 54th St. 757-3255. March 12 at 7.)

Readings—March 10 at 6: Amiri Baraka will read from and discuss his writing. (Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave., at 40th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ March 10 at 6:30: "Love and War" is the theme of this Selected Shorts, which includes Jack Davidson reading Thom Jones's "The Pugilist at Rest." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 11 at 6:30: Lynne Sharon Schwartz will read from her most recent novel, "Leaving Brooklyn." (Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St. 1-718 624-0890.). . . ¶ March 11 at 7: Samuel Freedman will read from his recent book, "Upon This Rock: The Miracles of a Black Church," and discuss it with Johnny Ray Youngblood, the church's pastor. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ March 11 at 8: Paul Gervais and Fae Myenne Ng will read from their own fiction. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 15 at 7:30: Stanley Crouch, Nikki Giovanni, and Itabari Njeri will read the essays they contributed to Gerald Early's new anthology, "Lure and Loathing: Essays on Race, Identity, and the Ambivalence of Assimilation." (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.). . . ¶ March 16 at 7: A reading and discussion about Antarctica will feature Barry Lopez, among others. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—March 11 at 6: Barrymore Laurence Scherer will give a talk titled "A Glittering Heritage: The Paris Opera in Song and Stone." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.). . . ¶ March 14 at 7:30: Bill Moyers will talk about his new book and television series, "Healing and the Mind," with Charlie Rose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ March 15 at 6:30: A panel discussion with Kurt Masur, among others, about the relationship between the Philharmonic and its home city. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ March 16 at 7: Brendan Gill will talk about "Eccentric New Yorkers." (Book-Friends Café, 16 W. 18th St. 255-7407.)

Weekend Walks and Tours—March 13 at 12:30: The Municipal Art Society is offering a tour of rarely seen art collections located at Audubon Terrace. For more information, call 439-1049. . . . ¶ March 13 at 1: A visit to the West Village of old, on the shores of the Hudson; sponsored by Citywalks. For more information, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ March 13 at noon and March 14 at 1: Two chances to take in historic Little Ireland; sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ March 14 at 1: The Lower East Side Tenement Museum is sponsoring a tour of churches, synagogues, and religious centers. For more information, call 431-0233. . . . ¶ March 14 at 1: A tour of the "left" side of Wall St.; sponsored by Radical Walking Tours, call 1-718 492-0069.

Memoranda—March 13 at 10:15 and 2: Sports memorabilia auction. (Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.). . . ¶ March 15: Beware the Ides.

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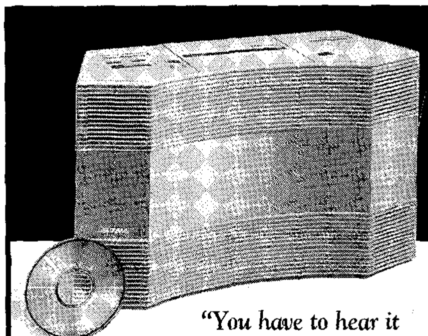

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (directed by Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mac" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Modigliani" (1957, Jacques Becker; in French), with Gérard Philipe.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sommersby" (†).
Theatre 2: "Passion Fish" (†).
Theatre 3: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "El Mariachi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Falling Down" (†). From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).
Theatre 4: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 5: Through March 11: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson. From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).
Theatre 6: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 7: "Groundhog Day" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Close to Eden" (†).

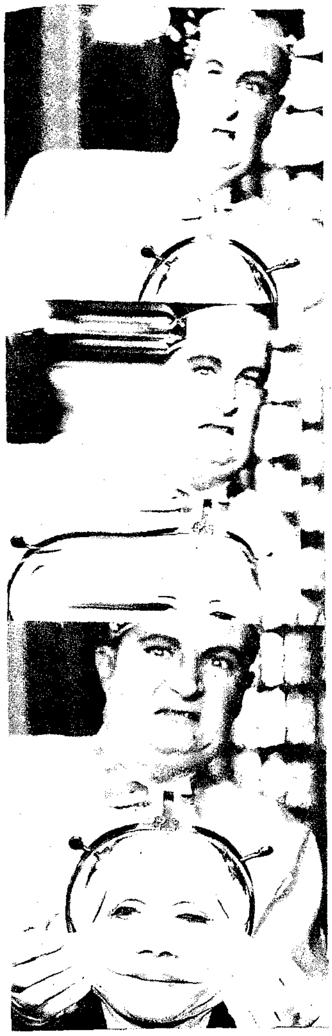
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Last Days of Chez Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter).
Theatre 3: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "Aladdin," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Love Field" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Michelle Pfeiffer and Dennis Haysbert.
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 6: "Amos & Andrew" (†).
Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano). From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).
Theatre 2: "Amos & Andrew" (†).
Theatre 3: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter).
Theatre 4: "Sommersby" (†).
Theatre 5: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
(Separate admissions) "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh); and "Flirting" (John Duigan).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Amos & Andrew" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter).
Theatre 3: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 11: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson. From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Jim Broadbent and Katherine Helmond in "Brazil."

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Love Field" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Michelle Pfeiffer and Dennis Haysbert. From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).
Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Temp" (Tom Holland).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mad Dog and Glory" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Passion Fish" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler).
Theatre 2: "Army of Darkness" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
(Matinées only) "Aladdin," an animated film; and "Lorenzo's Oil" (George Miller), with Nick Nolte and Susan Sarandon.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Amos & Andrew" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mad Dog and Glory" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter). From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).
Theatre 2: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 3: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 4: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Rich in Love" (Bruce Beresford).
Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sommersby" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Rich in Love" (Bruce Beresford).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 11: Theatre closed. From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Last Days of Chez Nous" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 11: "Unforgiven" (†).
From March 12: "Ethan Frome" (John Madden).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 11: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Amos & Andrew" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler).
Theatre 3: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mad Dog and Glory" (†).
Theatre 5: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 6: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter).
Theatre 7: "Sommersby" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "Aladdin," an animated film. From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Taiga" (directed by Ulrike Ottinger, in Mongolian and Tuwinien). This documentary (over eight hours long) is being shown in three parts.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Guncrazy" (Tamra Davis).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Rich in Love" (Bruce Beresford).
Theatre 2: "Untamed Heart" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mad Dog and Glory" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel.
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (†).
Theatre 3: "Riff-Raff" (Ken Loach).
Theatre 4: "The Oak" (Lucian Pintilie, in Romanian).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Passion Fish" (†).
Theatre 4: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 7: "Rich in Love" (Bruce Beresford).
Theatre 8: "Mad Dog and Glory" (†).
Theatre 9: "Untamed Heart" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Aladdin," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Army of Darkness" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler). From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aladdin," an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson.
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 5: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 6: (Separate admissions) "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley), with Al Pacino; and "The Player" (Robert Altman), with Tim Robbins.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Groundhog Day" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Riff-Raff" (Ken Loach).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).

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MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Mac" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
From March 12: "El Mariachi" (†).
Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Sommersby" (†).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Amos & Andrew" (†).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French).
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 5: "Olivier Olivier" (†).
Theatre 6: "Il Ladro di Bambini" (Gianni Amelio, in Italian).
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Unforgiven" (†). From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).
Theatre 2: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 3: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 4: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter).
Theatre 5: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 11: "Passion Fish" (†). From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mad Dog and Glory" (†).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham); and (evenings only) "Army of Darkness" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bodyguard" (directed by Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 3: "Falling Down" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa).
Theatre 5: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler).
Theatre 6: "Love Your Mama" (Ruby Oliver).
Theatre 7: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Amos & Andrew" (†).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Shadow of the Wolf" (†).
Theatre 2: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Swing Kids" (Thomas Carter). From March 12: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through March 11: "The Temp" (Tom Holland). From March 12: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Army of Darkness" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mad Dog and Glory" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through March 11: "October" (1927, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Misery and Fortune of Women" (1929, Eisenstein), a documentary.
March 12-14: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Strike" (†).
March 15-16: "The General Line" (1929, Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film), "Romance Sentimentale" (1930, Eisenstein), and "Bezhim Meadow" (1935, Eisenstein).
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 10: "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce; and "RoboCop" (1987, Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller.
March 11: "Victim" (1961, Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde; and "Peeping Tom" (†).
March 12-13: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston), with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart; and "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.
March 14: "O Lucky Man!" (1973, Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
March 15: "The Woman Next Door" (1981, François Truffaut; in French); and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, Truffaut; in French).
March 16: "Young and Innocent" (†) and "Murder" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—March 11 at 2:30: "Quintet" (1979, directed by Robert Altman). . . . ¶ March 11 at 6: "Play Misty for Me" (1971, Clint Eastwood). . . . ¶ March 11 at 6: A program of short animated films by Emily Hubley. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965, James Ivory). . . . ¶ March 12 at 6: "The Company of Wolves" (1985, Neil Jordan). . . . ¶ March 13 at 2 and March 15 at 5: "Present March 13 at 2:30 and March 15 at 6: A program of films by Donna Cameron. . . . ¶ March 13 at 5: "Seven Days in May" (†). . . . ¶ March 13 at 5: "Kamiabai" (1991, Reena Mohan; in Marathi-Hindi), "With Mrinal Sen" (1991, Sanjoy K. Bhattacharya; in Hindi), and "Michel Simon" (1964, Ole Roos; in French). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2 and March 16 at 2:30: "Greed" (see below). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30: "The Ties That Bind" (1984) and "Gently Down the Stream" (1961), both by Su Friedrich. . . . ¶ March 14 at 5 and March 15 at 2:30: "I, You, He, She" (1974, Chantal Akerman; in French).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A series of Italian films directed by, or with, Alberto Sordi. March 10 at 2 and 6:30: "A Very Little Man" (1977). . . . ¶ March 10 at 4:15 and 8:45: "Help Me, My Love" (1968). . . . ¶ March 11 at 2 and 6:30 and March 12 at 4:30 and 8:45: "Il Boom" (1963). . . . ¶ March 11 at 4 and 8:30 and March 12 at 2 and 6:30: "Handsome, Honest, Australian Emigrant, Looking for an Italian Virgin to Marry" (1971). . . . ¶ March 13 at 2 and 8 and March 14 at 4:45: "The Great War" (1959). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2 and 7:15: "An Italian in America" (1967). . . . ¶ March 16 at 2 and 6:45: "Will Our Heroes Succeed in Finding Their Friend Who Has Mysteriously Disappeared in Africa?" (1968). . . . ¶ March 16 at 4:30 and 9:15: "Smoke Over London" (1966).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"The Intensity of an Actor: An Al Pacino Retrospective." March 13 at 2: "Revolution" (1985, Hugh Hudson). . . . ¶ March 13 at 4:30: "Dick Tracy" (1990, Warren Beatty). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2: "Frankie & Johnny" (1991, Garry Marshall). . . . ¶ March 14 at 4:30: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (1992, James Foley).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Last Metro" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—March 16 at 7: "Intolerance" (1916, D. W. Griffith; silent), with Mae March and Lillian Gish.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Gold Lust

"He can't make small of me!" the burly dentist McTeague (Gibson Gowland) screams at the San Francisco saloongoers who witness his best friend throw a knife at him. But McTeague's buddy, Marcus (Jean Hersholt), *can* make small of him, and does. In Erich von Stroheim's 1924 epic "Greed" (playing March 14 and 16, at the Museum of Modern Art), the director manages to make his characters small and big simultaneously. He uncovers creatures of the id buried inside these avaricious men and a woman who starts out as Marcus's girl and becomes McTeague's wife: the proper, increasingly miserly Trina (ZaSu Pitts). The three friends' twisted money lust and sexuality send them into a death spiral that ends with a nightmarish showdown in Death Valley.

Von Stroheim aimed to do more than adapt Frank Norris's 1899 novel, "McTeague," page by page; he added scenes that Norris only implied in descriptions and flashbacks. The director conceived the picture as a special two-night presentation. But M-G-M's production chief, Irving Thalberg, insisted that it be cut from nine hours plus to normal feature length. Although von Stroheim disowned the two-and-a-quarter-hour M-G-M version (the only one that survives), his blend of novelistic subtleties, real locations, and veracious action is still astonishingly fresh. "Greed" is a benchmark of movie naturalism. It holds you and harrows you—by the end, you feel riven.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Amos & Andrew—Nicolas Cage is reason enough to see E. Max Frye's smartly constructed interracial-buddy comedy. Cage takes over the movie—snatches it clean away from the other principal performers, Samuel L. Jackson and Dabney Coleman, and the rest of the large and gifted cast. (In a few scenes, a beautiful and personable white German shepherd dog engages him in a fierce tug-of-war for the audience's attention, but Cage prevails.) The picture flirts with explosive subjects like race and class, but it has an oddly cozy, companionable tone. Frye, directing very cautiously and deliberately, doesn't do justice to his own script. About halfway through, a stubborn inconsequentiality sets in, and the movie loses urgency. At that point, the ingenious farce mechanics start to feel as if they were running on sheer inertia, because the satiric premise that set the whole thing in motion isn't driving it anymore. Also with Michael Lerner, Margaret Colin, Brad Dourif, Giancarlo Esposito, and (in a hilarious bit) Bob Balaban.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/8/93.) (Village

East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Bay Cinema, Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy 1.)

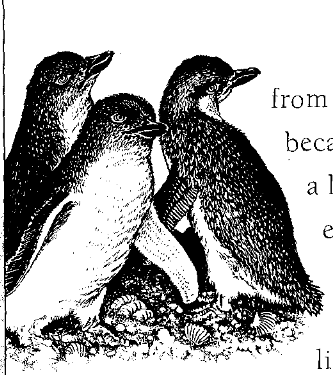
ARMY OF DARKNESS—Sam Raimi's third installment of the "Evil Dead" series is a willfully chaotic comic-book movie—like pages of *Tales from the Crypt* randomly interspersed with pages of *Mad* and *Classics Illustrated.* The hero of all three films, Bruce Campbell, behaves dumber than ever when he's sucked through a time vortex into the Middle Ages; on a quest for the black-magic how-to book known as the Necronomicon, he inadvertently unleashes legions of militant living dead. This time out, Raimi only occasionally shows off his Grand Guignol-slapstick skill at tickling the funny bone while dismantling entire skeletons. Even diehard fans may long for something to hold the tacky flourishes together—a plot, or maybe even a guide that's more lucid than the Necronomicon.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 23rd Street West Triplex, and Olympia. Evenings only.)

CB4—With Chris Rock, Allen Payne, and Deezer D.; directed by Tamra Davis. (See illustration on page 29.) (Starting March 12.)

CLOSE TO EDEN—A Russian laborer tooling through the steppes of Inner Mongolia drifts off in the driver's seat, ditches his truck, and bonds with the native sheep farmer who saves him. This culture-clash comedy-drama ends up as one more paean to disappearing country life—the kind of movie that doesn't so much explore rural mysteries as proselytize for peasanthood. Despite the picturesque novelties and occasional humorous surprises (the Mongolian shepherd's daughter does Mozart on the accordion), the film is filled mostly with cross-cultural clichés: the city man witnessing a matter-of-fact sheep slaughter, the country man going on carnival rides. A Russian, Nikita Mikhalkov, directed and co-wrote the original story (with Roustam Ibraguimbekov, who gets screenplay credit); a Parisian, Michel Seydoux, produced. The French not only had the money for this saga, they also have the words for it: *nostalgie de la boue.* In Russian.—M.S. (Cinema Village.)

THE CRYING GAME—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors. Also with Jaye Davidson.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

FALLING DOWN—A crude vigilante picture disguised as social satire. The conceit is that American society is rigged against the average guy, and the movie means to entertain us with the spectacle of Joe Normal's revenge on his enemies—that is, on both those who are beneath him and those who are above him on the class scale. The middle-class hero (played with monotonous intensity by Michael Douglas) walks away from his car in a freeway traffic jam and sets out to cross Los Angeles on foot, arming himself as he goes—first with a baseball bat wrestled away from a Korean grocer, and later with artillery abandoned by gang members—and everyone who gets in his way winds up paying a price, from employees in a fast-food restaurant to fat-cat golfers. The movie evokes the self-pitying "silent majority" rhetoric of the Nixon era: that appalling sentimentality about one's own beleaguered and underappreciated virtue. It's no



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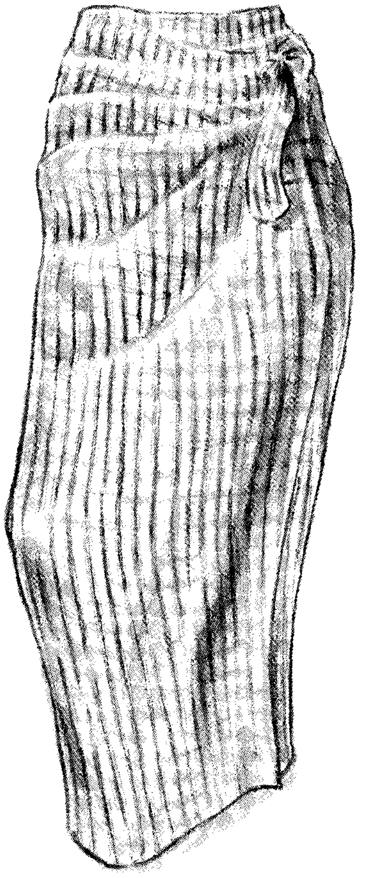

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

small feat to turn a sociopath into a martyr, but the director, Joel Schumacher, and the screenwriter, Ebbe Roe Smith, are up to the challenge. Also with Robert Duvall, Rachel Ticotin, Barbara Hershey, Frederic Forrest, and Tuesday Weld (floundering in a cruelly conceived role.) The ugly cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak.—T.R. (3/8/93) (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Groundhog Day—An above-average Bill Murray vehicle, directed by Harold Ramis from a script by Ramis and Danny Rubin. The star plays Phil Connors, a burned-out TV weatherman who wakes up one morning to discover that he's stuck in time—condemned to relive, endlessly, Groundhog Day in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. The picture goes on a little too long, but Murray's inventiveness keeps it lively even during its less inspired stretches. The fundamental, deliberate monotony of the conception actually serves to highlight his skill at comic riffing. The movie feels like a spontaneous one-man jam session, and you sense that Murray can play all night, just for the fun of finding out what else he might come up with. He fools around as if there were no tomorrow.—T.R. (2/22/93) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Indochine—The director, Régis Wargnier, uses his star, Catherine Deneuve, largely for her classical, indomitable profile—the same attribute that made her the 1985 model for the French national symbol, "Marianne." Indeed, in this wannabe epic about the waning of French Indochina, Wargnier reduces all his actors and characters to symbols: Deneuve, as a French plantation owner who's lived in Indochina all her life and carries on the spirit of pioneer colonialism; lovely Linh Dan Pham, as Deneuve's adopted daughter, an Annamese princess who becomes a revolutionary leader; and blank Vincent Perez, as a confused French naval officer who wows both mother and child, sparking romance and rebellion. This monument-like picture lacks urgency and staying power—the material oxidizes onscreen. The scenes of passion, atrocity, and revolution merely embroider movie-derived ideas of passion, et cetera. With vistas by cinematographer François Catonné that should increase the tourist traffic in Vietnam and Malaysia. In French.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Last Days of Chez Nous—In a ramshackle Sydney household, an Australian family gets on with its life, but only just. Beth (Lisa Harrow) starts to lose her French husband, J.P. (Bruno Ganz), to the attentions of her sister Vicki (Kerry Fox); meanwhile, her daughter Annie (Miranda Otto) is falling quietly for Tim (Kiri Paramore), their lodger with the crewcut and the sense of humor. Gillian Armstrong's new movie is a worthy successor to "My Brilliant Career" and "High Tide"; if anything, it feels even more mobile, charting every shift in the emotional climate. It's hard to pin down just what kind of work it is: jokes at the dinner table can turn nasty and upsetting, but people also recover quickly, and sometimes dance without warning. It's a true ensemble movie: none of the performances are vain or showy—Harrow in particular braves all manner of self-exposure, so we can see the fear beneath her strength. She longs to keep the house in order, while everyone else is itching to relax or break free—you can see it in the look of the film, the way that figures mess around within careful compositions. This fluent, hopeful comedy (and it is a comedy, for all the encroachments of sadness) is Armstrong's best movie to date.—A.L. (3/1/93) (Village East Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Like Water for Chocolate—Alfonso Arau's sticky, lusty, and rather ludicrous movie is set on a Mexican ranch in 1910. The head of the family is the the unyielding Mama Elena (Regina Torne), who determines the destinies of her three daughters. The youngest, Tita (Lumi Cavazos), must stay at home and never marry. Needless to say, she promptly falls in love. It's the old story, passions trying to burst through the shell of repression, and it infects the rest of the film: well-behaved wedding guests suddenly grow weepy or horny, and the old social order is menaced by bands of roaming revolutionaries. But what should be a struggle turns into a giggle; Arau's style loses its balance, swooning into endless closeups of damp brows and heaving bosoms. Just in case we miss the point, there's also a persistent voice-over designed to boil our blood ("voluptuously, ardently fragrant and utterly sensual"). The plot is full of cookery, but it's an overloaded metaphor; the kitchen stands for the bedroom, and that's that. There's none of the patient, civilizing artistry that we saw in the cooking scenes of "Babette's Feast." Scripted by Laura Esquivel from her own novel, the movie feels like second-hand Magic Realism: it takes a shortcut to weirdness without hooking into anything substantial. This peaks at the end, when a couple makes love inside what appears to be a giant barbecue. Some like it hot, sure, but this hot? In Spanish.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Mac—The actor John Turturro makes his début as a director with "Mac." The first inkling that this might not be a carnival of laughs comes in the opening credits, when somebody scrapes the title into the ground with a stick. Set in Queens in the fifties, this is solemn, impassioned, brow-furrowing stuff, the kind of movie that makes you put aside your popcorn in shame. The story is set in the construction industry, and set pretty firmly; no audience is going to feel too frisky with this much concrete around. Turturro stars as Mac, one of three brothers (the others are played by Michael Badalucco and Carl Capotorto) who inherit their father's business and fall out just as they begin to flourish. The film is a hymn to hard work and workmanship, which is fine, except that it whacks you over the head with its elegy for better times. "Today, it's the man who can talk," Mac moans. "Then, it was the man who could do." In pushing himself to the forefront of a movie, Turturro seems to have left something behind—the vulnerable good temper that bore him through "Barton Fink" and "Do the Right Thing." His sweetness has turned sour, and the movie follows suit; it feels grouchy and joyless. Things improve briefly when Ellen Barkin shows up as a kooky artist's model, and writhes naked in a pile of sliced bread; but Turturro soon leaves her stranded. He thinks he has better, more worthy things to do with his film. It's hard to agree.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Mad Dog and Glory—With Robert De Niro, Uma Thurman, and Bill Murray; directed by John McNaughton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

El Mariachi—This first film by twenty-four-year-old Robert Rodriguez was made for seven thousand dollars, and part of its enormous charm is that it really looks like a seven-thousand-dollar movie. It's a grubby little thriller, set in a Mexican border town, about a wandering mariachi musician (Carlos Gallardo) who is mistaken for a killer. The picture is a virtually unbroken series of chases and shootouts, and the non-stop action should be tiresome, but it isn't. Rodriguez establishes a delirious pace, and keeps the bullets flying and the corpses crumpling for a brisk, and appropriately terse, eighty-two minutes. The movie has the sort of dry, bracingly unwholesome humor that relentless mayhem can produce if the characters are mean and abject enough and the storytelling is speedy and laconic. This young filmmaker is no visual wizard; he's just an energetic and imaginative manipulator of tried-and-true genre conventions. But if you enter his seedy world with expectations as low as the picture's aspirations, you'll probably have a very good time. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/22/93) (Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Angelika 57; starting March 12.)

Murder (1930)—A carefully designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people. It's more languidly paced than his mid-thirties work, and the dialogue is spoken in stage rhythms, but there are inventive moments. Herbert Marshall, dryly amiable in his first talking picture, plays an eminent actor—a knight serving on a jury. Convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time. It's a very class-conscious film, but in a somewhat snobbish way; we seem to be expected to identify with Marshall's stylish courtliness and to see the "lower orders" through his eyes.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

Olivier Olivier—In the heart of the French countryside, a young boy disappears without a trace. Six years later, he—or someone claiming to be him—reappears in a Paris police station, and is reunited with his family. Agnieszka Holland's film is, we are told, "inspired by true events," but "inspired" is pitching it a little strong. As with her last work, "Europa Europa," Holland has cooked up a great plot, then thrown it away. After a taut half hour, the suspense slackens; Holland loses her sense of timing, veering between the hasty and the sluggish. Whenever a good idea comes up, it gets overplayed: a startling flashback of the young Olivier on a garden swing, say, goes on twice too long. (Zbigniew Preisner's score is similarly puffed up, out of all proportion to the scale of events.) The movie flickers with creepy suggestions—a dash of incest, a smattering of occult powers—but they never cohere. It's up to Brigitte Roüan, playing the boy's mother, to hold it all together as best she can. In French—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Passion Fish—Eighteen years ago, John Sayles might have boiled down this back-to-basics portrait of a paralyzed, bitter white soap star (Mary McDonnell) and her strong-willed black caretaker (Alfre Woodard) into a twenty-page short story. But as a movie writer-director-editor, he lets himself gas on about it for two and a quarter hours. Sayles has an ear for regional accents and colloquial dialogue, and an eye for quotidian details. But he's better on nuts and bolts than he is on heart and soul. Sayles predictably alternates scenes of rehab drama and female friendship with comic relief and local (Louisiana) color. Only David Strathairn and Vondie Curtis-Hall cut through the monotony as the heroines' earthy admirers. Those who've seen Sayles' bit in "Matinee" promoting the ant-man horror movie "Mant" might hope that the title creatures in this film will turn out to be imaginative hybrids, too. No such luck—they're simply little fishies attached to big metaphors.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through March 11.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—For connoisseurs of repellent cinema. There's never been a psycho thriller as insidiously skin-crawling as Michael Powell's portrait of a would-be director as a serial killer. Carl Boehm is the title creep, a focus-puller at a London movie studio who moonlights as a pornographic still-photographer and spends his spare time shooting a documentary about murder, starring his victims. Boehm's father, played by Powell, was a noted biologist who wanted to chart every stage of human development and specialized in "fear and the nervous system." While using a 16-mm. camera to document his son's growth, he went to fanatic extremes, even scaring him awake with a lizard so he could study the boy's hysterical reaction. Boehm extends this line of research: he turns the third leg of his tripod into a bayonet, and films his female targets as they die in a state of excruciating fright. The movie has its witty moments—a shrink notes that Boehm "has his father's eyes." But "Peeping Tom" isn't a black comedy.

It's an obsessive-compulsive nightmare. (Brian De Palma borrowed the back story when he cooked up "Raising Cain.")—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11.)

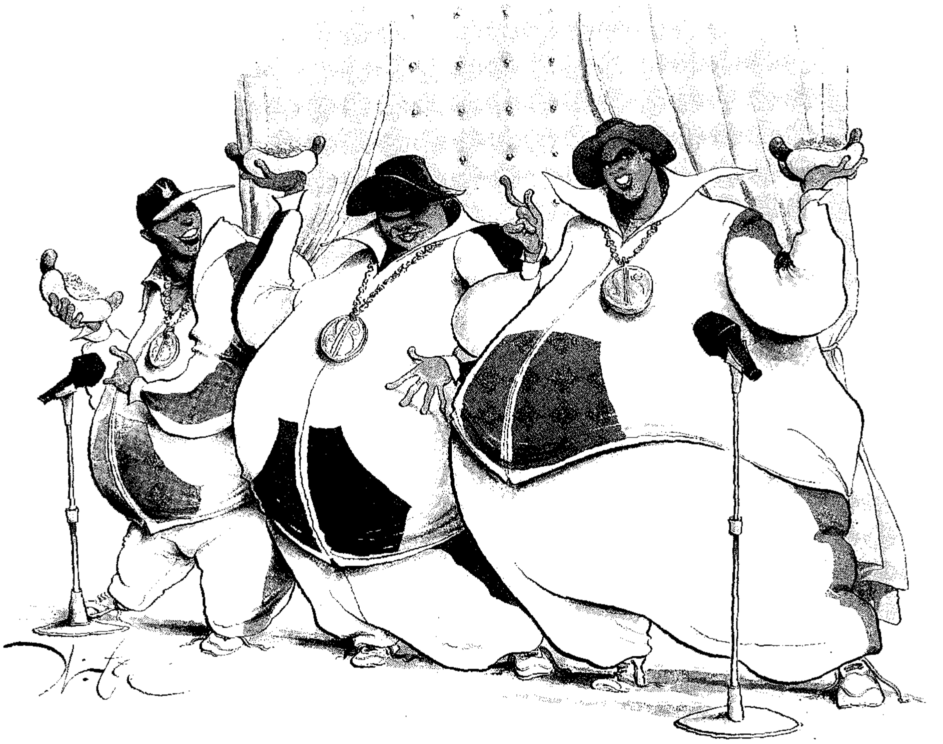
Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teen-ager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency.)

Seven Days in May (1964)—A terrifically efficient thriller about an attempted military coup against a President who is pushing nuclear disarmament but having trouble slamming the brakes on the Cold War economy. Rod Serling shrewdly adapted the Fletcher Knebel-Charles W. Bailey II best-seller; under John Frankenheimer's direction, all the particulars snap smartly into place. The star-powered cast suits the high-intensity black-and-white filmmaking, with Burt Lancaster as a megalomaniacal general, Kirk Douglas as his skeptical subordinate, Fredric March as the embattled Chief Executive, plus Ava Gardner, Martin Balsam, and Edmond O'Brien in characteristic roles. Frankenheimer is adroit at mixing documentary-style footage with boldly staged action for a crackling "you are there" effect. Watching the film now can make viewers nostalgic for a time when conspiracies were thought to be finite and detectable.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; March 13.)

Shadow of the Wolf—With Lou Diamond Phillips, Toshiro Mifune, and Jennifer Tilly; directed by Jacques Dorfmann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ East 85th Street; through March 11.)

Sommersby—A handsome, educated Southerner unifies his countrymen, black and white, with plans for growing the economy—literally, on his land—until a scandal from the past catches up with him. The first Bill Clinton bio-pic? No, just an anemic takeoff on the "is he for real?" plot of "The Return of Martin Guerre." The director, Jon Amiel, and his screenwriters, Nicholas Meyer and Sarah Kernochan (Meyer and Anthony Schaffer get story credit), set their version a couple of years after the Civil War. Richard Gere plays the title character, who says he's Jodie Foster's husband, and even looks like him, but acts a lot nicer. The filmmakers split the emphasis between Foster and Gere's conundrum of a love story and his burgeoning civic responsibility; they devote whole sequences to images of kibbutz-like tobacco-raising. But the community conflicts and tormented romance don't harrow the imagination. It's a long haul to harvesttime.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle.)

Strictly Ballroom—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, and First & 62nd Cinemas.)



Allen Payne, Deezer D., and Chris Rock in "CB4."

MICHAEL WITTE

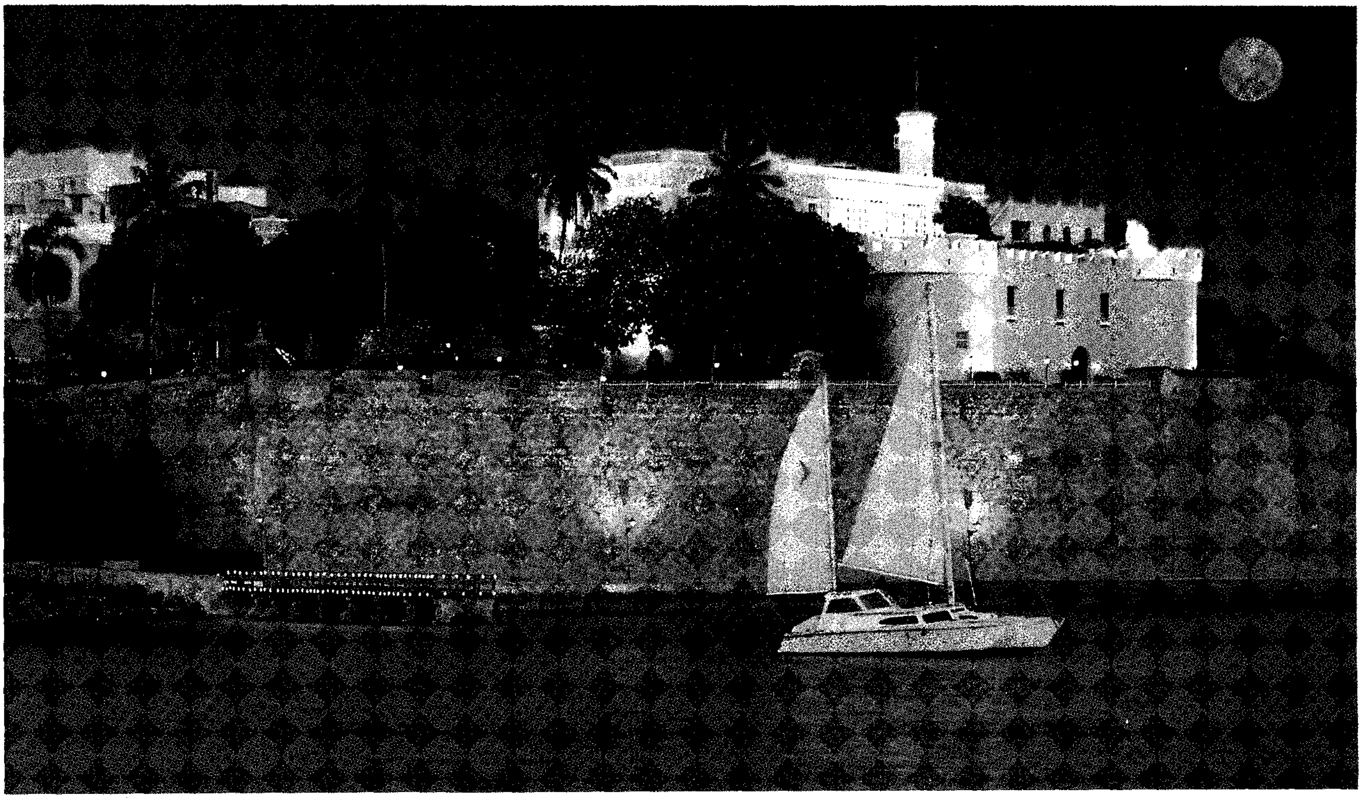
Strike (1924)—Sergei Eisenstein's pulsating first feature, about a strike in a Russian factory, caused another brilliant Soviet director, Grigori Kozintsev, to remark, "All that we've been doing up to now is baby stuff." Eisenstein went straight from working in the Proletkult Theatre to making this revolutionary anthem, and whole sections are designed to show off virtuoso stagecraft. The theatre tricks are nonetheless compelling. And at the start of his filmmaking career, Eisenstein already had a fierce kinetic sense, a picture-maker's eye, and a peerless instinct for intensifying shock, suspense, and emotion with dynamic editing. The surging confrontations between the proletariat and police are justly celebrated. The film is equally powerful when Eisenstein suggests escalating tensions through shadowy, rippling imagery, or when he hinges massive scenes on emotion-charged details—like the strap of a humiliated factory employee who's getting ready to hang himself. Cinematography by Edouard Tissé.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; March 12-14.)

Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to deromanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Tower East, and 84th Street Sixplex; through March 11.)

Untamed Heart—A young man with a weak heart (Christian Slater), who works in a crummy diner, gets noticed by a lonely waitress (Marisa Tomei). You can guess the rest, but that doesn't detract from the mild, inoffensive pleasure of Tony Bill's film. The love story takes second place to the casual comedy that surrounds it—bored girls sitting around talking about boys. One of them is played by Rosie Perez, who's a natural at this kind of thing; but even her perkiness is put in the shade by Tomei, who brings startling high spirits to a dullish role. She snatches moments of happiness out of the air and shares them out to anyone who's around. The title, by the way, refers to some weird story about the hero's past—he thinks his heart came from a monkey—but the film skids around this in confusion. On the other hand, he does look a bit of an ape; O.K., love is love, but you still wonder what Tomei is doing with him.—A.L. (2/15/93) (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Young and Innocent (1937, "The Girl Was Young")—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

MONACO?



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

WALL STREET TRAGEDY

Not only has terrorism struck the financial district before but it did so once to more tragic effect than the explosion at the World Trade Center. The incident, seldom remembered now, was the Wall Street bomb of September 16, 1920. It killed at least thirty people (compared with five in last month's atrocity) and inflicted bloody injuries on more than two hundred. Both explosions took place just after noon (that of 1920 at 12:01 P.M., that of 1993 at 12:18 P.M.), and both produced similar reactions in the city: shock at the scale of the disaster; defiance toward terrorism; pride in the way New Yorkers cope with an emergency. Newspapers in the days after both explosions carried similar reports of civic heroism: on September 17, 1920, the *Times* said that "the movement to aid those who suffered injuries . . . was the most spontaneous ever witnessed in this city"; and on February 28, 1993, two days after the Trade Center explosion, it said that "there were many—hundreds certainly, perhaps thousands—who felt the hero's thrill Friday."

Those responsible for the 1920 outrage were never caught, despite an offer by Mayor John F. Hylan and an insurance company of a twenty-thousand-dollar reward for their arrest. (Two hundred thousand dollars is now being offered jointly by Mayor Dinkins and the Port Authority.) Then the perpetrators were immediately assumed to be enemies of American capitalism, described as Reds or Bolsheviks or Anarchists, who had also been blamed for other acts of terrorism around the country the previous year. This time, the suspects are Muslim fundamentalists, the enemies of America's Middle Eastern policies.

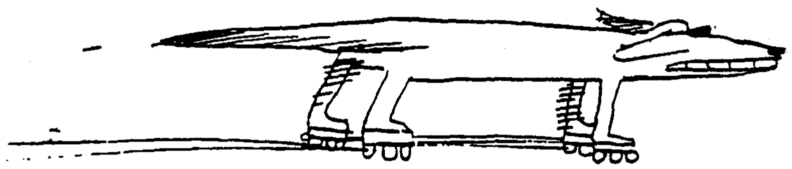
The Trade Center explosion was far more powerful than the Wall Street one, and the reason it caused less human injury is that it took place in an underground garage. The 1920 bomb went off above ground, at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, in front of the United States Assay Office and across from the J. P. Morgan building. According to reports in the *Times*, a horse-drawn wagon packed with TNT and with cast-iron weights taken from window sashes, to serve as missiles, was believed to have been responsible. The blast pitted the stone walls of the Morgan building (the indentations are still visible) and shattered its windows and those of the New York Stock Exchange, directly opposite, thereby causing extensive damage inside both buildings. But if the terrorists intended to kill or seriously injure any of the city's financial leaders, they did not succeed. However, Wall Street was strewn with the bodies of wounded or dead clerks, messengers, and other workers, and with the scattered remains of the horse that had innocently caused the destruction.

An Associated Press reporter who had arrived on Wall Street immediately after the explosion wrote a vivid eyewitness account of the scene, in which he noted that the statue of George Washington on the steps of the old Subtreasury Building was still standing:

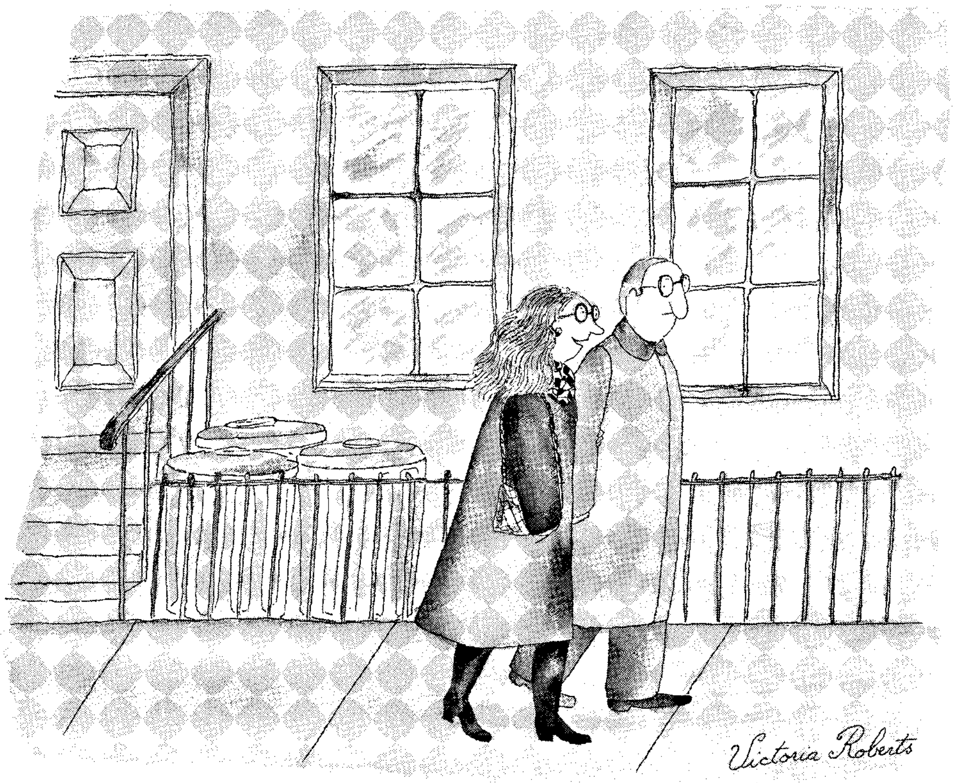
> Looking down from its pedestal between the massive granite columns, scarred by missiles from the explosion, the outstretched hand of the Father of his Country seemed to carry a silent command to be calm. Then came the ambulances. Nearby trucks and automobiles were first pressed into service. Volunteers, heeding not blood-smeared hands and clothing, tenderly lifted into the vehicles the bodies of the dying and the dead. The dead that remained for additional conveyances were charitably hidden from sight by coverings torn from awnings or by robes from arriving motor cars. It was such a scene as I had pictured as a possibility during the war, should the enemy succeed in dropping on the financial district one of his deadly aerial bombs.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the whole event was the speed with which the damage was put to rights. According to the *Times*, hundreds of men worked through the night under the glare of searchlights to repair the damage to the Wall Street skyscrapers. While a vast crowd of onlookers hampered the delivery of materials, crews worked on window ledges twenty and thirty stories up, fitting new glass. The day after the explosion, the *Times* reported:

> Near one o'clock this morning, the crews working on the Morgan building had virtually completed restoring the heavy plate glass windows. Similar crews began moving out of other office buildings at about the



PETER KUPER



“Well, now that we know what Letterman’s doing, what are we doing?”

• •

same time, their overtime work of repair completed. Some of these gangs joined the workmen in the Stock Exchange Building, where it was said the work of putting in the glass, a huge task, might be ended before time for trading to begin today. At one o’clock this morning it was evident that all of Wall Street and the financial section, with most of the necessary repair work virtually completed, would go on with business as usual today.

ARS BREVIS

One of the casualties of the bomb disaster at the World Trade Center was a huge mural by Cynthia Mailman. Fifty-four feet long and eight feet high, it was torn by the explosion from a wall of the Trade Center PATH station. For the artist, its loss was painful enough on its own, but in the past fifteen years Ms. Mailman has suffered a series of disasters which has damaged or destroyed more than half her work. The first casualty was a large-scale portrait of God as a naked woman which Ms. Mailman had painted in 1978, using herself as a model, for a feminist religious-art project, “Sister Chapel.” While she was bringing the painting into Manhattan from her home on Staten Island for an exhibition, it flew off the roof of her van on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and was run over by a car.

The next blow was to another mural—a highway-and-landscape composition inspired by a Pete Seeger song. She had painted it on an outdoor wall on Staten Island in 1977, and three years later it was bricked over. Then, in 1981, Ms. Mailman stored her surviving work in one room of an empty house in her neighborhood. The house caught fire, and all but one piece was destroyed. “I lost all my early work,” she says. “I was devastated for years, and I don’t know that I’ve ever been the same.”

The mural in the Trade Center bombing, “Commuter Landscape,” was a rendition of the Pulaski Skyway in pastel shades which took her a year to complete. It was dedicated in November, 1979, by the Vice-President’s wife, Joan Mondale. Sitting at home with what remains of her work, which she now keeps surrounded by smoke detectors, Ms. Mailman says, “I used to think that everything else dies, and art alone exists forever, but it isn’t true.”

MESSING ABOUT

On the last Friday of last month, an hour after smoke began billowing up through the World Trade Center and every fire engine in Manhattan began streaming south, all was quiet in the White House Mess. A Filipino steward, a Navy man, ushered diners into their seats. He said that flounder was the fish of the day. A beeper went off. “Sorry,” someone said. “I’ll put it on vibrate.”

People who have worked at the White House talk about the mess in a nostalgic way. Aides go there to gossip, or to size each other up. They take their cousins and grandmothers there to show off. It is a constant, tangible perk—a place to relax in and to feel special in. Peggy Noonan, in her memoir of the Reagan White House, makes it sound like an old prep-school dining hall. She says she never enjoyed eating there alone. “Young men would look up, look down, and continue to chew,” she wrote, noting that “when they gestured, the light caught their Presidential cufflinks.”

The main mess dining room (there are two others) feels like a stateroom on a prosperous ship. There are no windows, and the walls are panelled in polished dark wood. To get there from the press office, you go down a narrow flight of stairs and through the West Wing, past pictures of Presidents and deep-blue submarines. Near the entrance are a silver bowl filled with M&M’s and, above that, a battered mess gong from the U.S.S. Constitution. The cramped, nautical feel is deliberate, for the Navy manages the establishment, and has done so since Harry Truman opened the staff dining room in the White House, in 1951.

The menu has changed over the years, with gastronomic fashion. You can order a taco salad at the White House, or tomato bouillon, or spicy rice and chicken, only four hundred and fifty calories a plate. Regulars say the food is decent, but when it isn’t no one complains, because everyone is so happy to be there. There are crackers at every table, and elaborate orange flower arrangements at some. There is a salad bar, which, like any other salad bar, is stocked with creamy packaged dressings, wet sunflower seeds, and crusty lettuce tongs. The French fries look abnormally long as they go by, and all sandwiches come with a luminous green pickle.

The new regime has been putting it about that the mess smacks of élitism and costs too much to run. There are rumors that the three dining rooms are to be combined into a general cafeteria. White House veterans have taken to complaining to the press. The old Executive Dining Room, which lies down the hall from the main mess, has already been opened to general staff. It is a smallish room, and it used to be that no one of lower rank than Deputy Assistant could eat there.

The White House Mess serves breakfast and lunch, Monday through Friday. Prices are not listed, and for the two smaller rooms reservations are usually a good idea. Stewards will silently note down the cost of each meal, and present a bill at the end of every month. While diners still covet the privilege of eating in the mess, they don't appear gleeful. They shuffle in and shuffle out. Most of the diners wear gray suits. They eat quickly and lean back in their chairs. The napkins are huge, and several are usually left on the floor. "Have you spoken to Watkins?" a man with a shabby walrus beard asks. Paul Begala, one of the young political wizards of the last campaign, stands up, smooths his goatee, and peers about the room.

By one-fifty-five on that Friday, the diners had mostly gone. The old staff table, where comparative strangers can eat together, was empty. The empty chairs were stocky and rounded—the kind you see at bars by the sea. Menus come printed on white paper board, corded with a blue sash. You can have one for a souvenir if you like. The stewards also used to dispense packs of Presidential cigarettes, but the Bushes weren't smokers and abolished that practice. Now you can take away handfuls of M&M's instead.

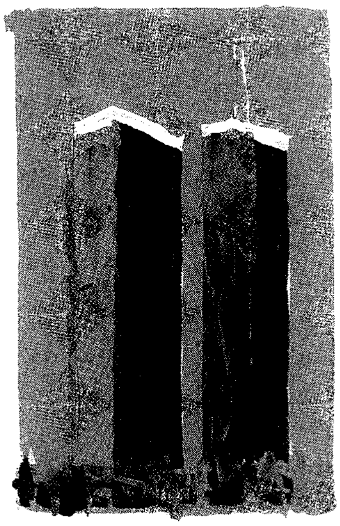
LAWYERS' LUCK

BALZAC wrote, "Behind every great fortune stands a great crime," but if he had been in federal court in Uniondale, Long Island, last Monday after-

THE BIG BATHTUB

THE bombing tragedy at the World Trade Center brought back a flood of memories of the time I spent at the site from 1965 to 1972, gathering material for an article, "The Biggest Foundation," that was published in this magazine on November 4, 1972; for it was, of course, in the foundation area, where the garage is situated, that the explosion occurred.

Before I could write the piece, I made periodic visits to the site for seven years, because that's how long it took to build what was then the biggest foundation ever: a watertight box—but what a box! Sixty-five feet deep in some places, a hundred feet deep in others, it was affectionately referred to as the Big Bathtub. Actually a four-sided dam to keep water out, it occupies eight acres underneath the World Trade Center complex; it is the size of a ten-story building, whose walls are tightly socketed two feet or more into bedrock called Manhattan schist.



GARY PANTER

On one of my last visits to the site, I walked around on the bottom of the foundation with Jack Kyle, then the chief engineer of the Port Authority. The six general levels and other interior structures had not yet been installed; there was just one huge basement, open to the sky, with bedrock underfoot. I remember hearing pumps hard at work holding back the tidal flow from the Hudson River; smelling wet sand; and seeing, for the first time, exposed inside sections of the new subterranean outer walls, which had been installed blind, by a complex system called the slurry method, before and during simultaneous excavation of the interior. I recall running my hand along a rough, lumpy wall and shouting over the sound of nearby drilling, "I thought these walls would be smooth!" Kyle shouted back, "We can chop the lumps off and put in a masonry wall if we want to dress it up, but it probably won't be worthwhile for this section—it will be a garage!"

The current chief engineer of the Port Authority, Eugene Fasullo, has worked at the site since before the slurry-wall foundation was built. The other day, I called him to ask if—to use an engineering term I have always liked—the basic structure had been "compromised."

"The foundation walls, the tunnels, and PATH all withstood the blast with no structural damage," he said. "The way the structure was built, it withstood this attack—almost a ton of explosive planted right adjacent to Tower A, possibly to try to take the whole tower down. The structural damage, which was immense, was limited to the floor slabs and the architectural walls. It doesn't seem to have affected the slurry walls, which we are monitoring constantly."

His voice rising, he went on, "After the bomb exploded that Friday, I was stuck in an elevator full of smoke for almost three hours. We dug our way out through the elevator wall, using car keys and nail files, in the pitch dark, and landed in a bathroom on the fifty-eighth floor and walked down. I reported in at four that afternoon, and by 3 A.M. we had the design scheme set, and by Sunday we were ready to erect steel. I've worked for the Port Authority as an engineer for thirty-five years. I've been dealing with every issue from memory. There's a lot to be said for long-term professional service at a time like this."

—EDITH IGLAUER

noon he would have seen that this statement could be reversed. For there is a small fortune waiting to be made on the back of the Revere Armored case, and at a hearing on Monday forty-eight lawyers were chasing it.

Like all successful entrepreneurs, Robert and Susanna Scaretta, the owners of Revere, once had a brilliant idea. "Robert understood that he could bring his services to a multitude of small businesses that had never used an armored car before," Francis Casale, Robert's lawyer, says. Founded by the Scarettas in 1979 to store and transport cash and valuables, Revere prospered by undercutting the prices of existing security firms. The company had grown into an eight-hundred-employee operation by the beginning of this year.

At that point, however, federal officials say, the Scarettas began stealing the money entrusted to them. According to one official, Robert Scaretta had a particular weakness for hundred-dollar slot-machine poker games in Atlantic City. The federal complaint that charged the Scarettas with theft noted that Robert lost two million one hundred thousand dollars at one casino alone.

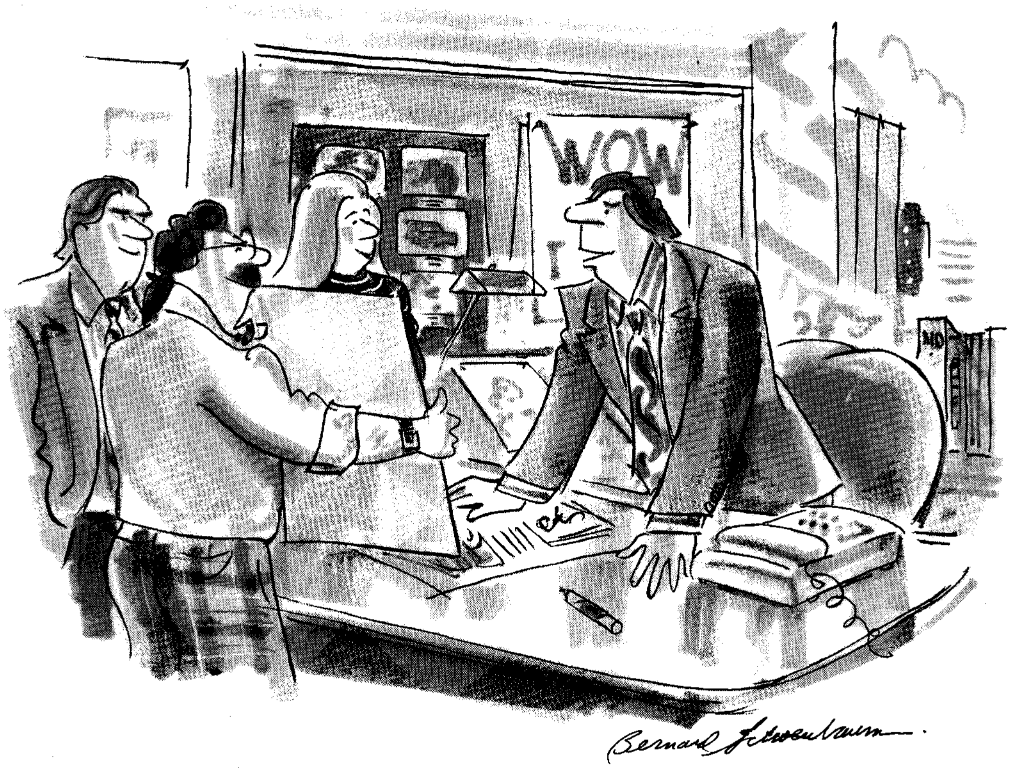
On February 9th, the day of reckoning arrived. Revere abruptly closed its doors, and federal agents raided its headquarters building, in Bohemia, Long Island. They found a scene of utter chaos. "They were walking through some rooms with floor-to-ceiling stacks of twenties, ten deep," one lawyer says. "In others, money was falling from the ceiling like chicken feathers. It was impossible to tell whose money it was."

Shortly after the search and the arrest of the Scarettas, the judge in the case, Arthur D. Spatt, arranged for a lawyer named Jeffrey Stark to count the cash in storage and act as a sort of referee for the former clients of Revere, all of whom were clamoring for their money back. The job hasn't been easy. According to Mr. Stark, the building contained the equivalent of seventeen tractor trailers of coins alone. But as of last Monday Mr. Stark said that he had just about finished counting all the cash remaining at Revere, and that it totalled approximately forty-seven million dollars. Revere clients have claimed, however, that they had about eighty-seven million dollars on deposit there. In other words, around forty million dollars is missing.

On Monday, Mr. Stark wore a bow tie and a bemused expression as claimants ranging from the Chemical Bank to Nobody Beats the Wiz—there are eight hundred and seventy-five claimants in all—fired questions at him. He had accomplished a good deal in a short time. He and Judge Spatt had responded to the pleas of a group of jewellers and managed to return ten million dollars' worth of jewelry to them from Revere in time for the Valentine's Day rush. And by last Monday Mr. Stark had restored more than eight million dollars in cash to various Revere customers.

Other customers have been less fortunate. Citibank has asserted that twenty-three million dollars of its cash is missing, though most claims are considerably smaller. One lawyer whispered to another that his client "only has twenty thousand dollars at stake here, and my fee is going to be half that." On the question of covering losses at Revere, Mr. Stark deferred to Thomas Pattison, the lawyer representing Lloyd's of London, which had provided the Scarettas with a ninety-nine-million-dollar insurance policy.

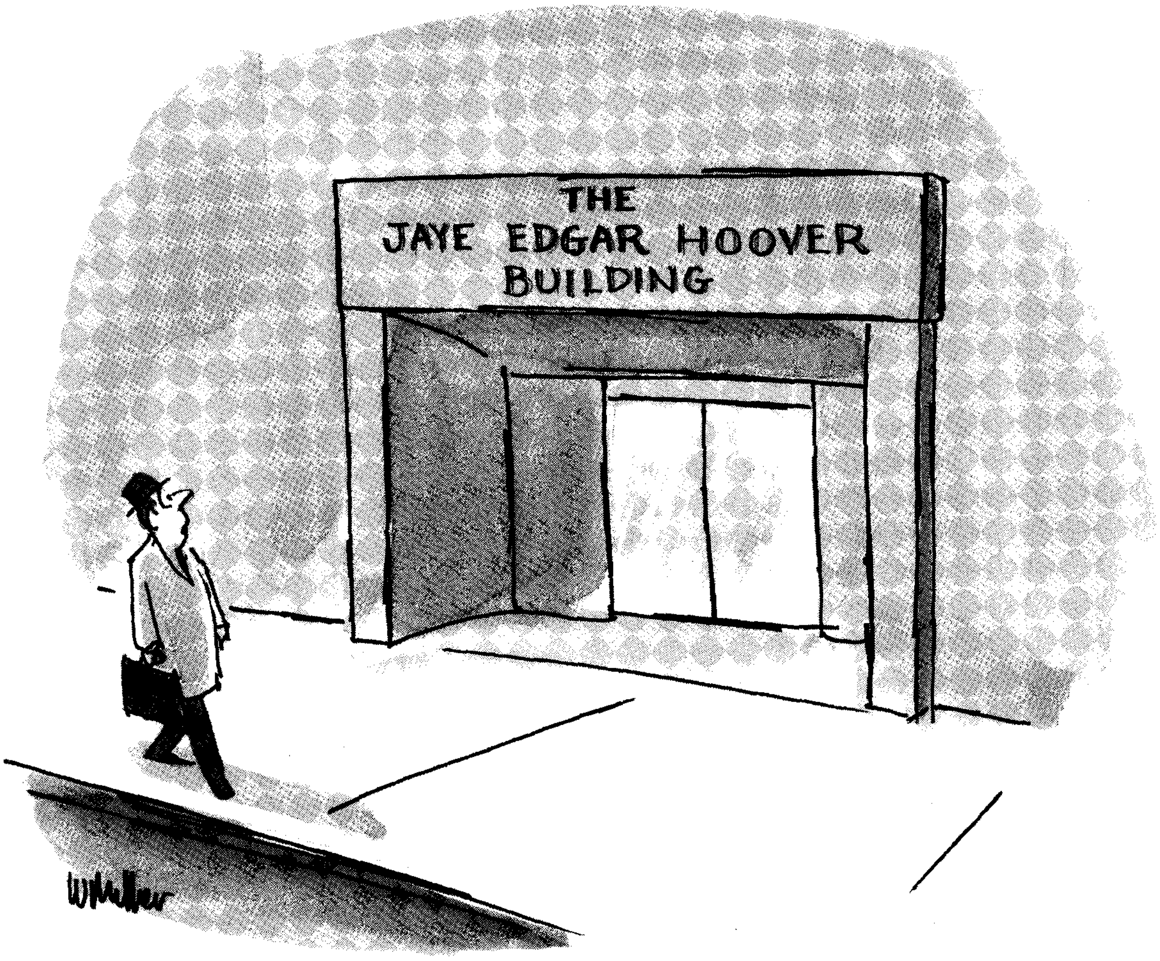
Mr. Pattison was sitting in the back of Judge Spatt's jury box, which was fully occupied by lawyers, and he had few words of comfort for Revere's disappointed customers. He was waiting to hear whether Lloyd's was going to absorb the full loss or contest its liability, he said. The lawyers in the case have been earning good fees since Revere shut down, but a real bonanza will arrive if Lloyd's disputes the claims. Mr. Stark said that in that event "there are potentially hundreds and hundreds of claims that would be made against Lloyd's, many in different courts and in different jurisdictions," and he added that "if Lloyd's says no, we're talking about millions of dollars in attorneys' fees."



"Yes, but will it tap that wellspring of sacrifice out there?"

CAT FANTASIA

For several hours one afternoon last week, the unremarkable interior of the Southgate Tower Hotel, in midtown, was transformed into a kind of cat fantasia for the nineties, previewing some of the more exotic and genetically up-to-date entries in the ninth annual International Cat Show, which was held at Madison Square Garden this past weekend. Cats were perched on chairs and couches and windowsills, and a few even deigned to step on the floor. Their owners mostly stood over them, fawning, and some waved what appeared to be feather dusters



lined with sparkly sequins while the cats jumped up, stared inquisitively, or assumed some other quintessential cat pose provoked by this mystery object, referred to, appropriately, as a "cat tease."

Though beautiful, most of the cats present would not be mistaken for regular house pets. One, named Battle Hymn, a Persian that had been groomed to resemble a lion (or a poodle), spent the afternoon resting languorously on its own divan, which was decorated in a cheetah pattern—a pattern that matched a bow tie around its neck and also the skirt, bracelet, and earrings of its owner, Lise Girard. On a windowsill, nestled in a cat-size playpen lined with pink fur, a father and son Sphynx team curled up, the father diligently licking the wrinkly infant. The Sphynx differs conspicuously from most breeds of cat; indeed, one is likely to pause a moment before deciding that it is a cat at all. Their owner described the Sphynx as "a cat with no clothes on," the fact being that the Sphynx has no hair, only a stubble so faint that any skinhead could be proud of it, and a worried face. The Sphynxes' owner suggests that in order to best appreciate their beauty you might "think of them as Yoda or E.T."

The stars of the unusual cat sweepstakes, however, were Maxwell and Cotton, which belong to a breed that was making its début at this year's cat show. The Longhaired Munchkin is a breed that owes its existence in large part to Dr. Solveig Pflueger, a geneticist who counsels "both humans and cats." The Munchkin's major distinction is that it has very short legs. "It's the cat equivalent of a dachshund," Dr. Pflueger said as she twirled her cat tease above Maxwell while he vainly tried to leap up after it. Dr. Pflueger suggested that, because the Longhaired Munchkin had legs too short for jumping, it would be ideal for someone who didn't want to own a cat that would leap up on counters and sofas. Joan Rivers has dubbed the Munchkin, for reasons that are unclear, the Dr. Ruth cat.

Some of the cats fit a more conventional definition of beauty. Victoria Garvin, an administrator in the Paintings and Sculpture Department of the Museum of Modern Art, is the owner of Ursa Minor, an Ocie, whose main distinction, in addition to a lithe, sleek body, is a spotted coat closely resembling that of an ocelot. Ms. Garvin, who lives in a house in northern New Jersey with eight cats and a brother, suggested that the "jungle look" was enjoying a bit of a vogue among cats.

Perhaps the most low-key cat/owner pair was Fred Andrews and Hermes. Mr. Andrews, who happened to be the only male owner present, sat quietly in an armchair throughout the afternoon. He was wearing a purple crewneck sweater, and Hermes, an ash-gray Chartreux, huddled against his purple stomach, which provided a bit of a perch. "He's terrified," Mr. Andrews said of his cat. "It's his first show." The Chartreux is a rare breed in America; it apparently originated in France centuries ago, and the first Chartreux didn't arrive here until 1970. Mr. Andrews, a thirty-one-year-old native of Staten Island, entered the world of pedigree cats in 1989. After consulting "Simon & Schuster's Guide to Cats," he settled on the Chartreux because it was beautiful and also "because that was the one that looked the most normal," he said. "I wasn't interested in any of the funky-looking cats."

The Chartreux is so rare that those wishing to acquire one usually have a six-month wait, and kittens can cost as much as a thousand dollars each. Mr. Andrews now has nine Chartreux. They live with him, uncaged, in a two-bedroom apartment. The one male Chartreux has the other bedroom. ♦

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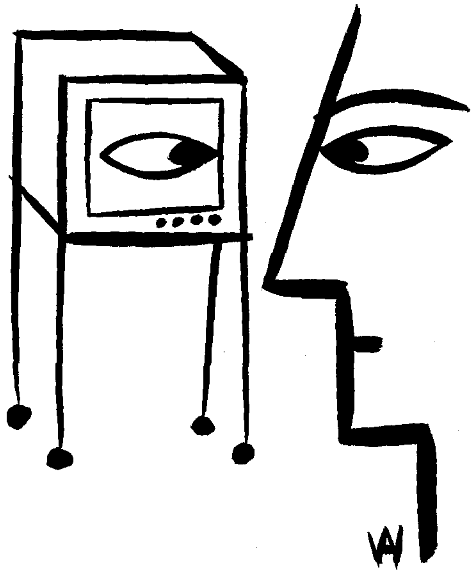
ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

CHANGING CHANNELS

While NBC and ABC grapple with management successions, mergers, and Mike Ovitz as producer, a new form of cable threatens to change the rules.

BY KEN AULETTA



ANDERS WENNINGREN

THIS seems to be a season of transitions. Michael Gartner, the beleaguered president of NBC News, has fallen on his sword because of the faked crash of a General Motors truck on "Dateline NBC." While Gartner's bosses did not hold him personally responsible for the story about the crash, the network did hire two outside lawyers to investigate the behavior of NBC News and consider the question of accountability, including what action Gartner took, or didn't take, after the specious report was broadcast. A key decision-maker at NBC says that it was "outrageous" for Gartner to stonewall G.M. and to defend his own news staff even after he learned that someone had hidden miniature rockets on the truck and detonated them just before the collision. Even before Gartner resigned, on March 2nd, he was about to be fired. "He knew about this incident for several days," this man said. "He didn't investigate it in depth. He should have looked into it more, because he was aware that he was being sued before he issued a statement defending News." Then, the last week in February, questions were raised about another report broadcast by NBC News, this one on the effects of logging in Idaho's Clearwater National Forest, and that situation made it even more difficult for Gartner to stay.

Gartner came to NBC News from the Gannett Company in 1988, and he was required to perform three conflicting roles: editor-in-chief, publisher, and producer. He did some of what was asked of him: reduced News costs, streamlined management, and after some false starts finally got on the air a magazine show ("Dateline NBC") with respectable ratings, if not always respectable stories. One of the men who held Gartner's fate in their hands praised these accomplishments the other day and said, "This man is the rock of integrity," but added, ominously, "The facts are these: Michael has an unpleasant personality. And when an unpleasant personality makes mistakes, more people want to shoot at him. Michael's a real live-by-the-sword kind of guy."

In focussing on Gartner's prickly personality, his colleagues and various executives at the other networks who have been gloating over NBC's misery may be avoiding the fact that they, too, live by the sword. There are two distressingly common lessons to be learned from this mess. One is the appetite of television for pictures that transfix viewers and keep them from changing channels. "Television's visual capacity means that what was once told can now be shown," Kathleen Hall Jamieson, the dean of the Annenberg School of Communications of the University of Pennsylvania, said at a recent Harvard gathering. "The capacity to show tempts politicians"—and producers, she might have added—"to replace evidence with visual assertion. The same tendency is fostered by television's reliance on those telegraphic visual moments I call sight-bites and by its quick cuts and edits." The disdain that television executives usually express for "talking heads" reveals the dominant attitude in the medium. The other lesson is that a fixation on costs at the three network-news divisions may lead to the kind of problem that has come to light at "Dateline NBC." NBC News hired an outside firm—not an unusual practice—to do the testing of the G.M. trucks involved in the "Dateline" report, but gave the firm a limited budget to work with. A person close to the internal investigations admits, "The demonstration was quite cheap." NBC may have saved money, but it also surrendered quality. Moreover, in pursuit of lower costs, all three networks have reduced the number of their foreign and domestic bureaus in recent years, and have come to rely increasingly on international picture services, local stations' news, and free-lancers to supply pictures and reports. Again, the networks save money, but they also end up vouching for the accuracy of news gatherers they don't entirely control.

A QUIETER transition may be taking place at ABC News, where Roone Arledge has been president since 1977. Daniel Burke, the chief executive officer of Capital Cities/ABC, which is the parent company of ABC News, has been wondering how to force Arledge to accept the idea that he may not be immortal. Burke wants Arledge, who is sixty-one, to plan for his succession, and had been growing impatient. Burke has always been both awed and angered by Arledge—awed by his producer's skills, angered by what he sees as Arledge's divide-and-conquer management style.

"The place is paralyzed," one powerful figure at Cap Cities/ABC said at the end of the year. "Roone's not here part of the time. His hours are unusual. He procrastinates, and keeps people in a constant state of apprehension." Costs were an afterthought. Why, this man asked, did a reputedly "productive" producer for one of their magazine shows—"20/20" or "PrimeTime Live"—turn out only an average of three and a half pieces a year? The Cap Cities/ABC man added, "We wouldn't know what to do if Roone didn't make it in to work today. But we have to push some other people forward."

If any other manager resisted Burke's cost-cutting entreaties, Burke would fire him. Burke and Thomas Murphy, Cap Cities/ABC's chairman, agree, however, that Arledge is unlike other managers. For starters, an Arledge ally says, "No executive at Cap Cities/ABC makes a bigger salary than Roone." The salary exceeds three million dollars annually, not

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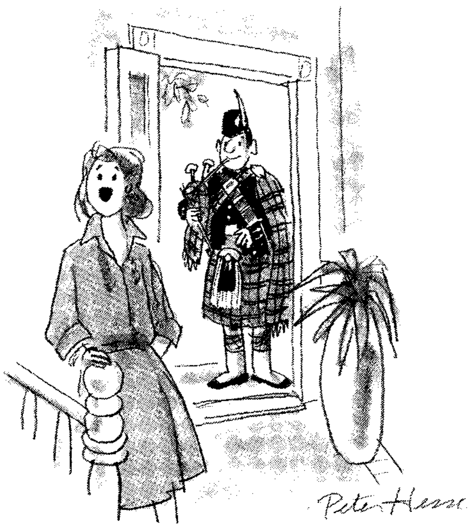

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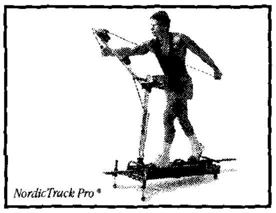

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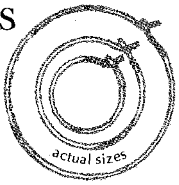

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counting generous stock and other benefits. Arledge is treated like talent—like Roseanne Arnold, without the husband. Burke has always wanted him to continue to concentrate on the news and the creative side of his mission; he has also wanted him to be something he was not: a manager. A year and a half ago, they installed a fifty-two-year-old attorney named Stephen Weiswasser in the office next to Arledge's to do the things that Arledge dodged: return calls, delegate authority, explore future sources of News revenues, build a management structure, pare costs. Weiswasser had originally been legal counsel to Cap Cities, and was recognized as a comer—somebody who might one day run the parent company. Moreover, he was noted for his communications skills.

Communications between Weiswasser and Arledge, however, were filled with static. Their offices were separated by a small conference room, which had a door that opened into Arledge's office but not one into Weiswasser's. The wall prevented Weiswasser from strolling across the conference room to pop in on Arledge, or even to see whether he was in; days would pass without an Arledge exchange or sighting. To improve communications, Weiswasser wanted to bust a hole through the wall, but Arledge, who is notoriously secretive, was not happy with this prospect. Weiswasser ordered it done anyway. The doorway was built. "Roone is cutting him with a thousand razor cuts," said one longtime ABC peer, who, like others, had heard about the door and was convinced that Arledge would ultimately exhaust Weiswasser, just as he had done with previous executives.

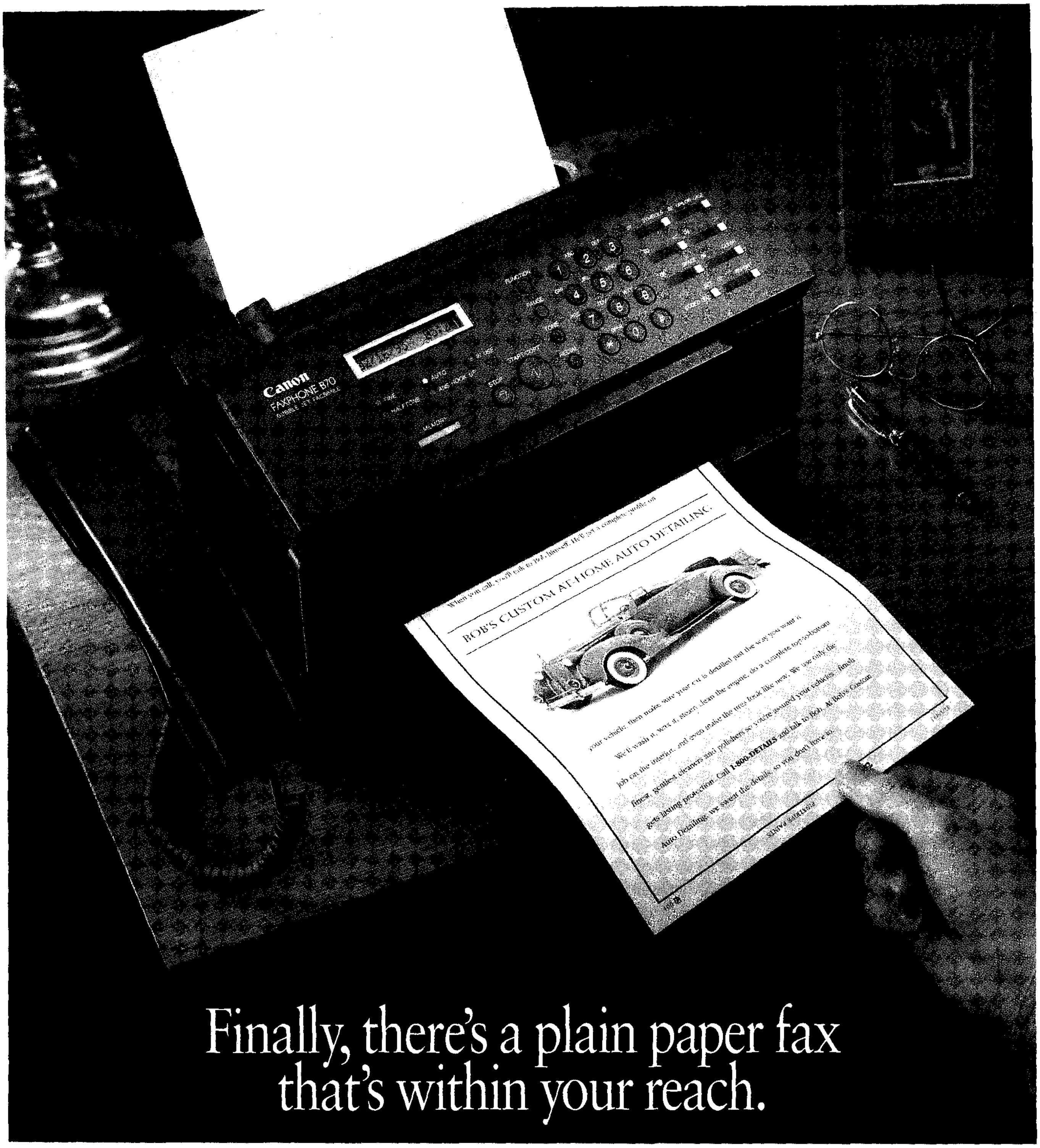
Weiswasser next pressed for a streamlined management structure, including the appointment of an executive vice-president who would be in line to succeed Arledge, but Arledge picked the plan apart, complaining that in the name of ending bureaucracy Cap Cities/ABC was creating one. Arledge supporters suspected that Weiswasser wanted his job. The Arledge and the Weiswasser camps within News soon became polarized. Privately, Burke fumed at this divisiveness, and he worried that Arledge, who earlier in 1992 had undergone surgery for prostate cancer, had no successor in place.

In November, Burke and Weiswasser conspired to engineer a conclusion. Weiswasser proposed to leave News even before he and Burke had agreed on another assignment for him. Arledge, probably glad to get Weiswasser out of the next office, became more amenable to Weiswasser's proposed management structure, which included not only an executive vice-president but four executives to oversee hard news, the magazine shows, editorial quality, and finance.

Arledge still wanted something: an extension of the two years remaining on his contract. His agent said that the extension was a way for Arledge to maintain "his dignity"—a phrase Burke took to mean that Arledge wanted his insecurity assuaged. Arledge also wanted a loyalist, Joanna Bistany, to become the senior vice-president for ABC's magazine shows.

Burke assured Arledge that he hoped he would remain president for as long as he wanted, but said that he would not agree to appoint Bistany; he and Weiswasser wanted her removed from the management loop, believing that she was merely a scout for Arledge. The two men met for dinner in late November, and Burke, according to an intimate, told Arledge that he would discuss the contract extension only after Arledge agreed to reorganize the News Division. Burke got his way. In January, a new management structure was announced, with Paul Friedman, the executive producer of "World News Tonight," named executive vice-president. Privately, Burke tells associates he has "every confidence" that Friedman will one day, in the distant future, succeed Arledge. Weiswasser will remain for the time being to assist Friedman—from a different office—and Bistany's role has shrivelled to that of staff assistant to Arledge. Now that Arledge is truly ceding power to his likely successor, Burke has approved a contract extension.

WHILE Burke gets praise within Cap Cities/ABC for running one of the better-managed companies, he is not praised for the way he has managed his own succession. Murphy and Burke first teamed up in 1961, when Murphy hired Burke to run the company's Albany TV station, and they have gone on to build a five-billion-dollar communications company, which now includes ABC, eight radio networks, eight TV stations, nineteen radio stations, seventy-eight newspapers, and majority ownership in ESPN and other cable holdings. The two men are widely revered inside the company. Burke has played the role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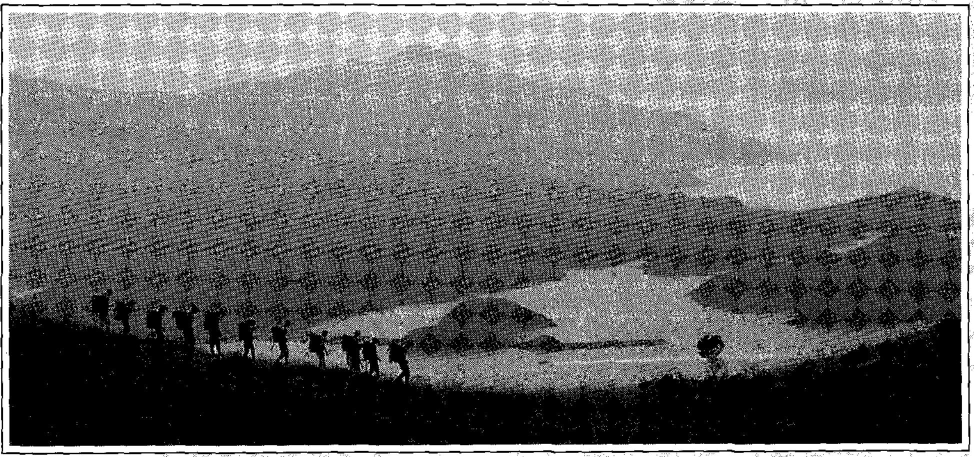
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of the strict parent who instructs underlings as to what they can and can't do; Murphy, who concentrates on strategy, has been the genial parent. But both men are nearing retirement. Two and a half years ago, Murphy turned sixty-five and honored a pledge that he made to step aside when he reached that age and give his partner, Burke, who is now sixty-four, the C.E.O. job. The two have had such a symbiotic relationship that a Cap Cities publisher once told colleagues, "I spent three years in the company before I realized that Murphy and Burke were not one person."

Burke declares that he will retire when he reaches sixty-five, next February. "Murphy's unhappy that I keep telling people I will retire as scheduled at age sixty-five," he says. "He thinks it makes me a lame duck." Burke disputes that notion and talks openly of spending more time at a house he owns some twenty miles south of Portland, Maine. He recently acquired a minor-league baseball team in Portland and induced the city to upgrade a sixty-two-hundred-seat stadium for it. "It will be the most beautiful little ballpark you ever saw," he says. He himself will be chairman of the team and, he says, "enjoy the damn thing."

"This isn't a case where the founder's ego has trouble letting go," a fellow-executive says, mindful that ABC's founder, Leonard Goldenson, remained chairman as he approached his eightieth birthday. Nevertheless, the question of who will succeed Burke is a topic of endless speculation within the company.

How will a successor be chosen? Burke and Murphy and the company's largest shareholder, Warren Buffett, who owns an eighteen-per-cent stake, talk about it often, Burke says, and Burke keeps in a desk drawer a list of nearly fifty executives and their dates of birth. There are five contenders inside the company: Robert Iger, the former ABC Entertainment president, who is forty-one and who succeeded John Sias as network president last November; Weiswasser; the company's publishing president, Phillip Meek, who is fifty-five; its broadcast-group president, Michael Mallardi, who is fifty-eight; and its chief financial officer, Ronald Doerfler, who is fifty-one. Whatever the gifts and qualifications of these contenders, internal handicappers note that none have management experience in all aspects of the parent company's business. The fear is

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that no one of them is yet ready to succeed the great men.

Another possibility for Cap Cities /ABC is a merger with another media company. Two potential merger partners who were mentioned in recent weeks were the Turner Broadcasting System and Paramount Communications. But Ted Turner is known for his vision, not for his management skills, and though he has met with Burke and Murphy, the idea of a merger with him seems unlikely. Nor is Paramount a likely partner, because ABC is now committed (as are CBS and NBC) to building its own in-house capabilities, in the hope of becoming a mini-studio, and also because the loud, confrontational management style of Paramount's chairman, Martin Davis, and his second-in-command, Stanley Jaffe, would clash with the more subdued, affable style of Cap Cities.

A snugger fit would be Walt Disney Company, whose C.E.O. is Michael Eisner. The managements of the two companies respect each other and share a preoccupation with controlling costs. The companies have thought about a merger, but what makes the companies alike also makes a merger less plausible. "Disney is smart, not entrepreneurial," says an executive at another network who has also talked with Disney about merging. And Disney, like Cap Cities, is cheap, unwilling to pay a steep price. Besides, to get around current government regulations that might force Disney to abandon its lucrative television-syndication business—a network is limited in what programs it may own and syndicate to local stations—Disney has considered the idea of just buying Cap Cities' eight TV stations. These stations, which are in major urban areas, earn about fifty-five cents on each dollar of revenue and are the most profitable stations anywhere. But they are not for sale separate from the network. "We don't believe our stations are divorceable," a Cap Cities executive says. "Our attitude is 'Love me, love my dog.' "

Still another possible merger partner is Viacom International, which syndicates such shows as "Roseanne" and "The Cosby Show," owns MTV and assorted TV and radio stations and cable-programming services, and which had a cash flow last year of nearly five hundred million dollars. Viacom's C.E.O., Frank Biondi, is a dynamic executive who is just forty-eight years old. The two companies, which are partners in the Lifetime cable channel, have thought about merging, a top Viacom official says. Viacom's questions concern personality, money, and future prospects: Would Burke, Murphy, and Buffett be comfortable with Viacom's chairman, Sumner Redstone, and he with them? Could they agree on a sale price? Finally, with stations as well as the networks feeling the pinch from cable and other channel choices, Viacom wonders where the growth potential is at Cap Cities/ABC.

DESPITE the proliferation of channel choices and the fact that network growth has stalled, a surprising number of competitors would love to own a network. If government were to change the rules and allow a network to merge with cable, John Malone, the C.E.O. of the country's largest cable company, would leap at the opportunity. "The networks still represent an enormous economic force for program creation," he says. "It's only the networks that have the economic clout to create entertainment programs."

There are four basic reasons that the networks continue to enchant potential investors. First, there is the size of the audience. "You're buying a trademark," Robert Batscha, the president of the Museum of Television and Radio, says. "It took HBO about fifteen years to build a trademark." It took CNN and MTV only a decade, but such rapidly built trademarks are rare. Because the networks can reach a vast audience (on Thursday, February 18th, at 9 P.M., for example, the four TV networks reached eighty-eight per cent of all the people who were watching television), they are attractive to advertisers; and they popularize shows, making it possible for producers to attain the familiarity needed to create the lucrative syndication marketplace for reruns.

The second attraction of a network is linked to the first: there is no broader platform from which a studio or a cable programmer or a syndicator can promote its other offerings. "If you want to acquire the National Football League games for pay-per-view, the networks are the best platform for promoting them," the C.E.O. of a multimedia giant that has had exploratory talks with both ABC and NBC about buying a network says. Because only the networks reach a mass audience, they become a vehicle to advertise shows on other channels owned by the media

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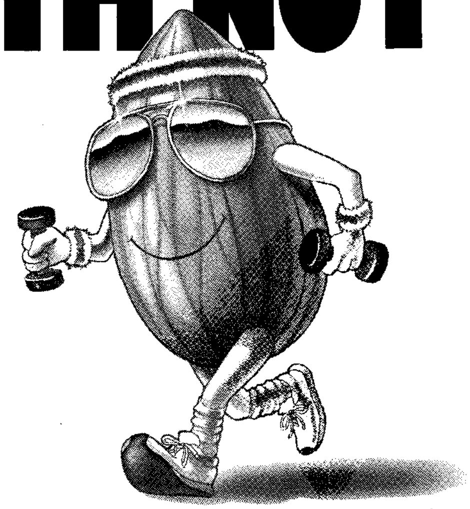
giant that has acquired the network.

The third appeal of a network is vanity. Not only does a network offer a promotion platform for shows; it is a platform as well for the C.E.O., who automatically bounds onto a public stage.

The fourth attraction of a network is related to costs. Reduce a network's overhead—currently three billion dollars in the case of CBS, NBC, and ABC—and profit margins will jump. There are those—including Barry Diller, the former Fox chairman, when he flirted with buying NBC last fall—who succumb to the conceit that they can reduce costs more dramatically than General Electric, which owns NBC, or than Cap Cities, or than Laurence Tisch, the chairman of CBS. Perhaps a more fruitful way to lower costs would be for a network to merge with a studio, and thus get a firmer grip on its steepest cost—the license fees it pays for entertainment programs. For a studio, the appeal of owning a network is that it might guarantee time slots for the shows it produces, thereby reducing its risks. And the studio-network marriage might also provide another benefit for both: if a show is kept on a network for four years, a studio will have produced enough episodes to sell it in syndication.

General Electric has been exploring this angle, and one other as well—an angle that was specifically rejected by ABC. G.E. is secretly welcoming offers on the NBC network separate from its stations and other holdings. The NBC network alone is said to have earned fifty million dollars in 1992, and it expects to earn a hundred million this year. That's not as large as the return on investment enjoyed by, say, many cable companies, but it's not terrible. "This year, we'll have three hundred million dollars in cash flow," a G.E. executive says of NBC. "Not many businesses are easier than this. Try making motors." One decision-maker acknowledges that G.E.'s chairman, John Welch, and NBC's president, Robert Wright, have pursued with potential cable and studio suitors the idea of breaking up NBC, and selling just its entertainment division, for between half a billion and a billion dollars. Recently, after NBC tumbled into third place in the prime-time ratings, G.E. firmly concluded that it brings nothing to the programming table, and is prepared to sell this piece of the network outright.

Under such a scheme, NBC would remain a network in name only; it would



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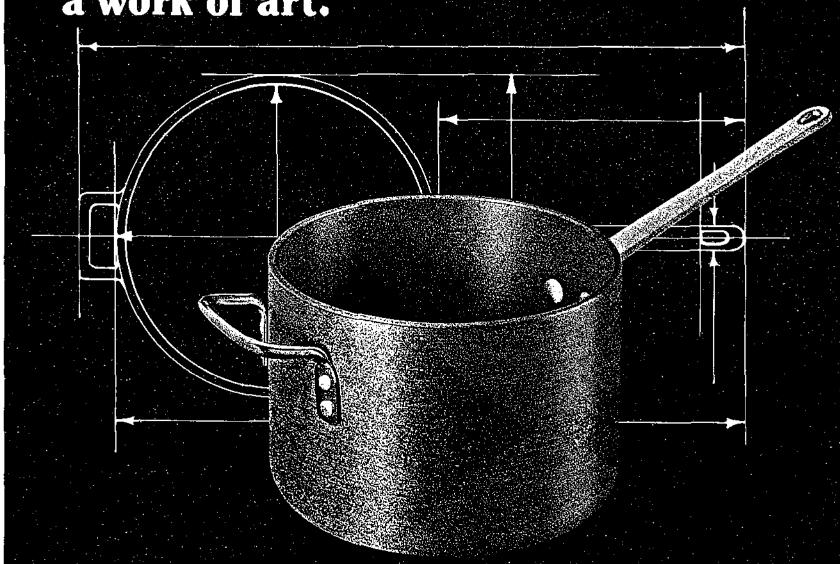

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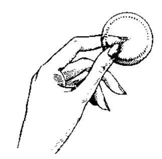
YOU CAN FEEL BETTER ABOUT MENOPAUSE, RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR BONES.

While it's true that menopause is as natural as puberty was, it can seem a bit frightening. And now doctors tell us that loss of estrogen at menopause can accelerate bone loss, which can lead to postmenopausal osteoporosis. In just the first seven years after menopause begins, you could lose up to 50% of all the bone mass you'll ever lose.

ESTRADERM® CAN HELP STOP BONE LOSS

A calcium-rich diet and exercise play an important part in preventing osteoporosis. Estraderm can help, too. Estraderm is a clear patch that delivers estradiol through your skin into the bloodstream, similar to the way your ovaries did before menopause. Sometimes the patch can cause skin irritation, although this happens less often when it's worn on the buttocks.

BENEFITS VS RISKS OF ESTRADERM



"THE PATCH"
A NONMEDICATED SAMPLE IS INCLUDED IN THE FREE INFORMATION PACK.

It's important to balance risks against proven benefits. Estraderm has been used safely by millions of women to relieve hot flashes, night sweats, and other menopausal symptoms. And a study at the Mayo Clinic has confirmed that Estraderm can halt bone loss and prevent postmenopausal osteoporosis. Of course, this doesn't mean that Estraderm is for every woman. For example, pregnant women should avoid estrogen therapy. Also, estrogen therapy has been associated with an increased risk of uterine cancer. Women should tell their doctor if they have ever had cancer of the breast or uterus, unusual vaginal bleeding, abnormal blood clotting or any cardiovascular disease.

IMPORTANT ISSUES TO DISCUSS WITH YOUR DOCTOR:

Q. *Am I at risk for postmenopausal osteoporosis?*

—All women will lose some bone during menopause. But some will lose more than others. You should discuss osteoporosis and the benefits and risks of estrogen therapy with your doctor as part of your regular checkup.

Q. *What can I expect from Estraderm as part of an osteoporosis-prevention program?*

—This depends on when you start therapy, the condition of your bones when you start, and how long you continue. You should remember that a calcium-rich diet and exercise are also an important part of an osteoporosis-prevention program.

A FREE MENOPAUSE INFORMATION PACK

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See next page for additional important information.

Estraderm

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Important Information on Estraderm Continued from Previous Page

Estraderm®
estradiol transdermal system
Continuous delivery for twice-weekly application

BRIEF SUMMARY (FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION, SEE PACKAGE INSERT).

ESTROGENS HAVE BEEN REPORTED TO INCREASE THE RISK OF ENDOMETRIAL CARCINOMA.

Three independent case control studies have reported an increased risk of *endometrial cancer in postmenopausal women exposed to exogenous estrogens* for more than 1 year. This risk was independent of the other known risk factors for endometrial cancer. These studies are further supported by the finding that incidence rates of endometrial cancer have increased sharply since 1969 in eight different areas of the United States with population-based cancer-reporting systems, an increase which may be related to the rapidly *expanding use of estrogens during the last decade.*

The three case control studies reported that the risk of endometrial cancer in estrogen users was about 4.5-13.9 times greater than in nonusers. The risk appears to depend both on duration of treatment and on estrogen dose. In view of these findings, when estrogens are used for the treatment of menopausal symptoms, the lowest dose that will control symptoms should be utilized and medication should be discontinued as soon as possible. When prolonged treatment is medically indicated, the patient should be reassessed on at least a semiannual basis to determine the need for continued therapy. Although the evidence must be considered preliminary, one study suggests that cyclic administration of low doses of estrogen may carry less risk than continuous administration; it therefore appears prudent to utilize such a regimen.

Close clinical surveillance of all women taking estrogens is important. In all cases of undiagnosed persistent or recurring abnormal vaginal bleeding, adequate diagnostic measures should be undertaken to rule out malignancy.

There is no evidence at present that "natural" estrogens are more or less hazardous than "synthetic" estrogens at equiestrogenic doses.

ESTROGENS SHOULD NOT BE USED DURING PREGNANCY.

The use of female sex hormones, both estrogens and progestogens, during early pregnancy may seriously damage the offspring. It has been shown that women who had been exposed *in utero* to diethylstilbestrol, a nonsteroidal estrogen, have an increased risk of developing in later life a form of vaginal or *cervical cancer that is ordinarily extremely rare. This risk has been estimated as* not greater than 4 per 1000 exposures. Furthermore, a high percentage of such exposed women (30-90%) have been found to have vaginal adenosis, epithelial changes of the vagina and cervix. Although these changes are histologically benign, it is not known whether they are precursors of malignancy. Although similar data on the use of other estrogens are not available, it cannot be presumed they would not induce similar changes.

Several reports suggest an association between intrauterine exposure to female sex hormones and congenital anomalies, including congenital heart defects and limb-reduction defects. One case control study estimated a 4.7-fold increased risk of limb-reduction defects in infants who had been exposed *in utero* to sex hormones (oral contraceptives, hormone withdrawal tests for pregnancy, or attempted treatment for threatened abortion). Some of these exposures were very short and involved only a few days of treatment. The data suggest that the risk of limb-reduction defects in exposed fetuses is somewhat *less than 1 per 1000.*

In the past, female sex hormones have been used during pregnancy in an attempt to treat threatened or habitual abortion. There is considerable evidence that estrogens are ineffective for these indications, and there is no evidence from well-controlled studies that progestogens are effective for these uses.

If Estraderm is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while taking this drug, she should be apprised of the potential risks to the fetus and of the advisability of continuation of the pregnancy.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Estraderm is indicated for the treatment of the following: moderate-to-severe vasomotor symptoms associated with menopause; female hypogonadism; female castration; primary ovarian failure; and atrophic conditions caused by deficient endogenous estrogen production, such as atrophic vaginitis and kraurosis vulvae; and prevention of osteoporosis (loss of bone mass).

Estrogen replacement therapy is the most effective single modality for the prevention of postmenopausal osteoporosis in women. Case-controlled studies have shown a reduction of approximately 60% in the incidence of hip and wrist fractures in women who began estrogen replacement therapy within a few years of menopause. A recent, well-controlled, double-blind, prospective trial conducted at the Mayo Clinic has demonstrated that treatment with Estraderm prevents bone loss in postmenopausal women at a dosage of 0.05 mg per day.

Treatment with Estraderm 0.05 mg showed full maintenance of bone density with slight (0.8%), but not significant, increase. Placebo treatment resulted in a significant loss of more than 6% *below baseline vertebral bone mass. Patients using either* Estraderm 0.1 mg, or 0.05 mg, had significantly greater bone densities than those using placebo.

Other studies suggest that estrogen replacement therapy reduces the rate of vertebral fractures.

Peak bone mass is reached at age 30 to 35 and can best be maximized by adequate calcium intake and exercise during the adolescent and early adult years. *Early menopause* is one of the best predictors for the development of osteoporosis. White women are at higher risk for osteoporosis than white men, black women are at higher risk than black men, and thin women are at higher risk than obese women. Cigarette smoking may be an additional risk factor. Calcium deficiency has been implicated in the *pathogenesis of this disease. Therefore, when not contraindicated, a calcium intake of* 1000-1500 mg/day either by diet or supplements is recommended for post*menopausal women.*

Immobilization and prolonged bedrest produce rapid bone loss, while weight-bearing exercise has been shown to both reduce bone loss and to increase bone mass. The optimal type and amount of physical activity that might lower the risk of osteporosis have not been established.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Estrogens should not be used in women or men with any of the following conditions:

1. known or suspected cancer of the breast;
2. known or suspected estrogen-dependent neoplasia;
3. known or suspected pregnancy (see *Boxed Warning*);
4. undiagnosed abnormal genital bleeding;
5. active thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders;
6. history of thrombophlebitis, thrombosis, or thromboembolic disorders associated with previous estrogen use.

WARNINGS

1. *Induction of Malignant Neoplasms.* Long-term continuous administration of natural and synthetic estrogens in certain animal species increases the frequency of carcinomas of the breast, cervix, vagina, and liver. There are now reports that estrogens increase the risk of carcinoma of the endometrium in humans. (See Boxed Warning.)

At the present time, there is no satisfactory evidence that estrogens given to postmenopausal women increase the risk of breast cancer, although a recent long-*term follow-up study has raised this possibility.* Because of the animal data, there is a need for caution in prescribing estrogens for women with a strong family history of breast cancer or who have breast nodules, fibrocystic disease, or abnormal mammograms.

2. *Gallbladder Disease.* A recent study has reported a two- to threefold increase in the risk of surgically confirmed gallbladder disease in postmenopausal women receiving oral estrogens, similar to the twofold increase previously noted in users of oral contraceptives.

3. *Effects Similar to Those Caused by Estrogen-Progestogen Oral Contraceptives.* There are several serious adverse effects of oral contraceptives and other high-dose oral estrogen treatments, most of which have not, up to now, been documented as consequences of postmenopausal estrogen replacement therapy. This may reflect the comparatively low doses of estrogen used in postmenopausal women.

a. *Thromboembolic Disease.* It is now well established that users of oral contraceptives have an increased risk of various thromboembolic and thrombotic vascular diseases, such as thrombophlebitis, pulmonary embolism, stroke, and myocardial infarction. Cases of retinal thrombosis, mesenteric thrombosis, and optic neuritis have been reported in oral contraceptive users. There is evidence that the risk of several of these adverse reactions is related to the dose of the drug. An increased risk of postsurgery thromboembolic complications has also been reported in users of oral contraceptives. If feasible, estrogen should be discontinued at least 4 weeks before surgery of the type associated with an increased risk of thromboembolism, or during periods of prolonged immobilization.

While an increased rate of thromboembolic and thrombotic disease in postmenopausal users of estrogens has not been found, this does not rule out the possibility that such an increase may be present or that subgroups of women who have underlying risk factors or who are receiving relatively large doses of estrogens may have increased risk. Therefore, estrogens should not be used in persons with active thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders, and they should not be used in persons with a history of such disorders in association with estrogen use. They should be used with caution in patients with cerebral vascular or coronary artery disease and only for those in whom estrogens are clearly needed.

Large doses of estrogen (5 mg conjugated estrogens per day), comparable to those used to treat cancer of the prostate and breast, have been shown in a large prospective clinical trial in men to increase the risk of nonfatal myocardial infarction, pulmonary embolism, and thrombophlebitis. When estrogen doses of this size are used, any of the thromboembolic and thrombotic adverse effects associated with oral contraceptive use should be considered a clear risk.

b. *Hepatic Adenoma.* Benign hepatic adenomas have been associated with the use of oral contraceptives. Although benign and rare, these tumors may rupture and cause death from intra-abdominal hemorrhage. Such lesions have not yet been reported in association with other estrogen or progestogen preparations, but they should be considered if abdominal pain and tenderness, abdominal mass, or hypovolemic shock *occurs in patients receiving estrogen. Hepatocellular carcinoma has also been re*ported in women taking estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. The causal relation*ship of this malignancy to these drugs is not known.*

c. *Elevated Blood Pressure.* Women using oral contraceptives sometimes experience increased blood pressure which, in most cases, returns to normal upon discontinuing the drug. There is now a report that this may occur with use of oral estrogens in the menopause and blood pressure should be monitored with estrogen use, especially if high doses are used. Ethinyl estradiol and conjugated estrogens have been shown to increase renin substrate. In contrast to these oral estrogens, transdermally administered estradiol does not affect renin substrate.

d. *Glucose Tolerance.* A worsening of glucose tolerance has been observed in a *significant percentage of patients on estrogen-containing oral contraceptives.* For this reason, diabetic patients should be carefully observed while receiving estrogen.

4. *Hypercalcemia.* Administration of high doses of estrogens may lead to severe hypercalcemia in patients with breast cancer and bone metastases. If hypercalcemia occurs, use of the drug should be stopped and appropriate measures should be taken to reduce the serum calcium level.

PRECAUTIONS

General

1. A complete medical and family history should be taken before initiation of any *estrogen therapy. The pretreatment and periodic physical examinations should in*clude special reference to blood pressure, breasts, abdomen, and pelvic organs, as well as a cervical Papanicolaou test. As a general rule, estrogen should not be prescribed for longer than 1 year without another physical examination being performed.
2. Because estrogens may cause some degree of fluid retention, careful observation is required when conditions that might be influenced by this factor are present (e.g., asthma, epilepsy, migraine, and cardiac or renal dysfunction).
3. Certain patients may develop undesirable manifestations of excessive estrogenic stimulation, such as uterine bleeding, mastodynia, etc.
4. *Prolonged administration of unopposed estrogen therapy has been reported to* increase the risk of endometrial hyperplasia in some patients. Estrogens should be used with caution in patients who have or have had endometriosis.
5. Studies of the addition of a progestin for 7 or more days of a cycle of estrogen administration have reported a lowered incidence of endometrial hyperplasia. Morphological and biochemical studies of endometrium suggest that 12 to 13 days of progestin are needed to provide maximal maturation of the endometrium and to eliminate any hyperplastic changes. Whether this will provide protection from endometrial carcinoma has not been clearly established. There are possible additional risks that may be associated with the inclusion of progestin in estrogen replacement regimens. The potential risks include adverse effects on carbohydrate and lipid metabolism. The choice of progestin and dosage may be important in minimizing these adverse effects.
6. Oral contraceptives appear to be associated with an increased incidence of mental depression. Although it is not clear whether this is due to the estrogenic or progesto*genic component of the contraceptive, patients with a history of depression* should be carefully observed.
7. Preexisting uterine leiomyomata may increase in size during prolonged estrogen use. If this occurs, estrogen therapy should be discontinued while the cause is investigated.
8. In patients with a history of jaundice during pregnancy, there is an increased risk that jaundice will recur with the use of estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. If jaundice develops in any patient receiving estrogen, the medication should be discontinued while the cause is investigated.
9. *Estrogens may be poorly metabolized in patients with impaired liver function and* should be administered with caution in such patients.
10. Because the prolonged use of estrogens influences the metabolism of calcium and phosphorus, estrogens should be used with caution in patients with metabolic bone diseases associated with hypercalcemia and in patients with renal insufficiency.

Information for Patients

See Patient Package Insert printed below.

Drug/Laboratory Test Interactions

The results of certain endocrine and liver function tests may be affected by estrogen-*containing oral contraceptives. The following changes have been observed with large* doses of oral estrogen:

1. increased sulfobromophthalein retention;
2. increased prothrombin time; increased factors VII, VIII, IX, and X; decreased antithrombin 3; increased norepinephrine-induced platelet aggregability;
3. increased thyroxine-binding globulin (TBG), leading to increased circulating total thyroid hormone (T_4) as measured by column or radioimmunoassay; free T_3 resin uptake is decreased, reflecting the elevated TBG; free T_4 concentration is unaltered; TBG was not affected in clinical trials of Estraderm;
4. reduced response to the metyrapone test;
5. reduced serum folate concentration;
6. increased serum triglyceride and phospholipid concentration, and decreased pregnanediol excretion.

The pathologist should be informed that the patient is receiving estrogen therapy when relevant specimens are submitted.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

See WARNINGS and Boxed Warning.

Long-term continuous administration of natural and synthetic estrogens in certain animal species increases the frequency of carcinomas of the breast, cervix, vagina, and liver.

Pregnancy Category X

See CONTRAINDICATIONS and Boxed Warning.

Estrogens should not be used during pregnancy.

Nursing Mothers

As a general principle, the administration of any drug to nursing mothers should be done only when clearly necessary since many drugs are excreted in human milk.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

See WARNINGS and Boxed Warning regarding potential adverse effects on the fetus, induction of malignant neoplasms, increased incidence of gallbladder disease, and adverse effects similar to those of oral contraceptives, including thromboembolism.

The most commonly reported adverse reaction to Estraderm in clinical trials was redness and irritation at the application site. This occurred in about 17% of the women treated and caused approximately 2% to discontinue therapy. Reports of rash have been rare.

The following additional adverse reactions have been reported with estrogenic therapy, including oral contraceptives:

Genitourinary System: Breakthrough bleeding, spotting, change in menstrual flow; increase in size of uterine fibromyomata; change in cervical erosion and amount of cervical secretion.

Endocrine: Breast tenderness, breast enlargement.

Gastrointestinal: Nausea, vomiting; abdominal cramps, bloating; cholestatic jaundice have been observed with oral estrogen therapy.

Eyes: Steepening of corneal curvature; intolerance to contact lenses.

Central Nervous System: Headache, migraine, dizziness.

Miscellaneous: Change in weight, edema, change in libido.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION

The adhesive side of the Estraderm system should be placed on a clean, dry area of the skin on the trunk of the body, (including the buttocks and abdomen). *Estraderm should not be applied to the breasts.* The sites of application must be rotated, with an interval of at least 1 week allowed between applications to a particular site. The area selected should not be oily, damaged, or irritated. The waistline should be avoided, since tight clothing may rub the system off. The system should be applied immediately *after opening the pouch and removing the protective liner. The system should be* pressed firmly in place with the palm of the hand for about 10 seconds, making sure there is good contact, especially around the edges. In the unlikely event that a system should fall off, the same system may be reapplied. If necessary, a new system may be applied. In either case, the original treatment schedule should be continued.

Initiation of Therapy

Treatment of menopausal symptoms is usualy initiated with Estraderm 0.05 mg applied to the skin twice weekly. The dosage should be adjusted as necessary to control symptoms. The lowest dosage necessary for the control of symptoms should be used, especially in women with an intact uterus. Attempts to taper or discontinue the medication should be made at 3- to 6-month intervals.

Prophylactic therapy with Estraderm to prevent postmenopausal bone loss should be initiated with the 0.05 mg/day dosage as soon as possible after menopause. The *dosage may be adjusted if necessary to control concurrent menopausal symptoms.* Discontinuation of estrogen replacement therapy may reestablish the natural rate of bone loss.

In women not currently taking oral estrogens, treatment with Estraderm may be initiated at once. In women who are currently taking oral estrogen, treatment with Estraderm should be initiated 1 week after withdrawal of oral hormone replacement therapy, or sooner if menopausal symptoms reappear in less than 1 week.

Therapeutic Regimen

Estraderm therapy may be given continuously in patients who do not have an intact uterus. In those patients with an intact uterus, Estraderm may be given on a cyclic schedule (e.g., 3 weeks on drug followed by 1 week off drug).

HOW SUPPLIED

Estraderm 0.05 (estradiol transdermal system)—each 10 cm^2 system contains 4 mg of estradiol USP for nominal* delivery of 0.05 mg of estradiol per day

Patient Calendar Pack of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2310-08
Carton of 6 Patient Calendar Packs of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2310-62
Carton of 1 Patient Calendar Pack of 24 Systems	NDC 0083-2310-24

Estraderm 0.1 (estradiol transdermal system)—each 20 cm^2 system contains 8 mg *of estradiol USP for nominal* delivery of 0.1 mg of estradiol per day*

Patient Calendar Pack of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2320-08
Carton of 6 Patient Calendar Packs of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2320-62
Carton of 1 Patient Calendar Pack of 24 Systems	NDC 0083-2320-24

*See DESCRIPTION.

Do not store above 86°F (30°C).
Do not store unpouched. Apply immediately upon removal from the protective pouch.

C91-37 (Rev. 9/91)

CIBA

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actually become a programming company situated in Los Angeles. The buyer would get the network's biggest profit-producer—control of the twenty-two weekly hours of prime-time programming—without inheriting the overhead of a full-service network that also provides sports, news, and daytime soap operas. At least two other pieces of the network—the profit-generating six stations that NBC owns, and the cable investments that NBC has made—G.E. wants to own in partnership with the buyer of the NBC trademark. By having guaranteed access to the major urban markets of the six stations, which reach nearly a quarter of all viewers, the buyer would retain considerable programming clout. By retaining control of CNBC, NBC's twenty-four-hour business-news channel, G.E. would keep alive the possibility of launching an attack on CNN. The parts of NBC that lose money or do not contribute lush profits—among them "NBC Nightly News," most sports, and daytime programming—might become expendable, an official concedes. And if NBC News is expendable, Michael Gartner's successor might like to know this before signing on.

THE networks have clearly entered a transitional phase, and so have the Hollywood talent agencies. The most prominent example of change among the agencies is the thrust into the advertising business engineered by Michael Ovitz's Creative Artists Agency. By preparing twenty-four ads for Coca-Cola, C.A.A. and Ovitz opened a new avenue for agency growth. This was Ovitz's intention, as it had been when he branched into investment banking, serving as a deal-maker in Sony's acquisition of Columbia Studios, in 1989, and Matsushita's purchase of MCA, in 1990, and also when he signed on as a programmer and promoter for Nike products. The jury is out on all these moves, but with fifteen of the Coca-Cola ads currently on the air, Ovitz believes that the ads have already accomplished their initial objective: changing Coke's image.

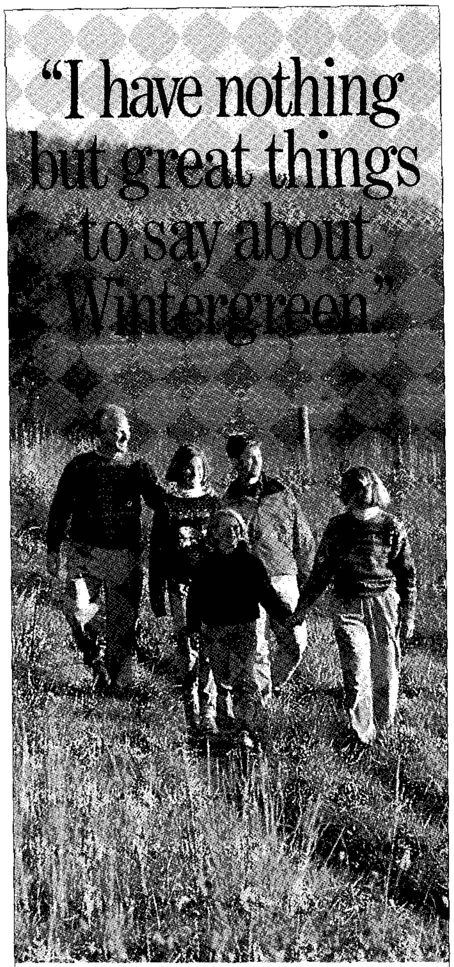
"They didn't want people to think of them as old fogies," a C.A.A. executive says. "They wanted to be perceived as cutting-edge." Ovitz collected a hundred pages of press clippings, and C.A.A. believes that they attest to its success in altering the image of Coke.

With new opportunities, however, come new barriers. Success or failure is measured somewhat differently in the advertising business from the way it is measured in the talent-agency business. "It's quite courageous of him," says Sam Cohn, the vice-chairman of International Creative Management, who is dubious about C.A.A.'s and his own agency's rush to expand. "If those commercials fail, the finger gets pointed at him. As Jackie Gleason once said to me, 'If you think it's so funny, why don't you go out and do it!' " Another competitor at a Hollywood talent agency says, "Ovitz is in a business that is transactionally oriented, not product-oriented. In the case of Matsushita or Sony, what he did was make a deal. Whether it works is less important. The same is true in the agenting business—we don't take the bullet if a movie doesn't work. For the first time in his life, he has a real yardstick by which to measure his work: Did the ads sell more Coca-Colas?"

Ovitz claims to see no difference between this yardstick and the one that measures his performance as an agent. "It's not something I've ever thought about," he says.

I.C.M. performed as an investment banker in gathering multiple financing for James Cameron's new up-to-five-hundred-million-dollar contract to direct movies—he directed the two "Terminator" movies—and is also exploring new ventures. Like Ovitz, I.C.M.'s chairman, Jeffrey Berg, has met with a variety of different companies in search of that favored business concept "synergy." He has held discussions with telephone and computer and cable and consumer-electronics companies. Assuming that an agent represents "the intellectual-property right"—the writers and directors and actors and performers who will always be necessary—agents like Berg and Ovitz wonder who won't be necessary. In an age when the middleman becomes increasingly superfluous, is it possible that technology will eclipse the video store or the movie theatre, or further assault the economics of the television networks, and even local stations, by allowing viewers to watch what they want at any minute of the day? Might even the powerful Hollywood studio become an expensive, cumbersome middleman?

"The agencies are going to be at the focal point of change," Berg says. "We'll be able to put our clients in new relationships." A talent agency might treat a studio or a network or a cable company as a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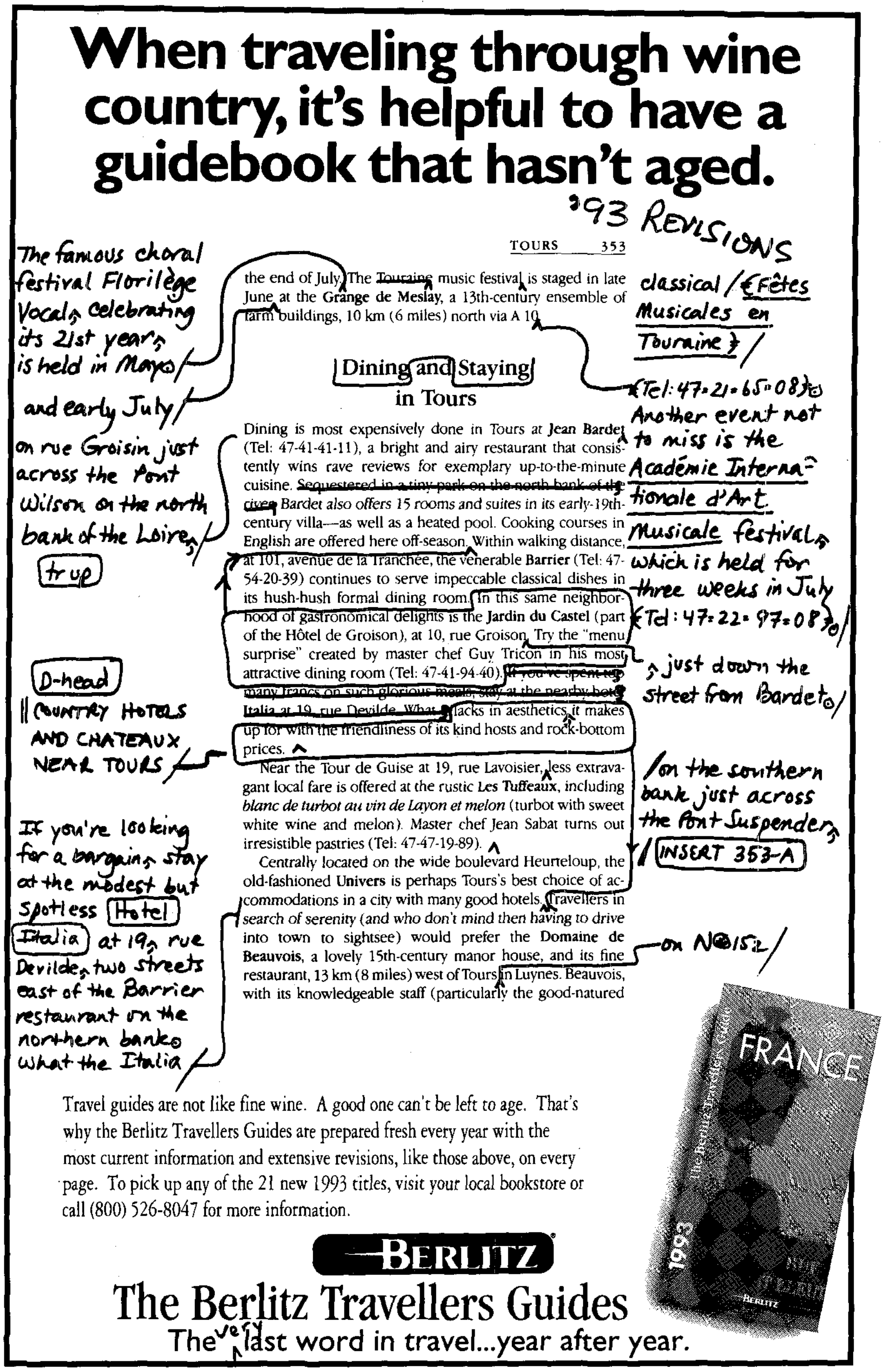

When traveling through wine country, it's helpful to have a guidebook that hasn't aged.

'93 REVISIONS

TOURS 353

the end of July. The ~~Touraine~~ music festival is staged in late June at the Grange de Meslay, a 13th-century ensemble of farm buildings, 10 km (6 miles) north via A 10.

The famous choral festival Florilège Vocal, celebrating its 21st year, is held in May and early July

classical (Fêtes Musicales en Touraine)

(Tel: 47-21-65-08). Another event not to miss is the Académie Internationale d'Art Musicale festival, which is held for three weeks in July (Tel: 47-22-97-08).

Dining and Staying in Tours

D-head

Dining is most expensively done in Tours at Jean Bardet (Tel: 47-41-41-11), a bright and airy restaurant that consistently wins rave reviews for exemplary up-to-the-minute cuisine. ~~Sequestered in a tiny park on the north bank of the river~~ Bardet also offers 15 rooms and suites in its early-19th-century villa—as well as a heated pool. Cooking courses in English are offered here off-season. Within walking distance, at 101, avenue de la Tranchée, the venerable Barrier (Tel: 47-54-20-39) continues to serve impeccable classical dishes in its hush-hush formal dining room. In this same neighborhood of gastronomical delights is the Jardin du Castel (part of the Hôtel de Groison), at 10, rue Groison. Try the "menu surprise" created by master chef Guy Tricon in his most attractive dining room (Tel: 47-41-94-40). ~~If you've spent too many francs on such glorious meals, stay at the nearby hotel Italia at 19, rue Devilde. What it~~ lacks in aesthetics, it makes up for with the friendliness of its kind hosts and rock-bottom prices.

on rue Groisin just across the Pont Wilson on the north bank of the Loire,

tr up

just down the street from Bardet.

COUNTRY HOTELS AND CHATEAUX NEAR TOURS

Near the Tour de Guise at 19, rue Lavoisier, less extravagant local fare is offered at the rustic Les Tuffeaux, including *blanc de turbot au vin de Layon et melon* (turbot with sweet white wine and melon). Master chef Jean Sabat turns out irresistible pastries (Tel: 47-47-19-89).

on the southern bank just across the Pont Suspendre,

INSERT 353-A

If you're looking for a bargain, stay at the modest but spotless Hotel Italia at 19, rue Devilde, two streets east of the Barrier restaurant on the northern bank. What the Italia

Centrally located on the wide boulevard Heurteloup, the old-fashioned Univers is perhaps Tours's best choice of accommodations in a city with many good hotels. Travellers in *search of serenity (and who don't mind then having to drive* into town to sightsee) would prefer the Domaine de Beauvois, a lovely 15th-century manor house, and its fine restaurant, 13 km (8 miles) west of Tours in Luynes. Beauvois, with its knowledgeable staff (particularly the good-natured

on N 152

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middleman and make a direct deal with, say, a telephone company to make a movie or a show that would be distributed over the telephone wire. Or a talent agency might broker a movie package for an overseas company, bypassing the studio, as I.C.M. has already done in France. Or it might link its directors and actors and writers directly with, say, I.B.M., which is developing new video software, and last week signed a joint-venture agreement with Cameron and two Hollywood special-effects men.

A danger for the talent agency is that these efforts would dilute its focus. Also, much of this would take skills that are yet undeveloped. Executives of the telephone and computer companies, for example, are unlikely at present to be able to deal comfortably with Hollywood talent. "It would be like a cloistered nun spending time with a nudist," one entertainment executive says.

FINALLY, there is the tale of a gnat driving a giant crazy. Little more than a year ago, companies that wished to use super-high radio frequencies were granted permission by the Federal Communications Commission to transmit television signals. Instead of having to dig up streets and construct expensive wire highways into separate homes, as cable companies have done, they could just pick a satellite, find a tall building, put a fourteen-foot satellite dish on top of it to receive microwave signals, and bounce the microwaves to three-foot dishes on other roofs. Enter Liberty Cable Television, a company owned by the real-estate and banking interests of the Milstein family and now aggressively marketed by the former New York *Post* publisher Peter O. Price.

Such a system of delivering television signals is not new, but before the F.C.C. ruling it could be used only to deliver signals to a single building, and not to bounce them from one building to another. In the year since the ruling went into effect, Price says, Liberty has signed up twelve thousand customers in Manhattan and is averaging two thousand new customers a month. The prize is the half-million cable customers who now subscribe to one of two Time-Warner cable systems, Manhattan and Paragon Cable. "We are now competing directly with Time-Warner," Price says. "We should be able to get from fifteen to twenty per cent of the market in Manhattan. And, given the rage at cable, we could get more."

Liberty's sales pitch is simple: If you're mad as hell and want to save money, sock it to the giant. Liberty offers up to seventy-three channel choices and a monthly charge that is a third to half as expensive as regular cable, and there is no installation charge, no matter how many TV sets in an apartment are hooked up. Liberty mounts its three-foot dish on the roof to receive the signal, then sends it down the existing wires owned by the building. The catch is that the entire building must agree to sign up with Liberty.

Just over a year ago, Richard Aurelio, the man who built the Time-Warner cable business in New York, characterized Liberty by telling the *Times*, "They're of no concern to me." Yet last month Time-Warner Cable mailed a blue-and-white flyer with the heading "Here's What You *Lose* If You Switch From Time-Warner Cable to Liberty Cable." The flyer listed seven things, including a few channel choices not available on Liberty. Today, Aurelio refers to Liberty as a "pimple."

Time-Warner is more worried, however, about a pending partnership between Liberty and the New York Telephone Company, which has a hundred and ten thousand miles of fibre-optic cable installed in the metropolitan area. Liberty could use the telephone company's cables and sophisticated switching devices to offer customers what Liberty calls a video-dial-tone service. If this service is installed by the fall, as it can be, viewers might have to change the way they think of everything from channel choices to newspapers. A vast push-button video vault will contain not only any channel but any movie, sitcom, newspaper, book, or data.

Price has had conversations with both the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* about using Liberty in a pilot project to distribute the newspapers through the TV set. Mindful that newsprint represents the second-largest cost item at a newspaper—after payroll—Price is eager to promote the prospect of publishing a paperless newspaper. Don't want to hustle to a newsstand at 10:40 P.M. for an early edition of the next day's paper? You can get the paper with a click of your remote control.

Price wants to create separate Bergdorf Goodman and F. A. O. Schwarz channels, enabling people to shop at home. He is

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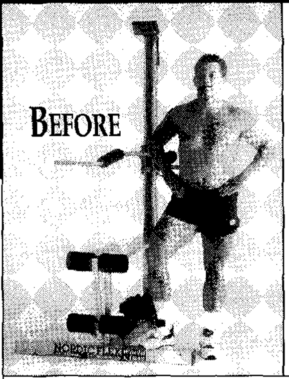

Don — Age 27

Before	After*
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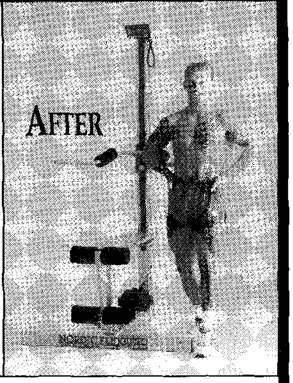
% Body fat: 11.5%	% Body fat: 6%
Waist: 33 inches	Waist: 31 inches
Arms: 12.5 inches	Arms: 15.5 inches
Chest: 40.5 inches	Chest: 44.5 inches



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close to an agreement with Cap Cities/ABC, and dreams of offering Peter Jennings' "World News Tonight" or ESPN sports on demand. He says he will soon announce agreements with Lincoln Center to offer live concerts, plays, and operas; with public television to offer "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour"; and with the Port Authority to display airline departure and arrival times and bridge-and-tunnel-traffic reports.

But there are more than a few obstacles. Price needs federal approval to link up with the telephone company, and both Time-Warner and the City of New York have petitioned the government to reject his application. "They're masquerading behind talk of a 'video dial tone' to provide cable service without a franchise," Richard Aurelio says. William F. Squadron, New York City's Commissioner of the Department of Telecommunications and Energy, now welcomes Liberty, because it creates competition with cable, but would not welcome the joining of Liberty and the telephone company. He charges that Liberty seeks to "evade the law," which requires cable-service providers to pay a five-per-cent franchise fee to the city.

One other obstacle: neither the *Times* nor the *Wall Street Journal* has officially signed on. "We're going to try and do some stuff for him," Michael Connor, the director of television development for Dow Jones & Co., which owns the *Journal*, says of Price. "We really haven't figured it out yet." A management figure at the *Times* who has been involved in the discussions says a deal is not imminent, but he adds, "Will we do something with Liberty Cable? I hope so."

Whatever happens—whether the giant swats the gnat or not—Liberty Cable offers an apt metaphor for what is going on in the worlds of communications and of business. The entrepreneur who travels light often outmaneuvers the giant, as IBM has learned and Time-Warner may have to learn. "I think the business will explode," Price says exuberantly. "We're symptomatic of the pipeline opening up." The Liberty case is also symptomatic of something else: the critical rule-making referee role that government will play, particularly in the new Democratic Administration. After all, it is government that will decide whether Liberty and the telephone company—or NBC and a studio, or ABC and a cable company—can unite. ♦

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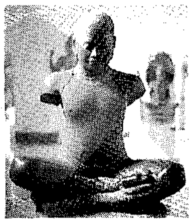

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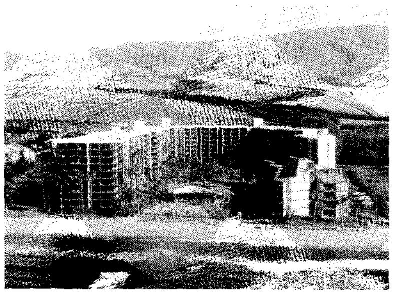

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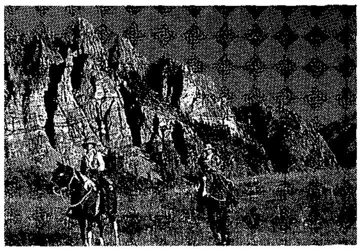

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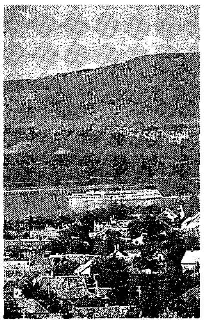

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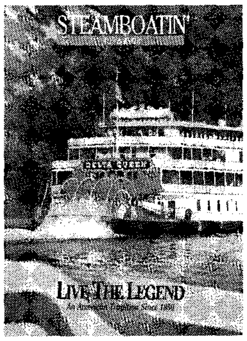

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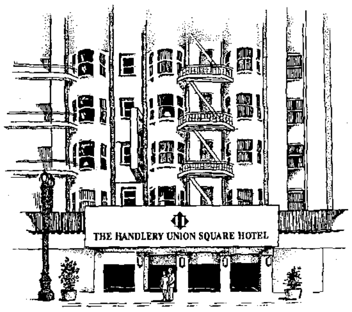
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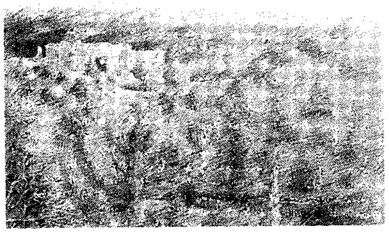

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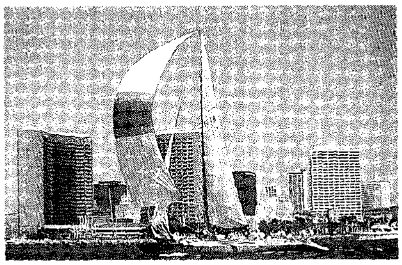

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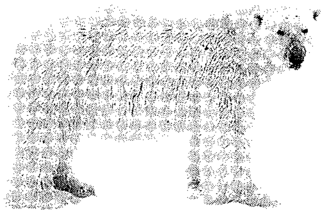

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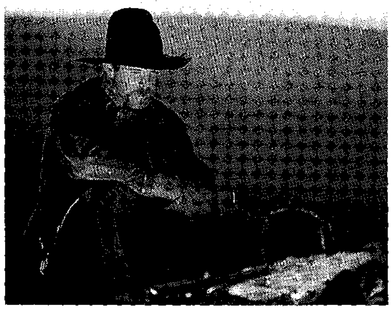

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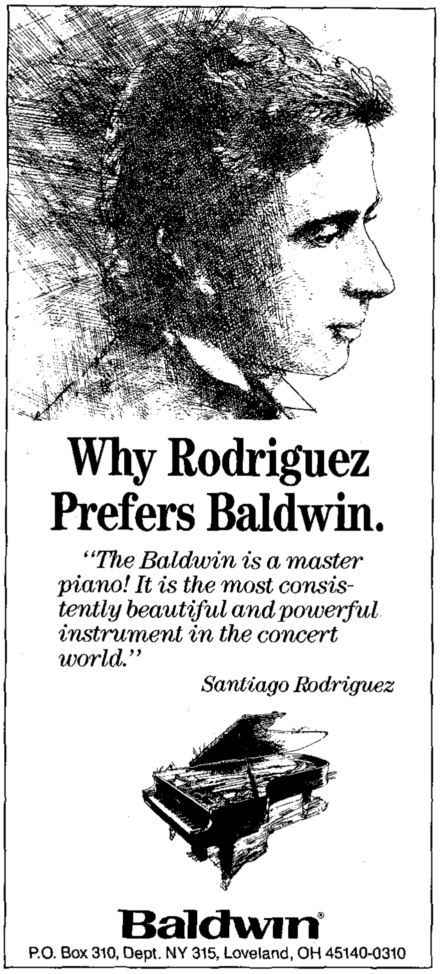

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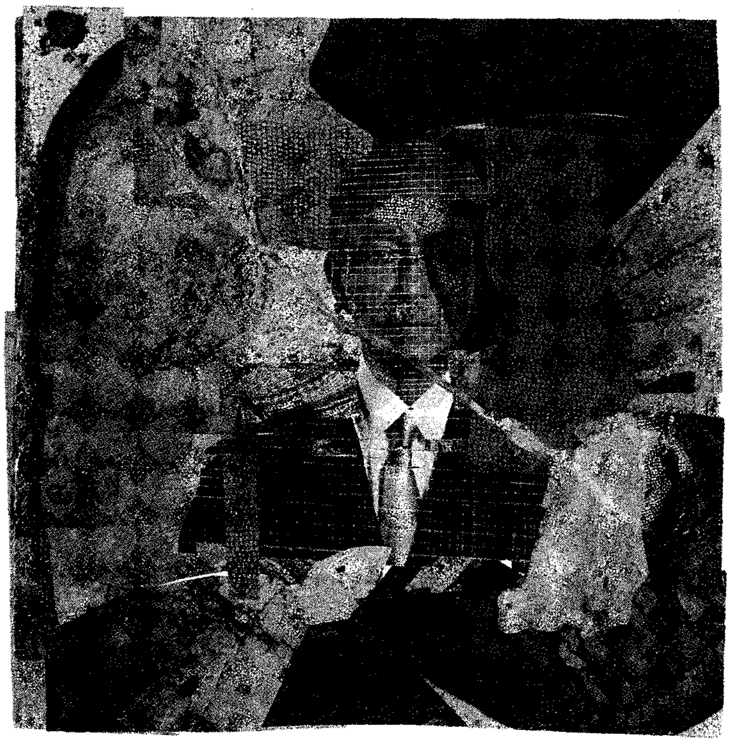
AROUND CITY HALL

DON'T LOOK BACK

Terrorists are on the attack, the gorgeous mosaic is cracking, and the heat is on the Mayor—but things may be looking up for New York.

BY ANDY LOGAN



STEPHEN KRONINGER

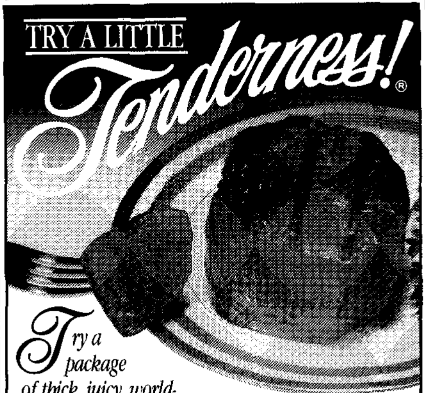
MOHAMMED SALAMEH, a twenty-six-year-old Islamic fundamentalist, was arrested on the morning of March 4th in Jersey City, and charged with having taken part, six days earlier, in the bombing of the World Trade Center. At his arraignment in lower Manhattan that evening, the federal prosecutor described the attack as "the single most destructive act of terror ever committed on American soil." The bombing occurred on February 26th, at eighteen minutes after noon; that morning a large picture in the *Times* showed New York's Mayor David Dinkins, on the eighth day of a nine-day trip to Japan, grinning with delight as he was hoisted aloft by two sumo wrestlers, who, in the style of sumo wrestlers, were enormously fat and nearly naked. Dinkins, a slender man, was, in his mayoral style, fully and elegantly dressed. He is running for reëlection to a second term this year, and he announced after the stunt that if rival candidates gave him any trouble he would invite the wrestlers to New York to sit on them, which got a nice laugh. The day before, he had visited a Tokyo public school, where the students' behavior appeared to be perfect, and had retained his equanimity despite having just received word that in a Manhattan public school a fifteen-year-old student had stabbed to death another fifteen-year-old student in an argument over a pair of sunglasses. Though he deplored the killing, he explained that, no matter how much security was provided in the city's schools, "it cannot prevent youngsters from involving themselves in violent activity."

The purpose of the Japan trip, as the Mayor defined it, was to persuade the Japanese to continue investing in New York (although Japanese disinvestment had not been widely thought of here as a high-priority problem) and to encourage them to establish a friendly relationship with the city. The *Times* article accompanying the sumo-wrestler picture noted, "There are two critical rituals of building relationships in Japan, and Mr. Dinkins was ready for both of them: giving empty speeches" (he was described as having come “armed with platitudes”) and “exchanging endless gifts.” (To schoolchildren, his gifts were usually Yankee baseball caps, possibly in honor of George Steinbrenner, whom he has often said he admires, and who was scheduled to return to over-all direction of the Yankees on March 1st, after a two-and-a-half-year banishment imposed by the former baseball commissioner, Fay Vincent.) He had also mastered some of the fine points of Japanese etiquette: presenting his business card with two hands rather than one, for example, and, as the *Times* noted, always rotating a teacup a half turn, “so that the decorative side faces your hosts.”

During the trip, which the New York Chamber of Commerce and Industry had helped organize and raise money for, Ronald Shelp, the chamber’s president, said, “The big issue for the Japanese is safety, and it has been a persistent question here, no matter where we went.” Dinkins, in trying to sell the Japanese on the city’s attractions, often mentioned that those who associated its name with danger didn’t understand that crime in the city was down (“We have made enormous strides”), but he did not go into the fact that the number of murders here annually (often cited as a mark of crime rates) had never gone above two thousand until 1990, his first year in office, and it has been above two thousand every year since. After the bombing, Japan didn’t have to rely on mayoral numbers; some Japanese businessmen in the city were in a position to give personal testimony. An employee of Nippon Express had been about to begin lunch at the Windows on the World restaurant, on the North Tower’s hundred-and-sixth floor, when the explosion came. “From Windows on the World we went to windows on hell,” he said. Fortunately, Dinkins was not in the middle of one of his sermons on New York as a haven of safety when he got the word in Osaka of what had happened at the World Trade Center.

Not long after Dinkins heard the news, a hundred and thirty fire engines and a hundred police cars and ambulances and other vehicles had blocked off the narrow streets around the World Trade Center and its plaza. Although the complex includes several smaller structures, it is usually referred to as the Towers, in honor of its twin towers, which are a hundred and ten stories high—the tallest buildings in the city. Between the two towers, a vast crater was created by the blast; a hundred feet wide and sixty feet deep, it was filled with huge slabs of concrete, clumps of twisted steel, and the remains of some two hundred and forty cars, crumpled like soda cans. Many of them were government-owned—some by the Secret Service, whose offices are there—and usually (though not the day of the blast) included the special armored limousine often used by Presidents when they are in the area. Near the Presidential parking place was that of Governor Mario Cuomo, whose offices in the city are on the fifty-seventh floor of the South Tower. He had been scheduled to hold a meeting there the day of the blast but had cancelled it and stayed in Albany.

Later, some mentioned the irony that a week earlier a television station had shown the movie “Escape from New York,” in which the President is trapped in a nightmare version of this city. In the hours immediately after the blast, one could hear above the sirens the whirring blades of helicopters, which swooped down to pluck people off the roofs, a sound familiar from “M*A*S*H,” and the scene on the sidewalks—thirteen hundred and sixty feet below—was also reminiscent of the series. The bombing knocked out all electricity in the Towers, including the juice for the elevators. On an average day—such as a Friday noon—fifty thousand people are working in the Towers and almost as many more have stopped by on one mission or another. On February 26th, something approaching a hundred thousand people, wearing workers’ clothes or service uniforms or expensive three-piece suits or designer outfits (if you’ve made it to an office in the top of the Towers, you’ve really made it), some of whom may on occasion have bragged about being on high floors with great views, dragged themselves down as many as a hundred flights of pitch-dark stairs, through acrid black smoke from the fires below (which they knew could be lethal), the stronger often helping the weaker along the way. Eventually, they reached the bitter winter air—covered with soot, some bloody from injuries—and gasped into oxygen masks held by waiting ambulance attendants. None of them would ever forget that afternoon. (Not all of them, though, would invest in the T-shirts that by the next day were being hawked in the World Trade Center plaza saying “I SURVIVED THE TWIN TOWER TERRORS.”) In the Washington *Post*, Mary McGrory wrote a column of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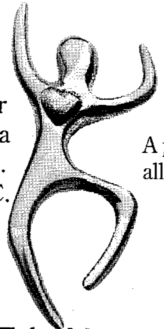

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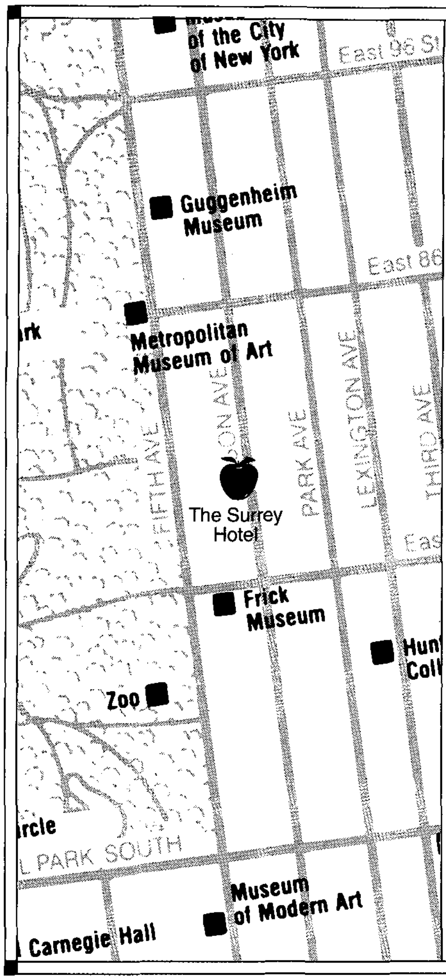
astonished, almost dumbfounded praise for "this explosion of kindness, this automatic heroism." She went on, "New Yorkers are exposed: they are nice people. . . . We have their number now."

The World Trade Center is not only a giant financial hub but also a critical communications center. All the local television stations have their transmitters on the roofs of the Towers, and all were knocked out of service except the CBS station, which had a backup transmitter on top of the Empire State Building. For New Yorkers who aren't hooked up to cable, CBS was the only network station to be seen that night, and hundreds of thousands of viewers in the New York area had no choice but to watch "The Wizard of Oz" for the twentieth or so time. Some of them, having taken note of the events of the day, may have felt better at being reminded that Dorothy got back to Kansas after all.

FOR years before David Dinkins got to be mayor, he was on the fringes of the local political scene, and he takes understandable pleasure in being seen as the person in charge. Since it's an election year, he frequently criticizes his main prospective rival in the Democratic primary, Andrew Stein, the City Council president, scornfully mentioning that during the city's racial troubles in Crown Heights, for instance, Stein was on vacation in Wyoming, whereas "I govern all day, every day." In fact, though, the Mayor has been doing most of his governing out of town in this calendar year. The first weekend in January, he was in Puerto Rico to attend the swearing-in of a new Puerto Rican governor—a trip that he hopes will win him votes with Hispanics in November. He was in Washington most of the week of Clinton's Inauguration; that was, after all, where the excitement was. Almost as soon as he got back, on January 30th, he left for Puerto Rico again, this time for a seven-day vacation. That meant that he was absent during most of the fierce internal battles of the city's Board of Education over whether to extend the contract of the schools chancellor, Joseph Fernandez, whose most powerful supporter he was. The board ousted the chancellor, by a four-to-three vote. Like nearly all local confrontations recently, this one involved ethnicity. Fernandez is Latino; all three of his supporters on the board are black or Latino, and all but one of those who voted



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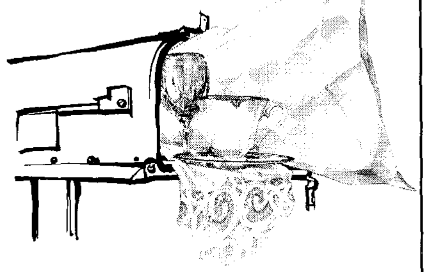

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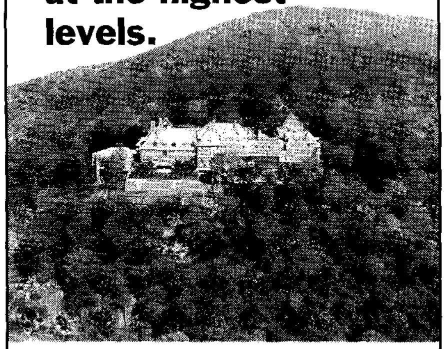
against him are white. On February 19th, the Mayor left on his nine-day junket—as it was widely seen here—to Japan.

On February 25th, the day before the World Trade Center bombing, Guy Molinari, the Staten Island borough president—who is the most powerful Republican in city government, and is a supporter of Rudolph Giuliani, Dinkins' expected Republican opponent in November—called on Dinkins to return to New York at once and deal with the city's pressing problems. He pointed out that the Japan trip was "ill conceived from the start," and he added, accurately, that it had had a cool reception in Japan. The Japanese, he said, were shrewd sorts and "will not be swayed to invest here merely because the Mayor had his picture taken with sumo wrestlers." While the Mayor was gone, a report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics had shown that the city's jobless rate was now 13.4 per cent, and that the leading cause of death on the job here—sixty-nine per cent—was homicide. Stein commented that the difficulty wasn't what the Mayor did elsewhere but what he did—or didn't do—when he was here. The probable lineup of Dinkins' opponents now consists of Giuliani, who is an Italian-American; Stein, who is Jewish; Herman Badillo, who in 1970 became the first Puerto Rican member of the House of Representatives; and Roy Innis, the head of the Congress of Racial Equality, who is black. It is a long way from the time when six successive mayors were Irish-Americans, beginning with William Gaynor, who was sworn in in 1909. New York's last Irish mayor, William O'Dwyer, left office in 1950.

During the Mayor's nine-day absence, his staff continued to put out several press releases every day, in which he praised or deplored one or another local or international development. After the bombing of the Towers, they assured New Yorkers that he was directing all city operations from Osaka. He went on television in Japan to say that he had personally called the police and fire commissioners and ordered them to provide all possible rescue assistance, although no one, of course, assumed that they would otherwise have remained in their station houses. The effect—not one that a candidate for reëlection is wise to spread around—was that it appeared not to matter whether Dinkins was at City Hall or not. Possibly in order to make the point that he was a major player in the Towers situation, Dinkins called



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EXECUTIVE PROGRAMS

President Clinton from Japan soon after the bombing. The point was not made, though, because the President had already called Cuomo.

The Mayor returned late on the afternoon of February 27th, and immediately had a city police helicopter fly him to the bombing scene. Cuomo had been there earlier in the day and had moved around without headgear. The Mayor, however, perhaps believing that if he wore a hard hat he would look more in charge (as if to say, "I'm in control here"), put on a large yellow-and-green hard hat. It seemed to be several sizes too big for him and kept falling over his eyebrows, and there was a terrible suspicion that it might have been chosen for him by whoever selected Michael Dukakis's helmet for his disastrous tank-ride photo op in the 1988 Presidential campaign.

The Mayor, in his visit to Japan, did not, of course, throw up on the Prime Minister. Nevertheless, if any time soon he combines mentions of Stein, violence in the city, and Wyoming, Stein may counter with Osaka. At a press conference on the bombing a few hours before Dinkins got back to town, Cuomo and Governor Jim Florio, of New Jersey, made no attempt to preside but sat quietly by as the progress of the investigation into the disaster was explained by the two men who were actually in charge: James Fox, the local head of the F.B.I., and Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly. For generations, nearly all police commissioners were Irish-Americans. When Kelly was sworn in last October, he succeeded Lee Brown, the city's second black police commissioner; the first was Benjamin Ward, who assumed the post in 1984. There are not many New Yorkers who remember back to when mayors were generally Irish, but 1984 isn't such a long time ago. Quite a few New Yorkers may have had a sense of things being all right again (though they might not have said so out loud) when they saw an Irish-American presiding over a law-and-order scene here.

Some who had this reaction could also have been admirers of an American who gives the impression that in her view everything was much better before certain other Americans were allowed to get so far up in the world (although those admirers may have been distressed to learn that she also has a low opinion of Irish Catholics): Marge Schott, the owner of the Cincinnati Reds, who would have made even more headlines than she did recently if the Towers disaster hadn't wiped out so many other news stories. By coincidence, two events of significance to baseball and, to a degree, other fields were scheduled for March 1st—the third day after the bombing. On March 1st, George Steinbrenner's banishment from the Yankees would end, and Marge Schott's temporary exile from the Reds would begin.

After the March 4th arrest of Mohammed Salameh for his alleged part in the bombing of the World Trade Center, in which five people were killed and more than a thousand injured, it was revealed that he had apparently shared an apartment in Brooklyn with El Sayyid Nosair, who is now in state prison for crimes related to the assassination, in a Manhattan hotel in November, 1990, of Rabbi Meir Kahane. (Another ethnic precinct heard from.) The speculation, official and otherwise, over who might have set the bomb included Eastern Europeans, Iranians, Libyans, Palestinians, and Iraqis. (On March 1st, the headline that covered much of the front page of the *Post*—more excitable than ever under its new owners—had been "SADDAM'S REVENGE.") The theory that the people who turn out to be the bad guys are likely to be those whose skin is darker than one's own, and who often have funny-sounding, non-Main Street names (though Main Street itself, of course, is changing), would have fitted right into Marge Schott's philosophy as it was described in a report that led to a judgment handed down against her, on February 3rd, by the executive council of major-league-baseball-team owners. She was fined twenty-five thousand dollars and suspended for a year from day-to-day management of her club, and was also required to attend and complete a multicultural-sensitivity-training program.

MAILBOX

To the Editor:

In the February 1st issue of *The New Yorker*, I am quoted as saying that I did not admire the poem which Maya Angelou delivered at the Inauguration. I would like to make it clear that, as I told *The New Yorker*, public poetry is not the kind of poetry I admire, but I felt that Ms. Angelou did a good job, that, as I said then, "she achieved brilliantly what she intended to do—that is, to speak to all the parts of the diversity of this country."

Mona Van Duyn
Washington, D.C.

Schott's view of the kind of people who constitute the low-life troublemakers of this world was doubtless reinforced by the claim of some black leaders that her suspension would never have happened if, last December, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, later seconded by the Reverend Al Sharpton, had not threatened that otherwise there would be an organized boycott of baseball. The council report found her guilty of "racially and ethnically offensive" behavior, saying that she had "frequently and repeatedly" addressed blacks on the Reds staff as "lazy nigger" and "dumb, lazy nigger," and had described two black players as "my million-dollar niggers"; and she conceded that she might have referred to Martin Luther King Day as "nigger day." She had also talked of "Jew bastards" and "sneaky, goddamned Jews," had said of Hitler that he had the right idea about Jews but "went too far," and had displayed a swastika armband at a party in her home. And, for good measure, according to the report, she had referred offensively to the Japanese and to Irish Catholics. Sharpton, who appeared before the council, speculated to a reporter afterward that the same terms were routinely used by other major-league figures, including—he did not resist the temptation to throw in, just for the mischief of it—George Bush, Jr., a managing partner of the Texas Rangers. There is little doubt that language resembling that of the Reds' owner has been used on occasion by people in and out of baseball who pine for the days when what schoolchildren learned in American history consisted almost entirely of important events in the lives of white Protestant Americans. A provision of Schott's sentence was that she could apply for reinstatement of her day-to-day oversight privileges on November 1st if, among other things, she had satisfactorily completed the designated multicultural-sensitivity-training program.

Hank Aaron, of the Atlanta Braves, who is one of the few prominent blacks in major-league baseball's front offices, said of the action taken against Schott (far less onerous than the two-and-a-half-year suspension endured by George Stein-

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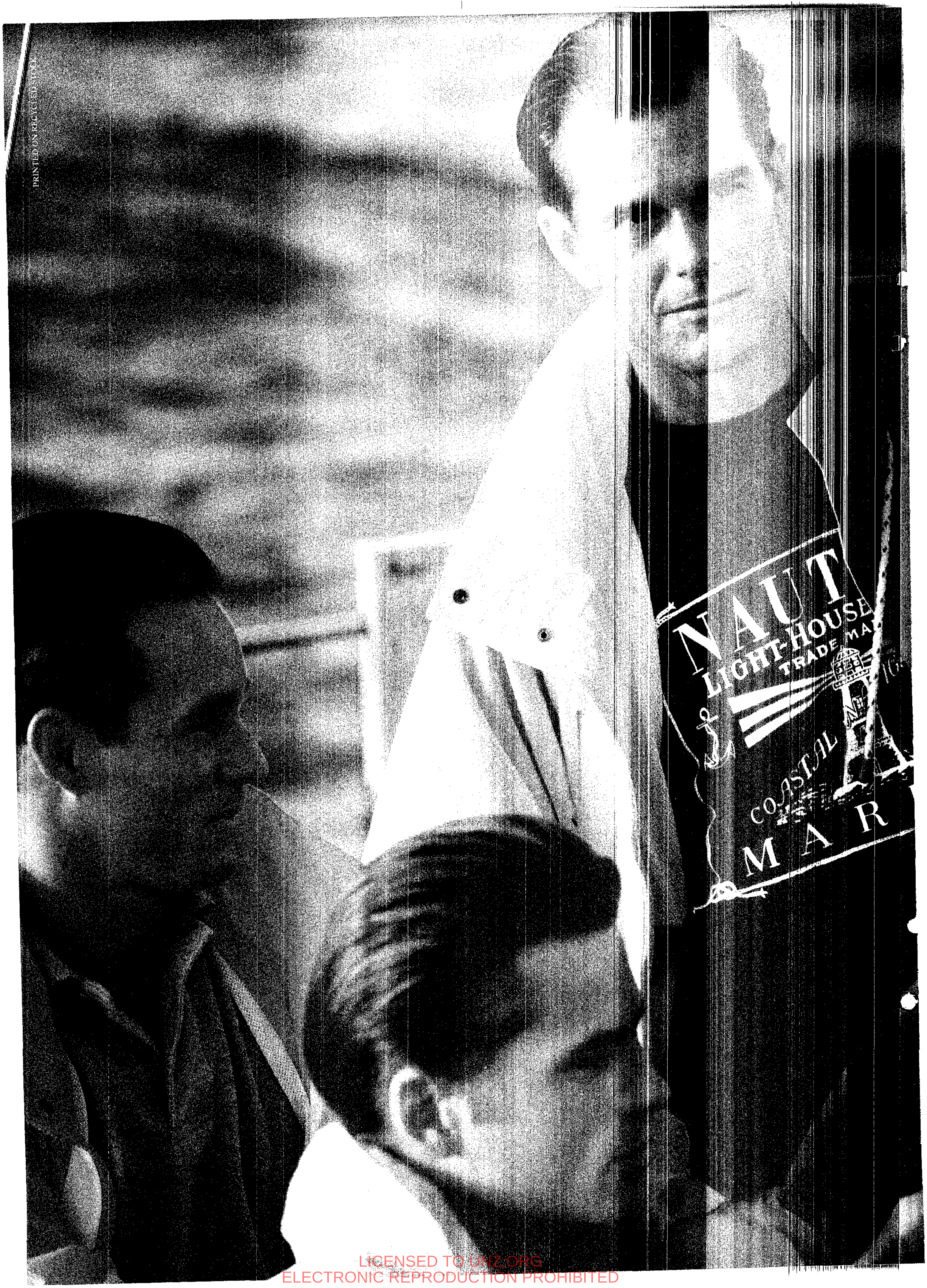
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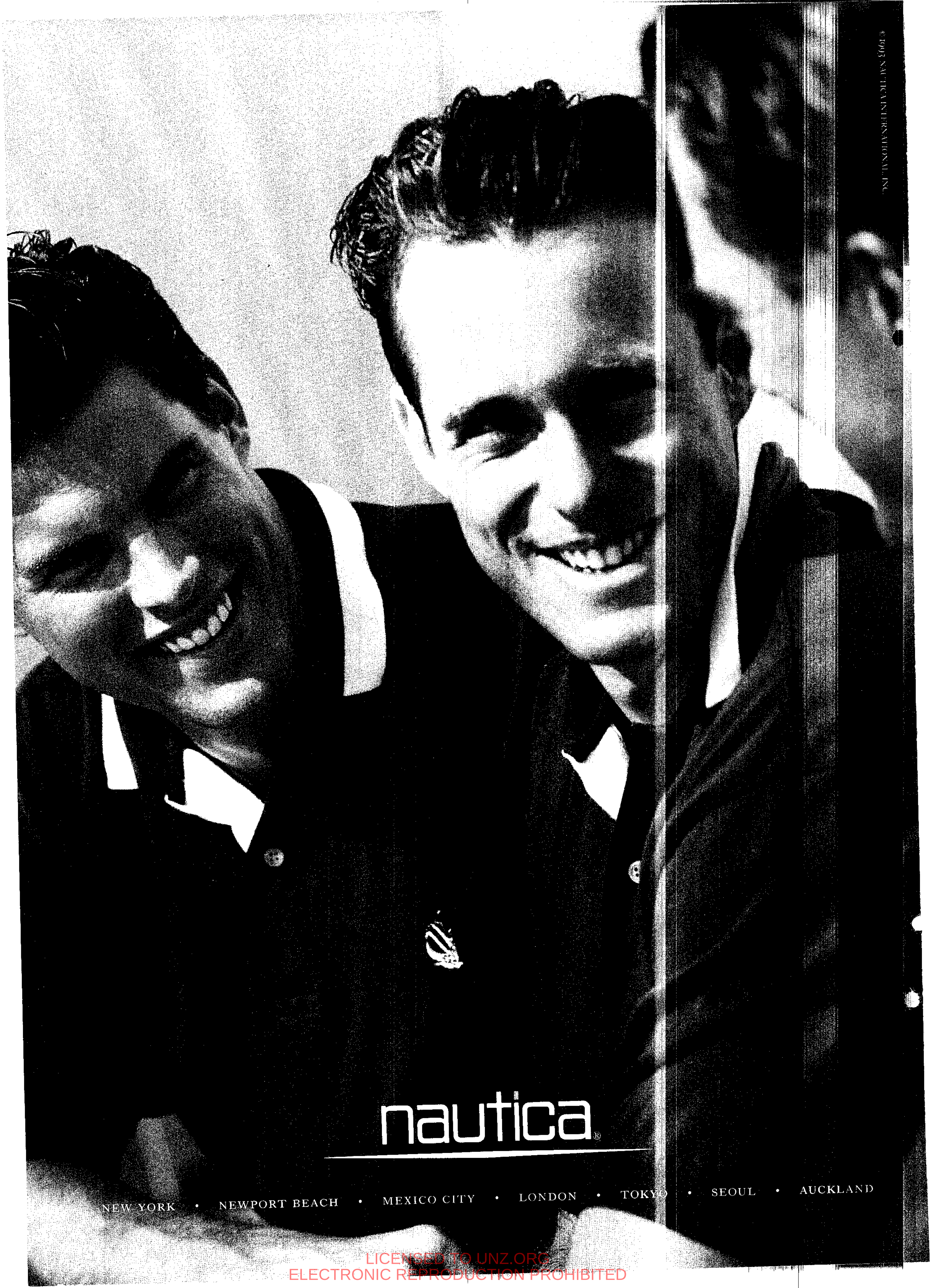
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brenner, of the Yankees, for offenses unrelated to race), "It sends out a message—that we're still living in a captivity world where blacks are treated no better than twenty or thirty years ago." Most of the baseball figures who uttered cries of outrage and alarm in 1947 when Branch Rickey, the general manager and part owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, brought in Jackie Robinson as the first black player in the major leagues in the twentieth century would probably not be surprised that nowadays as many as a third of the members of a team running onto a diamond (and a much higher percentage of football and basketball teams) may be black. After all, in 1947 major-league scouts, having been dispatched almost like emissaries to foreign countries, must have reported that Satchel Paige and other stars of the black leagues were formidable performers, whose younger relatives could be counted on to move onto the scene fast if given a chance—although the old-timers may not have been familiar with Satchel's advice "Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you." What Americans stuck in a late-nineteen-forties time warp might well find surprising about the judgment against Schott is the reminder that multicultural-sensitivity-training programs are now treated as a business expense by large corporations, government agencies, and, as it turns out, major-league-baseball councils, to encourage people to respect those whose color, ethnic heritage, or religion is different from their own (respect them in public, at least; perhaps Ms. Schott can be trained to keep the Nazi armband out of sight), and that such programs constitute a thriving industry, which, only a few years back, their clients could not have imagined.

Multiculturalism is, of course, well thought of in Washington these days: "PAGEANT OF DIVERSITY" was the front-page *Times* headline describing the Inauguration. The White House, which is said to be considering possible successors to William Sessions, the F.B.I. chief, may be pleased to learn that James Fox is part Native American. At the Democratic Convention last summer, Harlem-born Ron Brown, now Clinton's Secretary of Commerce, announced that the Party was meeting here because it wanted to send a message that it "cares about diversity—and no city represents diversity more than New York City." Several times a day, Dinkins calls the city, which used to be described as "the melting pot," "a gorgeous mosaic." Naturally, the Mayor now sees this diversity as a credential that should boost the city's standing at the White House, where, as he keeps saying, it now has a friend. The day after Clinton's economic plan was released, Brooklyn Representative Charles Schumer announced that this was indeed the case. Under the plan, in the next two years the city would get more than half a billion dollars in new federal money. "This is the first budget in twelve years that is actually pro-New York City," Schumer said, with a big smile.

When the appropriations reach the Senate, the city will have a really powerful friend there to help ease the passage of legislation favorable to it. The Police Department isn't the only place where the Irish are resurgent. When the state's senior senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, arrived in the Senate, in 1977, he did not follow the custom of New York legislators, who often opted for seats on

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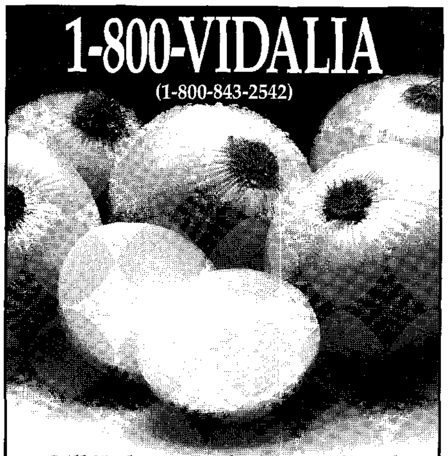
foreign-relations committees—a choice that would play well with their constituents, whose homelands it would then be their happy duty to visit. (In those days of more limited local diversity, the most popular points of travel were the three "I"s—Israel, Ireland, and Italy.) Instead, he lobbied hard for a seat on the Finance Committee, because "that's where the money is." Finance is often described as the most powerful of all Senate committees, and New York had not had a member on it since 1927. Moynihan also took a seat on Environment and Public Works, which votes on construction projects—another equivalent of being where the money is. In the last few months, Moynihan has been boosted, successively, to two powerful Senate positions. In September, after the death of Quentin Burdick, of North Dakota, he became the chairman of Environment and Public Works—the first New Yorker to be the head of a permanent Senate committee since 1946. Then, after Lloyd Bentsen was named Secretary of the Treasury, Moynihan gave up his Environment chairmanship and succeeded to the chairmanship of Finance. The last Finance chairman from New York took office in 1849. Among the White House's early bumblings was a failure to communicate on any subject with the newly powerful Moynihan. When he let it be known that he was displeased, Clinton himself called to apologize, and a good thing, too. Moynihan was reminded of a time in the nineteen-thirties when F.D.R. had snubbed Georgia's powerful Senator Walter George. A Roosevelt friend, trying to smooth things over, had said to George, "Franklin is his own worst enemy," and George's response had been "No, he isn't." As the Clinton economic plan was being laid out, the planners put in a provision considered especially helpful to New York, because the city has so many museums and other cultural organizations. The provision allows donors to deduct the full value of a gift. This would cost the Treasury only seventy million dollars a year, and, as the planners explained, almost every element of the economic plan has to go through the committee now dominated by Moynihan—who before he got into politics was most celebrated as the co-author of an account of how various ethnic groups have prospered in this city over the generations, "Beyond the Melting Pot." ♦



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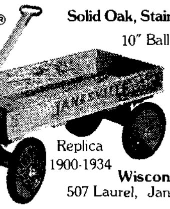

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

LOOKING FOR JUSTICE IN L.A.

Everyone seeking a role in the aftermath of the L.A. riots is using the upcoming trial of the L.A. 4—defendants in the beating of the truck driver Reginald Denny—to a different end. And the most intriguing example is that of the confidence man who took charge of nineteen-year-old Damian Williams' case.

BY PETER J. BOYER

LAST April 29th, while Georgiana Williams was sitting in a hairdresser's chair at Clinton Young's Beauty Shop, she heard on the radio that there was a disturbance at the intersection of Florence Avenue and Normandie Avenue, a block from her house, on Seventy-first Street, in the section of Los Angeles known as South Central. When her hair was done, she hurried home, but the streets were so clogged that it was hard for her to make her way through. She was stunned by what she saw: "People running and hollering and crying and screaming, truckloads of people, vans of people," she recalls. "So I said, 'What in the world's going on?' And they told me something had happened up on Florence." Her youngest son, Damian, was at home, with a group of his friends. They told her that her oldest son, Mark Jackson, had been arrested that afternoon along with two other young men from the neighborhood, for fighting with a police officer. She recalls that she went into her room to pray, then went to bed. Although she was at ground zero, Georgiana Williams, who watches only the Christian Trinity Broadcasting Network, did not see any of the innumerable replays of the violence of that day, nor did she know that her son Mark's arrest had ignited the worst riot of the century and that her son Damian would become its most notorious figure.

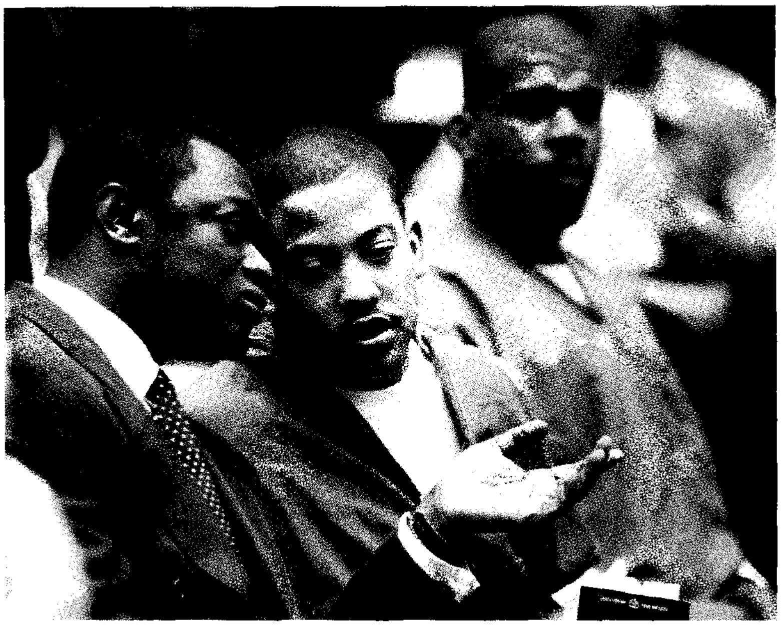
Georgiana Williams is a soulful woman with an easy smile and a strong will—strong enough to have carried her from Mississippi, where as a girl she worked the fields of a plantation with twelve brothers and sisters, to California, where she got a job as a nurse. She bought the house on Seventy-first Street twenty-two years ago, for eight hundred and fifteen dollars. In other circumstances, Miss Williams, as she is called in the neighborhood, would be considered one of those quiet heroines of the American inner city, a hardworking, churchgoing mother who brought up her four children mostly alone, and brought up some others who weren't hers as if they had been. Now, unexpectedly—and although there is nothing in her manner to suggest it—Georgiana Williams has become the mother of the L.A. riot.

In fact, the narrative of the early hours of the riot sounds like an entry in the Williams family chronicle. While Mark was in his mother's back yard that afternoon, installing brakes in a neighbor's car, and Damian was hanging out with friends at a vacant house next door, a neighbor told them that the jury had just acquitted the four white policemen charged in the beating of the black motorist Rodney King. "We was all saying that was jacked up, it was fucked up, we was all mad about what happened," Mark Jackson says. "We just sat down on the porch and said, 'Aw, man, that was crazy. That was messed up, what they did.' Everybody just kept on talkin' about it." All around the intersection of Florence and Normandie, the mood was an eerie combination of holiday and natural disaster: people pouring outdoors, jamming the sidewalks, shouting "Rodney King!"

"If the police hadn't started harassing us, we'd have all walked back to the house and the riot would never have started," Jackson says. According to police reports, rocks were thrown at two squad cars driving up Normandie; one officer chased down a teen-age boy from the neighborhood, Shondell Daniels. When Daniels was apprehended, the crowd got close and vocal. "Everybody was just whooping and hollering and going off," Jackson says. "They say I had the biggest mouth in the crowd. They say I was trying to provoke people to start a fight." When officers tried to arrest Jackson, he resisted, and after a scuffle he was handcuffed and brought to a squad car, where his head slammed into one of the car's windows. By now, several more squad cars had been called to the scene. The officers formed a "skirmish line"—standing their ground, nightsticks in hand. Shots of the scene on neighborhood home videos show that the police were fairly restrained, but the crowd pressed in, shouting insults at the officers. Damian Williams was there, too, and at one point, in a gesture of disapproval of the police presence, he pulled down his pants and underwear and mooned the police. By the time Jackson and two others were taken away, the crowd had grown to more than a hundred and fifty, and the police numbered about twenty-five. At that point, the officer in charge ordered his people to leave the scene. Bart Bartholomew, a photographer working for the New York *Times*, was among the first to feel their absence. He headed back to his car, which was parked on Seventy-first, near the Williams house, but as he walked he acquired a crowd. He reached his Volvo and somehow got inside; someone pulled open the passenger door and stole his camera equipment, while others jumped up and down on the hood. As Bartholomew frantically started his car and drove away, a rock smashed through the window on the driver's side, shattering glass over his face.

With the police gone, there was suddenly a power vacuum in South Central. The crowd, Damian included, moved a block south, to Florence and Normandie, and soon Tom's Liquor

Store, an Asian-owned business, was hit with rocks and overrun by looters. Liquor fuelled the anger and the urge to act on it, and passing cars were soon being pelted with rocks and bottles. One motorist was dragged out of his car and beaten, and then another. The crowd, at first indiscriminate in its attacks, began targeting whites. “Leave the Mexicans alone,” one voice yelled from the street. “We’re only getting the Buddha-heads and white boys!” The white driver of a medical-supply delivery truck was stopped, pulled out, beaten, and struck with an oxygenator stolen from his load. A mile or so away, Reginald Denny, hoping to avoid the afternoon rush hour, exited from the Harbor Freeway onto Florence Avenue, en route to Inglewood, where he was to deliver a load of sand and gravel. Before he had gone far on Florence, he noticed the medical-supply truck stopped in the right lane, with its rear loading door open, and people helping themselves to its cargo. Denny thought of turning around and heading back to the freeway, but he was driving an eighteen-wheeler, a forty-ton lummox of a truck without power steering, and he was afraid he couldn’t make a U-turn, so he eased into the left lane and crept toward Normandie. At the intersection, people walked in front of his truck, and he stopped. Denny, who had been listening to music on the radio, didn’t know about the Rodney King verdict, or that it had anything to do with the object that shattered the passenger window of his truck, which is the last thing he remembers about that day.



Damian Williams, center, with co-defendant Henry Watson, confers with his lawyer Edi M. O. Faal, who took the case after the original head of Williams’ defense was revealed to be an experienced conman.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

EVEN the most avid supporters of Damian Monroe Williams concede that his cause is not an easy sell, akin, as one puts it, to “cheering for the Ayatollah or Saddam Hussein or the Intifada.” Damian, who is nineteen, is the central figure in a group of young men now known collectively as the L.A. 4, a designation intended to convey political martyrdom. It is a challenging assertion, given that they are charged in the assault on Denny, who was dragged from his truck and beaten nearly to death. As a news helicopter churned above the scene, broadcasting live pictures across the city, a group of black youths kicked Denny, stomped on him, broke an oxygenator over his back, hit him on the head with a crowbar, struck him in the face with a concrete block, and spat on him. And then, as Denny lay bleeding and unconscious in the street, someone rolled him over and picked his pocket.

Denny was rescued and, after several operations, he survived. When the fragments of his bashed skull were removed—bits were embedded in his brain—he was left with a marked indentation where his right temple used to be. His jaw was so badly smashed that it pushed up through his sinuses. His right cheekbone was crushed, causing the eye to disappear beneath the skin of his face; the eye now rests on a plastic bone. Denny takes medication to avoid seizures, and a common cold can render him bedridden.

The video pictures of the Denny beating, played and replayed on television over the following weeks and months, were a disturbing rejoinder to the infamous Rodney King video. As the King tape inspired protest against the Los Angeles Police Department, ultimately costing Chief Daryl Gates his job, and energized racial politics across the country, the Denny video was a grimly fitting counterimage, exciting an urge to firmly reassert the rule of law. And so, when police investigators identified suspects in the Denny beating, a noisy production was made of their apprehension. In a series of commando-style pre-dawn raids on May 12th, teams of Los Angeles police officers and F.B.I. agents arrested three young black men, with Gates—dressed in a combat jumpsuit and bulletproof vest—personally making the arrest of Damian Williams. At press conferences that morning, the city’s top law-enforcement officials—Gates, F.B.I. Special Agent Charles Parsons, District Attorney Ira Reiner, and United States Attorney Lourdes Baird—announced that the three men accused of attacking Denny were associated with the notorious Eight-Trey Gangster Crips gang, one of the most vicious street gangs in the city. A fourth defendant, identified as the pickpocket—thirty-three-year-old Gary Williams (no relation to Damian)—would be charged only with robbery. The others—Damian (Football) Williams; Antoine (Twan) Miller, twenty; and Henry (Kiki) Watson, twenty-seven—were being charged with an assortment of state and federal crimes that could put them in prison for life.

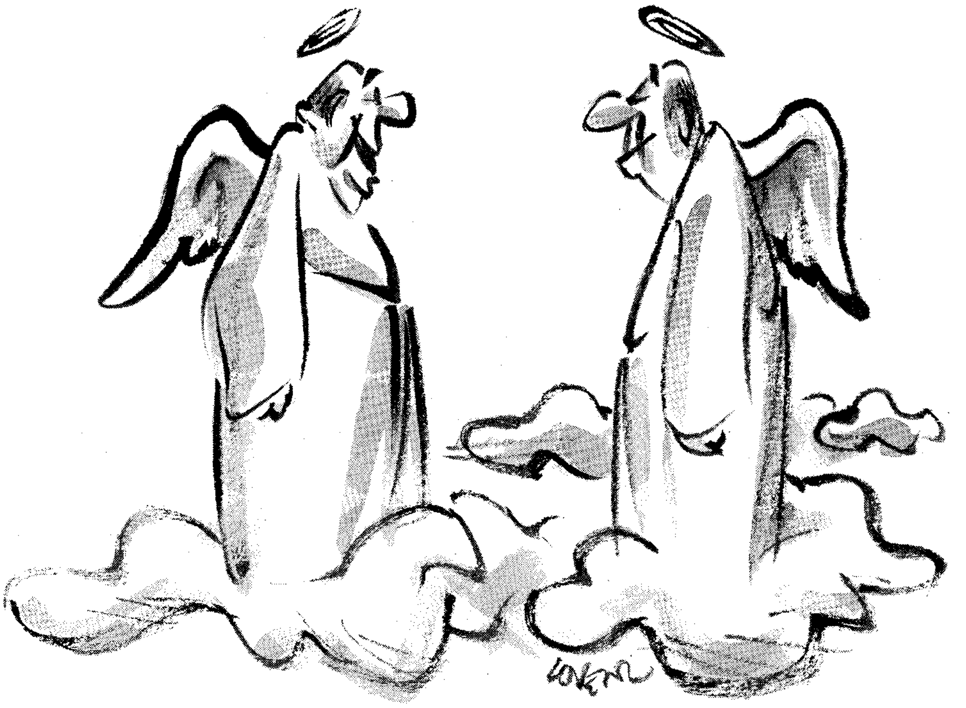
It was made plain that, of the suspects, young Damian Williams was the prize catch—he was the one identified as hitting Denny in the head with the concrete block, and then spinning into a dance near his victim’s prostrate body. When a reporter asked Gates if Williams had said anything to him during the arrest, Gates, whose department had been criticized for not responding quickly enough to the riot that followed the King verdict, clearly enjoyed the moment. He replied, “Yes, he did. He said, 'Chief Gates, you're going.' And I said, 'Yes, Football, but you are going first.' " District Attorney Reiner, whose office had failed to achieve a conviction of the police officers in the King case, was eager to talk, too. "The night that this happened, I saw this going down live—saw what amounted to murder going down on live television, in slow motion," he said. "It was horrifying." Among the charges that the three main defendants would ultimately be arraigned on were attempted murder, aggravated assault, and torture; bail was set at five hundred thousand dollars or more, for Williams and another defendant—sums effectively insuring jail time until the trial.

Georgiana Williams learned of Damian's arrest from her sister-in-law, who beeped her at the private home where she was nursing a patient on an overnight shift. On her way home, listening to an excerpt of the news conference, Miss Williams heard Gates talking about Damian's gang ties and also those of Antoine Miller, whom she had helped to bring up. She recalls thinking as she drove, Why is this man lying? Her anger increased when she heard all the charges against her son: not mere assault but aggravated assault, and also torture, and attempted murder. "My fight is not whether he hit Reginald Denny or not," she says now. "Whether he did it or not, he's not being treated right. If he did it, if he really hit Mr. Denny, and they charged him with assault, I could accept that. But I'm never going to accept torture and mayhem and attempted murder."

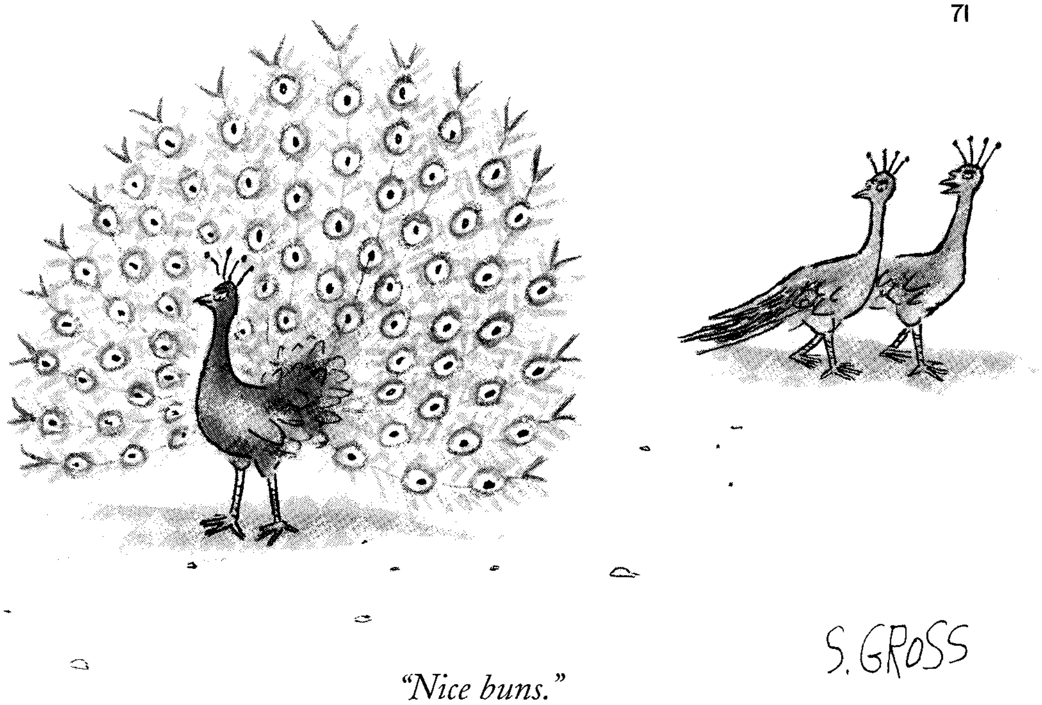
Damian had been her baby, ten years younger than the rest. And she has always thought of Antoine as a sad, quiet young boy who came into her home after witnessing unspeakable tragedy. (His mother, a drug abuser, was unable to care for him, so he spent his early years with his grandparents. One night, after a family quarrel, his grandmother shot and killed her husband as the boy stood and watched. His grandmother died a year later.) Miss Williams concedes that Damian bears several tattoos, which police experts say are the insignia of the Eight-Trey Gangster Crips (named for their home base, on Eighty-third Street) and of an affiliated group, the 71 Hustlers. She doesn't believe it. "They keep saying it over and over, but they say that about all black people, all black men," she says. "A gang-banger goes out and commits crimes. If you're not out committing crimes, you're not a gang-banger." Damian has never been convicted of a crime, although he was arrested at least twice on auto-theft charges, which were later dropped.

But on the morning of his arrest, Damian Williams, in a statement to police, did admit to striking Denny, and the statement was played in open court during his preliminary hearing and was broadcast by Court TV. It seemed for a moment that the entire drama would find a neat conclusion. Instead, the city unexpectedly found its fragile peace once again at stake. Sympathy for Damian Williams and his co-defendants, quiet murmuring at first, soon built to the clamorous insistence of a righteous cause. The young men who were arrested became the L.A. 4 (later amended to the L.A. 4+, when three others were charged), personifying, to their growing number of supporters, the injustice suffered by blacks at the hands of the criminal-justice system. The trial of the Denny defendants, which is scheduled to begin on April 12th, in the Criminal Courts Building, became linked to the federal civil-rights trial of the four Los Angeles policemen who beat Rodney King, which is taking place in the Federal Courthouse, just a block away. Despite the important differences between the two, the juxtaposition is compelling in the eyes of many in the black community: four white cops beat a black man in the King case, and four black men are accused of beating and robbing a white truck driver in the Denny case; the cops walked in their state trial, while the Denny defendants are still in jail. City Councilman Mark Ridley-Thomas says, "It's symbolic because of the brutal way in which African-American males, in particular, are subjected to the most raw forms of punishment in this nation's criminal-justice system. What's on trial is really the very issue of racial justice in this country—that's what's on trial."

Representative Maxine Waters, who was a co-chair of Bill Clinton's Presidential campaign, has lent weight to the cause of the L.A. 4 with outspoken support. A Free the L.A. 4 Defense Committee sells L.A. 4 buttons and T-shirts, and there is a Free the L.A. 4 hot line. A rally for the Denny defendants held on December 14th, at the intersection of Florence and Normandie, led to what is now known as the mini-riot, a confrontation between protesters and police that ended with the L.A.P.D. firing rubber bullets to clear the streets: a store owner was killed by looters, twelve people were hurt, and fifty-five people were arrested.



"I almost didn't make it. I had just enough cash on me to cover the sin tax."



"Nice buns."

Georgiana Williams proved to be a good sound-bite—she even made a guest appearance on Daryl Gates's radio show—and she is the star of L.A. 4 rallies. She was there for the December 14th demonstration. Two days later, *USA Today* carried a feature story about her, which quoted an activist as calling her "the most powerful woman in the city." Miss Williams says she is merely following God's will. "God talks in an audible ear. And if you ever read Genesis, when Pharaoh had the people in Egypt, you remember he worked them from sunup to sundown, they never had justice," she says. "And all they did was cry and pray out to the Lord. And one day, God got tired, and he say, 'Moses, go to Egypt and tell Pharaoh to let my people go.' For over four hundred years, the black has been beaten, he's been torched, they castrated them, they hung 'em, and all we did was cry out to the Lord for help. So, I say God saw fit to look over on Seventy-first Street and say, 'Georgiana, I'm going to use you this time, to let my people go.' " But Miss Williams is more temporal when she weighs the prospect of unwelcome verdicts from the L.A. 4 and Rodney King juries. "I hope it don't get to that," she says. "Because if we don't get justice we're going to have a civil war."

IN some ways, Miss Williams says, Damian grew up fast, because his two brothers and sister and their friends were so much older. Miss Williams divorced her husband when their children were young, and, years later, took up with Damian's father, an older man. He was a bad match for her, and left soon after Damian was born. "And I hope he stays gone," she says. With a new baby and the older kids to care for, she often had to work at two nursing jobs, and that meant putting young Damian in a private Christian school, which kept him from six in the morning until six in the evening, when she got off work. Dame, as his family called him, was an athlete, and his big brother Mark enrolled him in community sports programs. He played all positions in baseball and became something of a standout in football. Miss Williams has made a kind of trophy case of a small table by the front door, so that no visitor can miss a collection of brass-and-plastic statues that Damian was awarded. For most kids growing up in South Central, their neighborhood is the world—there is not much journeying beyond it—but the kids on Seventy-first Street, most of whom had parents who worked, did not feel that they were missing out. "People would come from all around just to hang out on Seventy-first Street, because they thought we was the coolest street to be on," Mark Jackson says. "Our parents gave us everything. We had bikes, motorcycles, and minibikes, and we had more than other kids had in the neighborhood. We made custom go-carts, we had show ten-speeds, all kinds of stuff." There was a certain pride on Seventy-first, and Mark says that was what inspired the creation of the 71 Hustlers. He describes it as a kind of club—but police experts say it's a gang that specializes in car theft and burglary and is affiliated with the Eight-Trey Gangster Crips. Mark admits that, even on Seventy-first, a kid didn't necessarily dream of getting out, of finding something that might open up the world beyond. "When we was kids, we didn't think about what we wanted to be," he says. "We just thought about what we wanted to have. We was idealists."

But when Damian was leaving junior high school everything changed. Miss Williams took her youngest child and moved back to Mississippi to help nurse her ailing mother. Damian hated it down South; he didn't like the school, and he didn't like the country ways. He was a city boy, accustomed to eating meals made from store-bought groceries; on the farm, supper often consisted of the meat of animals that had been butchered in plain view. "He was hysterical when he saw a hog killed," his mother recalls. "He thought it was horrible." By the time she and Damian came back to Los Angeles, a year later, the boy had changed. He was a bit rebellious: he refused to go back to private school—he hated the uniforms. His mother gave in. Damian attended Washington High School, but he didn't get along there, so he transferred to Manual Arts High. He didn't like that, either. Then he enrolled in Gardena High, and when that didn't work out he just gave it up. "He and Mark worked on cars in the back yard," Miss Williams says. "I kept fussin', 'Boy, you got to go back to school.' But if you force them what are they going to learn? He said he was going back, because his coach told him if he wanted to go professional he'd have to go back and go on to college. That's what he said he was going to do."

A man called Wes, who worked at Tom's Liquor Store—the store at the corner of Florence and Normandie—knew of Damian's athletic ability and talked him into trying out with a local semi-pro football team, the L.A. Mustangs. Semi-pro football in the inner city is a far cry from the glamour sports that kids see on television, and it is even a considerable step down from high-school football; the Mustangs have no home field, they carry their own equipment, and after games they have to go back home to shower and dress. But every now and then a pro scout might stop by for a look, lending the enterprise the irresistible allure of hope. Danny Marshall, the volunteer coach for the Mustangs, liked what he saw in Damian. "He was out of shape, but you could see he had potential—plus, he had age on his side. And he had nice size and he was willing. I tried to get him equipment and help him with different things. And he did pretty well, starting off." Marshall says that Damian wasn't entirely pleased with the discipline, but he tried hard enough during the early part of the season; then, as the Mustangs worked their way toward the playoffs, and Marshall began to rely on his more experienced players, Damian apparently got discouraged, and quit coming. The next time Danny Marshall saw Damian was on television, in police custody.

ROMANESQUE

Inside the light there was a stone and he knew it
inside the stone there was a light and all day he kept
finding it the world in the light was stone
built of stone held up by stone and in a stone house
you began you stood on a stone floor the fire played
in its stone place and the sky in the window passed
between stones and outside the door your feet followed
stones and when the fields were turned over they turned out
to be made of stones the water came out of a stone
some of the stones were faces with faces inside them
like every face and some of the stones were animals
with animals inside them some of the stones were skies
with skies inside them and when he had worked long enough
with stones touching them opening them looking inside
he saw that a day was a stone and the past was a stone
with more darkness always inside it and the time to come
was a stone over a doorway and with his hand he formed
the stone hand raised at the center and the stone face
under the stone sun and stone moon and he found the prophet
who was stone prophesying stone he showed the stone limbs of childhood
and old age and the life between them holding up the whole stone
of Heaven and Hell while the mother of us all
in her naked stone with the stone serpent circling
her thigh went on smiling at something long after
he was forgotten she kept smiling at something he had known
and at something he had never known at the time

—W. S. MERWIN

FROM its showy, klieg-light beginnings, the Damian Williams case was inescapably political and charged with consequence, which made what happened in the first days after he was arrested all the more disconcerting. Williams' fate came into the hands of two men whose impact on his case is still being measured, and who may have damaged it beyond the hope of justice. One of the men believes himself to be Jesus Christ, and the other is an ex-convict who is described by an F.B.I. agent as "the consummate con artist." Together, they took charge of Williams' legal defense.

The bizarre misalliance was set in motion as Miss Williams considered the facts that she could not make her son's bail, of a hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars (which was eventually upped to five hundred and eighty thousand), and that she needed a good lawyer for her son. She rejected the notion of a public defender. She called the N.A.A.C.P. but says they told her they didn't know of anyone who could help her. She had thought of Johnnie Cochran, an established black lawyer who was an expert on police-abuse cases, but had heard that he charged a high fee just for the arraignment, and that was out of the question. And then Dennis Palmieri came to her door.

Palmieri now says that he felt awkward about soliciting Damian's case—that it wasn't entirely ethical—but that at the time he didn't have much choice. He was the new lawyer at the Center for Constitutional Law and Justice, a public-service law firm, and he was desperate to prove himself on a big case. Palmieri, who is forty-one, had faced a problematical career, largely because of his unique personality. He is endowed with what he calls "special abilities," which he says he first recognized when he was five years old and was living for a short time in a New York orphanage. In essence, he says, these special abilities have enabled him to "explain very, very definitively, very, very exactly, what would happen long before it would happen." He maintains that he explained "all the events that happened internationally in 1988, 1989, 1990, and 1991, very, very detailed, and very, very precise, countless years earlier than that." These abilities have been, he says, both a blessing and a curse in his life. "Over the years, people have asked me if I'm Christ. I state the truth: I am Dennis Palmieri. However, that does not mean that I am not Christ. I am Dennis Palmieri. As to who Dennis Palmieri is, I'm not going to tell you. What I'm going to do is simply go out and do the things I told you I was going to do. You make your own determination. Ultimately, you're either going to have to believe or choose not to believe. You have a choice. My Father gives you the choice to either love Him or not to love Him, to either accept Him or not to accept Him. So making something clear or not clear is coalesced with the choice that you have to make."

The special abilities, Palmieri says, have also brought persecution. "Oppression and suppression exist," he says. "But they're being applied to me personally, to deny me even the most menial form of professional affiliation that would serve in any way possible to recognize and respect me." The principal instrument of the oppression, he believes, is a device he calls "the technical monitor," which "penetrates the entirety of your circumstances" and allows others to monitor your every movement and thought. "One night, I would have a dream, and I would go out to breakfast the next morning, and there'd be two people sitting at a table eating breakfast, and they'd both look at me," he says. "And through what some people may call 'intimations,' some people may call 'psychological harassment,' they would, effectively, talk to themselves while looking at me through the side of their eyes, smiling, essentially re-creating through their words the same dream that I had the night before." In early 1989, Palmieri says, he perceived that the Reagan and Bush Administrations, in concert with Margaret Thatcher and Mikhail Gorbachev, had been stealing his thoughts, thus bringing about the fall of the Berlin Wall, the breakup of the Soviet Union, and what Palmieri calls the Political Rapture and the First Stage of World Peace. He tried to visit Bush at the White House to discuss some necessary adjustments in world policy, but was detained and manhandled by the Secret Service: "I was thrown against the fence and searched with rubber gloves. And that night I was poisoned. And, I can tell you, it was close."

Palmieri says that some years ago, at the urging of relatives, he visited a psychiatrist in New York, and the psychiatrist diagnosed his condition as paranoid schizophrenic. Palmieri thanked him and left. He says that other doctors later interviewed him and told him they believed him but that one cautioned, "If you tell anyone, they will try to make people believe you are crazy."

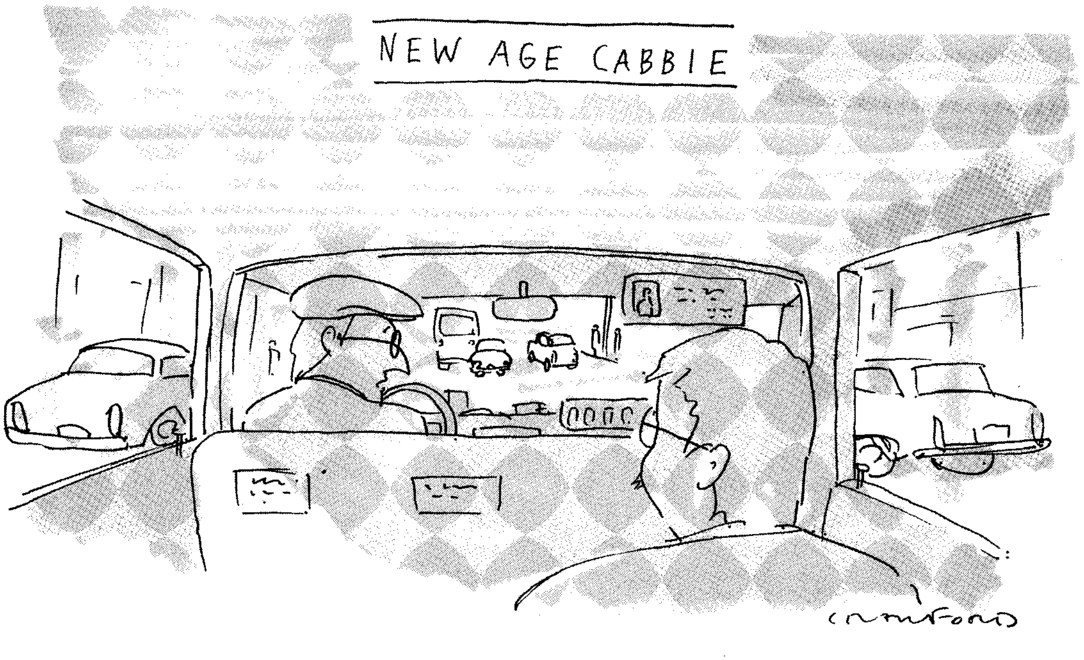
Over the years, Palmieri's efforts to build a law career foundered. Things always had a way of not working out. And so one morning last March, when he saw an advertisement in the Los Angeles *Daily Journal*, a legal newspaper, soliciting applicants for a position at the Center for Constitutional Law and Justice, he eagerly sent in his résumé. It stated that he had received a law degree from Western State University, in Fullerton, California, and made reference to his "advocacy" of various projects, including lunar-mining colonies and the First Stage of World Peace.

He got a call from Fred Sebastian, the center's founder, a man who now says that after reading Palmieri's résumé, "I thought, 'I'm not even gonna bother, this motherfucker's hired. He's my boy,' and we hired him lickety-split." Three weeks later, Damian Williams was arrested, and Sebastian ordered Palmieri to go door-to-door in South Central until he found the Williams family and landed the case, which he did.

LAST fall, after Fred Sebastian was arrested in Little Rock, on a charge of trying to con a woman out of fifty thousand dollars by claiming he could bribe her husband's way out of jail, all who knew him from the center, clients and attorneys alike, were stunned to discover that he was in fact Frederick George Celani, an ex-convict whose grounding in the law consisted of having spent much of his life breaking it, or scheming to circumvent it.

Celani, forty-four, was born and reared in Buffalo, and he claims that he became close to the local Mafia boss ("like a son," he says)—an assertion disputed by an F.B.I. agent from Buffalo. For that matter, almost all of what Celani says is disputed by the authorities, some of whom are so familiar with his inventiveness that they have grown to admire it. "I wish I could get him to write my personnel report," one F.B.I. agent who has a long history of encounters with Celani has said. When he was in his early twenties, he pulled a development swindle in his home town, talking up a hundred-million-dollar riverfront complex that never materialized and selling people homes that he never built. He was convicted of grand larceny. At the Albion Correctional Facility, in New York, where he served one year before being paroled, prison officials observed that he was not the ordinary sort of inmate. Even in an environment in which con men and smooth talkers are commonplace, Celani stood out; he so charmed the prison staff (a talent he has displayed at each of his many stops in the prison system) that at times he seemed to have the run of the place, somehow gaining access to telephones and other special privileges. His evaluation report upon his parole in 1976 might have served as a warning to those who would cross his path in the future:

> This young, personable, rather persuasive inmate is serving his first term of imprisonment resulting from a con game in which he bilked people out of money promising them that he would build homes for them. The inmate's record and psychological report show him to be a consistent liar who attempts to manipulate and exploit others for self gain and to improve his self image. A careful examination of the case records shows that the inmate has manipulated various counselors and staff of the institutions he



"Mind if we go through the Park? There's this ailing ginkgo tree I want to check on."

> has been in for his own gain. The inmate has never been assaultive or physically dangerous to anyone, but would appear to have a continuing capacity for activities of the larcenous nature. If paroled, he will bear extremely close watching regarding any business deals he attempts to involve himself in. Also, his past record strongly indicates that virtually everything the inmate says must be verified before it can be believed.

Unhappily for the citizens of Springfield, Illinois, no such warning preceded Celani there; in the early nineteen-eighties, he was welcomed as a business wizard who could help rescue the town from hard times. His scam this time was more complex and more lucrative. He and a business partner, Aaron Binder, sold shares of stock in an overnight-delivery company called Kayport Package Express. Anticipating that the new company would do for Springfield what Federal Express has done for Memphis, the town fathers embraced Celani and his partner. The two men took in more than two hundred thousand dollars of investors' money, opened Kayport Package Express, and shut it six days later. Celani was indicted on fifteen racketeering and fraud charges, convicted on all counts in 1985, and sentenced to fifteen years in prison.

By the time Celani was paroled, in July of 1991, he had been transferred to the Terminal Island Federal Correctional Facility, in Los Angeles, and that city is where he decided to launch his next venture—a public-service law firm. He actually had some experience in this line, having directed a "law center" from prison, by utilizing his remarkable access to prison offices. He chose for himself the alias "Fred Sebastian." He bought time on a local radio station and launched a weekly talk show about criminal law called "Civil Liberties," during which he touted the legal prowess of his center. To attract lawyers, he put ads in the *Daily Journal*, asking for attorneys interested in doing public-service work, and offered a salary of between forty and fifty thousand dollars. Most of the half-dozen attorneys he hired were newly admitted to the bar or were out of a job. For instance, Phil Johnson, who had spent some fifteen years working in public defenders' offices, had recently lost his job in department cutbacks, and he now says of Celani, "I just assumed he was a lawyer who was running a law firm for public-work purposes."

The center handled some through-the-door cases, ranging from murder defense to property forfeitures associated with drug convictions. But the real work of the firm, according to several lawyers and clients, was in operating an extremely efficient and lucrative "petition mill." Celani, who knew firsthand the obsessive fascination with the tiniest nuances of the law which prison inmates, especially those serving long terms, often develop, went into the business of selling the prospect of freedom to people without it. He claimed that the petition he'd developed could overturn even the most stringent drug sentence. According to one attorney at the firm, the idea was developed in the nineteen-eighties by a former lawyer who had been convicted of manufacturing illegal drugs, disbarred, and imprisoned. Researching modern drug-enforcement policy, the story goes, the disbarred lawyer claimed that President Richard Nixon, in declaring war on drugs in 1970, had transferred drug-enforcement authority from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to the Department of Justice—a transfer of power, he contended in his petition, that was constitutionally reserved to Congress. If that argument were accepted in court, thousands of drug convictions obtained since 1970 would in theory be overturned. The petition floated around the prison system—including Terminal Island, during Celani's time there. He apparently brought a copy out, fine-tuned it, and proceeded to mass-market it. The petition was called the silver bullet, and it was a fairly easy sell to the families of inmates facing long stretches with no chance of parole under new drug laws.

"It was a way to bring in hopeless clients, and sell them hope," says Alaleh Kamran, a lawyer who worked at the center.

Filing petitions is a fairly easy matter, involving routine paperwork, and, although none of the lawyers knows precisely how many petitions were filed, the estimates are in the hundreds—with fees ranging from three thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars for the service. "He brought in a lot of dough," Phil Johnson says. "If anybody wants to guess, it was probably somewhere around four million bucks."

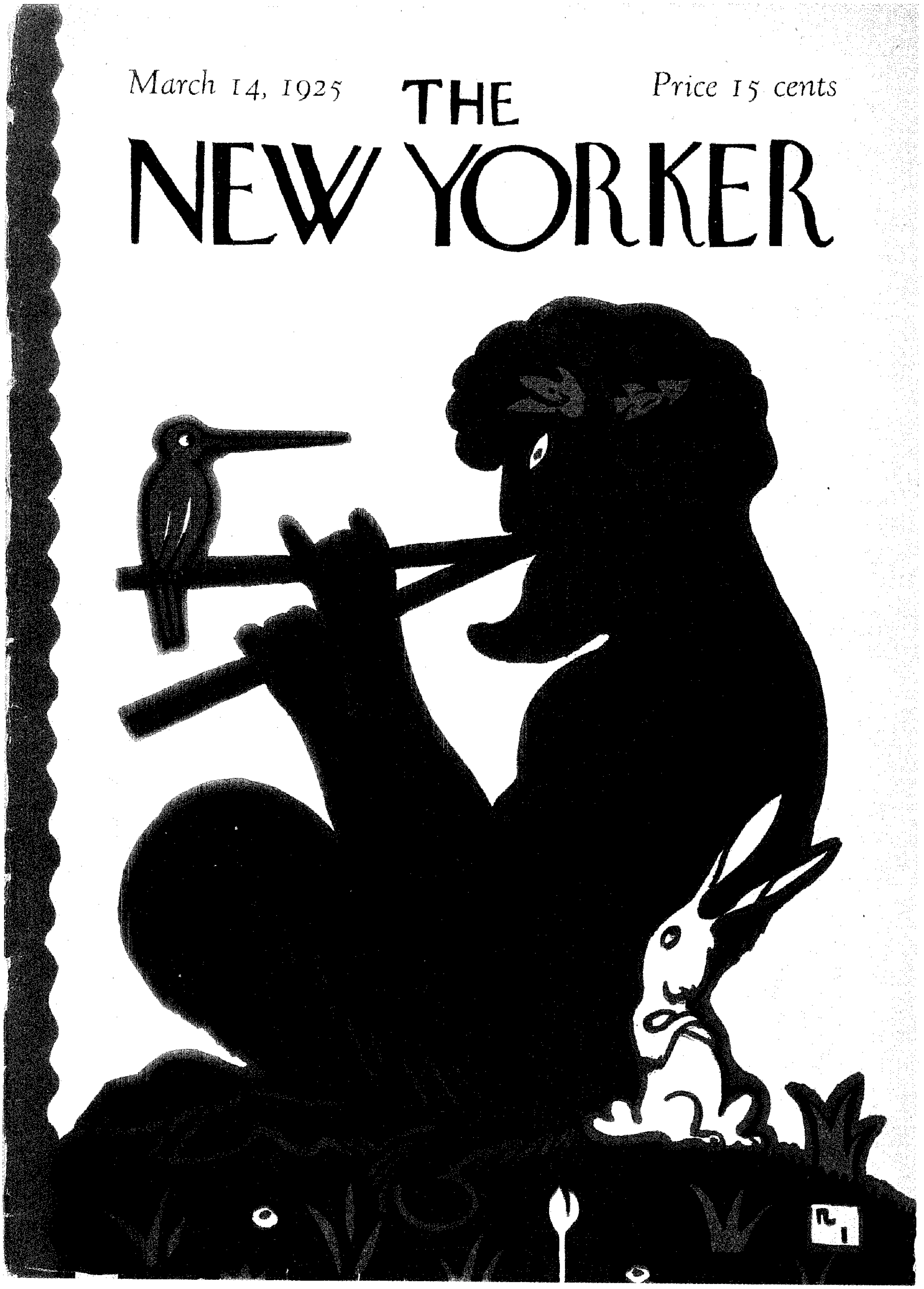
Fred Sebastian knew that publicity would feed the money machine he had created, and so when Damian Williams was arrested in connection with the most shocking crime committed during the worst civil disturbance of the century, he targeted the case. The very day of the arrest, he instructed Dennis Palmieri to drive straight down to South Central. Palmieri went, taking an associate, Juliet Ireland, with him, and eventually they found the Williams house. Mark Jackson was in the front yard, and Palmieri talked to him first. Then Miss Williams invited the two lawyers in. "They told me that they were civil-rights lawyers, and so, when you think of civil rights, you think of Dr. King, right?" she says. "So I thought maybe it was a group of lawyers who had fought for the black people in the fifties and sixties. And they came on in and they talked and talked and talked, and they said they wanted to help Damian, and I wouldn't have to pay them any money. So I said O.K."

Palmieri used Miss Williams' phone to call his boss with the good news. Sebastian came down to the house a few days later to meet her. From that moment, he had a controlling hand in shaping the public image of the case. He now says that he coined the term L.A. 4, a claim that is apparently undisputed, and he often dealt with the press personally.

Sebastian assigned the case to a team of lawyers in which Palmieri assumed a leading position, along with Alaleh Kamran and Juliet Ireland. Journalists and others who observed Palmieri's handling of the case say that he made an honest effort on his client's behalf. But Sebastian himself guided the case preparation, and on one crucial point he and Palmieri came to disagree. It concerned Damian Williams' statement to police

SCRAPBOOK BY REA IRVIN

THE PIPES OF PAN


March 14, 1925
THE NEW YORKER
Price 15 cents
R. I.

on the morning of the arrest, in which he admitted that he had struck Reginald Denny. Sitting in a room with Detective Arthur Daedelow, of the L.A.P.D., Damian said that he was sorry for it, and that he and his mother had prayed that Denny would live. Damian said that he participated in the violence because "I was stupid," and allowed that Denny had never said or done anything to him. At one point, he broke into tears and said, "I ain't never seen my daddy. . . . I bet if I'd had a father, I wouldn't be in this predicament." He also said that he had a newborn son and that he wanted to take care of him. On its face, it was potentially a very damaging statement. Palmieri says that when the defense team got a copy of the taped statement, Fred Sebastian suddenly changed his mind about the case, saying, "Damian is an idiot, stupid, he is gone, case over, forget about it." But Palmieri took the tape home that weekend, and after playing it repeatedly he came to work Monday morning convinced that Williams' statement was legally unsound, noting several points where it could be challenged. According to a procedural rule, the defense has the right to ask the court to suppress a piece of prejudicial information, but it can make this request just once in the course of a case. Palmieri believed that if the statement were played at the preliminary hearing, Damian would be deemed guilty by anyone who heard about it, including potential jurors, and he filed a motion to suppress the document. But there was a bitter disagreement, with the others arguing that it would be better to move to suppress the tape at the trial. Fred Sebastian ordered Palmieri to withdraw his motion. He finally gave in, and the tape was played in court.

The defense team's actions came as a shock to the L.A. 4 supporters. "People were just beside themselves when Palmieri withdrew that motion to suppress," says Naomi Bradley, who is on the steering committee of the Free the L.A. 4 Defense Committee. "People in the black community were already coming up with their own theories that this lawyer was trying to screw up the case. I mean, that was the talk of the circles, the cocktail lounges—that Miss Williams has got this white attorney, and can't she see that he's prejudiced, he's trying to mess up his case?" Palmieri says he withdrew his motion because he would have been fired if he hadn't—"and then who would have represented Damian?"

Palmieri lost his job anyway, on the final day of the preliminary hearing. He had been working for days on his closing summary, a presentation so loquacious that it had to be interrupted for the morning break and again for lunch. As Kamran sat at the counsel table watching her partner go on and on, she thought he was hurting the client's case, and at lunch she telephoned Sebastian and told him so. Sebastian instructed Palmieri to let Kamran finish the summation that afternoon, and Palmieri refused. Sebastian then sent his wife, Mary, who was technically the director of the center, to the downtown courtroom, to inform the judge that Palmieri had been fired. But for the seriousness of the moment, it would have been a comic scene: a windy lawyer getting the axe in mid-summation. The judge left the decision to Damian, and Damian said he wanted Palmieri to finish the summation. Palmieri concluded that afternoon, and never went back to the center. A few days later, Damian and his mother hired Edi M. O. Faal, a lawyer with a private firm, to handle the case, for whom Miss Williams paid by mortgaging her home.

So Fred Sebastian lost his biggest case. The center itself lasted less than two months more. One Monday morning in October, Sebastian summarily fired four staff lawyers. Two days later, he got on a plane for Little Rock. He met his "mark," Judy Glasco, at a motel room agreed upon beforehand, and when she handed him twenty-five thousand dollars—the second half of a bribe he had promised he would pay to a United States Attorney to keep her husband from going to jail—several F.B.I. agents materialized and read him his rights.

That same day, Fred Celani began to spin a tale that would have a devastating effect on the perception of justice in Damian Williams' case. At his detention hearing, Celani asked the judge if

"There are some words I will not tolerate in this house—and 'awesome' is one of them."

he could address the court. "I am currently acting under a letter of immunity," he then said, "and immunity has been granted by the Congressional Committee on Oversight and Investigations, for which I work. The organization I work for, the Center for Constitutional Law and Justice, is a part of the Congressional Committee on Oversight and Investigations chaired by Congressman John Dingell." Celani said that he was under orders to receive the money, and that he was to have turned it over to an unnamed official in Little Rock, who would use it for purposes he didn't know. The prosecutor, David Katz, said, "I believe that Mr. Celani is engaging in a fiction. He has a pattern of lying." "I give the stories I am directed to give," Celani replied.

In the months since, Celani has had the time to embroider what may be the masterpiece of alibis. During several days of interviews from an Arkansas jail, Celani, who had been denied bail, presented a remarkable narrative, with barely a pause. He said that in 1986, when he was serving time in Minnesota for the Springfield racketeering conviction, he was recruited by an investigator for Dingell's subcommittee to get information from Chicago Mafia figure Joe (Joey the Clown) Lombardo, a fellow-inmate and, Celani said, a close personal friend. Celani so ably performed the task that he was given another mission, this time to help solve some baffling Chicago murders. Again, he satisfied his new masters, and eventually, according to his story, he effectively became the government's top spy inside the federal prison system, transferring from one facility to another and, along the way, solving the mystery behind the shooting down of Korean Air Lines Flight 7, finding the truth behind the Jeffrey MacDonald murder case, and helping to crack the Charles Keating savings-and-loan scandal. "But that's another story," he said.

He said that when he was released from Terminal Island, in 1991, he was recruited by Ron Brown, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Celani said that the Democrats were so desperate to win California in the coming Presidential election that they hired him to help sabotage prominent Republican conservatives. Using the center as a front, Celani said, he followed Representative Bob Dornan, and bugged the talk-show host Rush Limbaugh's New York office in the hope of finding personal dirt. By summer, he said, he had caught the eye of James Carville, the mastermind of Clinton's campaign, and Carville, somehow assuming control of Celani's services, gave him his most challenging assignment yet: to start a riot in Los Angeles. Celani said he worked closely with the L.A.P.D., with his contact at the Democratic National Committee, and with other government officials, to be ready to strike should the Rodney King jury return a verdict of not guilty. When the verdict came in, Celani said, he met up with two undercover L.A.P.D. officers, and they loaded suitcases filled with firearms into a squad car and drove to the intersection of Florence and Normandie.

"A general alert goes out to pull all officers out of the area, and we're caught right in the middle of it," he said. "They're trying to retreat. Normandie Avenue is totally plugged with police cars, musta been fifty of them. We go around, up one more block, come down to Florence and Normandie. Three guys in the car. Two of them get out and take the suitcases with the guns and go behind the little gas station. They start handing out guns to all the people milling around the crowd. The third guy goes to the liquor store and starts busting out windows and creating chaos in there. Everybody starts running into the liquor store. I get in the car, drive up a few blocks, and we wait. About half an hour later, into the intersection comes the infamous Reginald Denny. It's now about six-fifteen, six-thirty. Helicopters are overhead. We've got a pretty good insurrection going. They pulled Denny outa the truck and started beating on him. At that point, I got on the walkie-talkie and said, 'Let's go, get the fuck outa here.' At that point, we got in the car, we left, put the car back in the Van Nuys Police Station, and we all dispersed."

Anticipating Damian Williams' arrest, Celani said, he provided the L.A.P.D. with several doses of capsulized sodium pentothol—which he claims is known in the trade as "puke"—to be dropped in a glass of water and offered to Williams, in order to coax a confession from him. Celani said he was instructed to solicit the Damian Williams case so that he could insure its sabotage, by such means as making sure that Damian's confession was read in court and by constantly countermanding Palmieri's decisions. "My orders were to completely fuck that case up," he said. "We buried our own client." With that accomplished, Celani said, he was sent to Arkansas to thwart the murder of a federal judge; the money he took was just part of the cover, but an overzealous F.B.I. agent was out of the loop. When Celani called his contact on the D.N.C. from jail, he said, he was told to sit tight until after the election, but then they stopped taking his calls, and that was why he had come forward with his story.

If the tale seems a desperate alibi, this is because a conviction would make Celani a three-time loser, heading into a prison system filled with his dissatisfied customers. A man whose imprisoned uncle had laid his hopes on one of Celani's silver bullets says, "I would not give odds on his life expectancy. I mean, you can go to prison for anything from murder to stealing your mother's clothes to sell for drugs, and in the joint they say, 'Well, hey, you did your thing.' But there's certain things they don't go for. You don't mess with somebody's family."

Celani's story presents an interesting challenge to his Little Rock defense attorney, Greg Bryant, whose strategy will likely be built upon its most remarkable aspect—that some of it is true. Celani does have a letter from the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations, dated September 30, 1986, and personally signed by John Dingell, which promises Celani that the subcommittee "will do everything possible to insure that the testimony and other information provided by you (including your possession of any classified information) will not be used directly or indirectly to your detriment." Yet subcommittee staffers say that the letter is not the all-purpose immunity license that Celani claims it to be but, rather, a onetime guarantee of protection in exchange for

THE DEATH OF LEV

1
With great bounds
across an immense field
under a sky heavy
with December clouds
Lev flees
from Yasnaya Polyana
to the dark woods

behind him a thick
line of hunters

with great bounds
his beard streaming behind
face inspired
by the fires of anger
Lev flees like a lion
to the forest on the horizon

behind him
Lord have mercy

an unrelenting line of beaters
moves ahead
hunters beating for Lev

in front
Sofia Andreyevna
drenched completely
after the morning suicide
she lures him
—Lyovochka
in a voice
that could shatter stones

behind her
sons daughters
servants hangers-on
policemen Orthodox priests
bluestockings
moderates anarchists
Christians illiterates
Tolstoyans
Cossacks
and every possible kind of riffraff

old women squeal
peasants bellow

hell

2
the finale
at the small station of Astapovo
a wooden knocker
near the railway

a merciful train worker
put Lev in bed

now he is safe

above the small station
the lights of history go on

Lev closes his eyes
no longer curious about the world

only the bold
priest Pimen
who has vowed
he will drag Lev's soul
to paradise
bends over him
and shouting above
the hoarse breathing
the terrible noises of the chest
slyly asks
—And what now
—I must run away
says Lev
and repeats once more
—I must run away

—Where to asks Pimen
—Where to O Christian soul

Lev fell silent
he hid in eternal shadow
eternal silence

no one understood the prophecy
as if the words of Scripture were not known

"nation shall rise against nation
and Kingdom against Kingdom
some shall fall by the sword
and others be chased into slavery
among all the nations
for these will be days of vengeance
so all that is written
will be fulfilled"

so arrives the time
of abandoning homes
of wandering in jungles
of frantic sea voyages
circlings in the darkness
crawling in dust

the time of the hunted

the time of the Great Beast

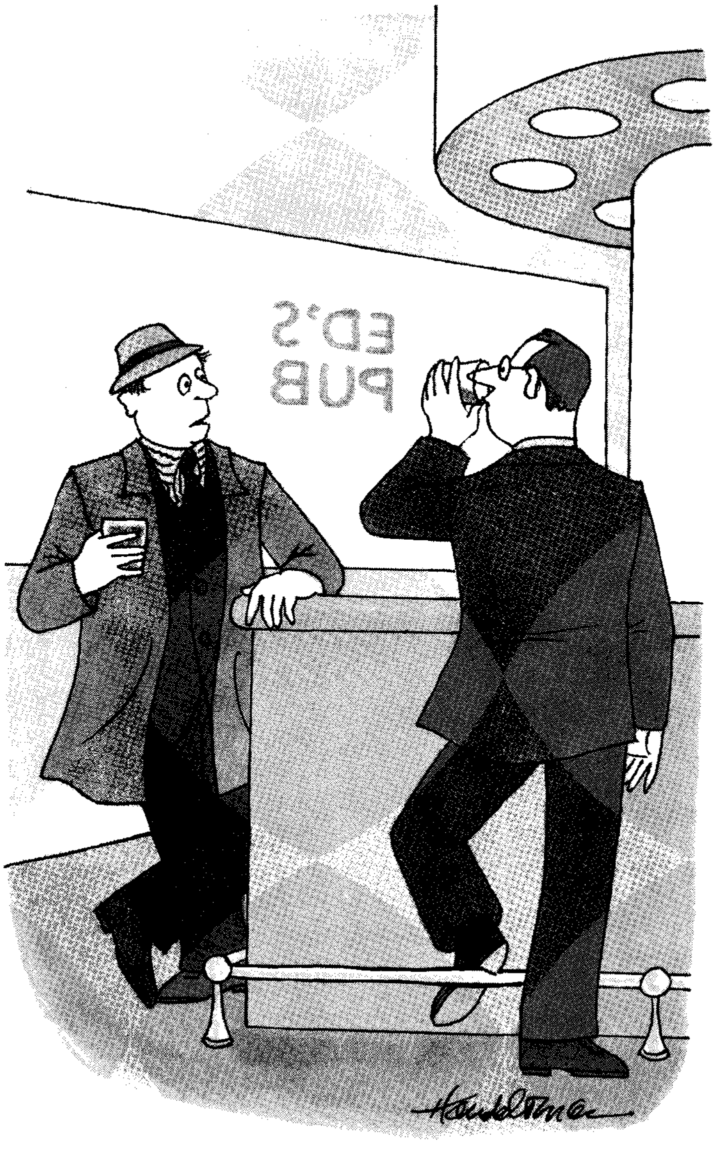
—ZBIGNIEW HERBERT

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.*)

information that Celani had convinced the subcommittee he could provide; the tip turned out to be worthless, according to the staffers, and the subcommittee had no subsequent contact with Celani. An F.B.I. agent says he was similarly taken in by Celani, and even tried to get him out of prison, so alluring was the prize that he promised. "We were not successful"—at freeing Celani—"and, very frankly, that's probably the best thing that ever happened to me, from a career standpoint," the agent says. "We had some ambitious hopes. But, on reflection, I think that a lot of what he told us was a figment of his imagination, or probably things he picked up when he was in the penitentiary system and transferring from one institution to another. He's an amazing person in a lot of ways but he is probably the most complete sociopath that I've ever seen in my life."

NOT surprisingly, the first action taken by Damian Williams' new lawyers was to request that the charges against him be thrown out, on the ground of inadequate representation. The judge denied the motion. The denial further provoked Williams' supporters and made it difficult for them to dismiss Celani's stories outright. After the shock of discovering that the man who had so assiduously pursued the case not only wasn't a lawyer but was also an ex-con—and followed by the judge's apparent complacence at this news—some began to entertain Celani's claims of sabotage and working for the government. In the Los Angeles of the Rodney King era, there is a certain willingness to believe. Don Jackson, a black former cop who is now an activist against police abuse, believes that black Americans inhabit a reality separate from that recognized by the white-dominated institutions of government and the media. "I don't know that a lot of things I might have heard ten years ago I could buy into, like conspiracy theories," Jackson says. "I've heard people say that the AIDS virus is a government plan. I'd like to just write all that off. But I am increasingly inclined to accept those kinds of things, whereas as a young man, just leaving college, I would not have. In the real world, with real experiences, in institutions with police officers, the school system, all the things that black people have to deal with—when we hear the word 'genocide' it's not so far out of the question. Let's talk about reality. Let's talk about all the way back to handing the Indians blankets with smallpox in them. I mean, these kinds of things have happened. The Tuskegee experiment happened. It wasn't a myth—it was a real event. And Cointelpro, with the F.B.I. infiltrating civil-rights organizations, and turning groups against one another, and the Public Disorder and Intelligence Division within the L.A.P.D., spying on black politicians—this is real life, see?"

When Daryl Gates, who is still a prominent figure in Los Angeles, with his own afternoon radio talk show, hears Damian Williams and his co-defendants referred to as the L.A. 4, and last spring's disturbance as a political rebellion, he offers a point of view that is characteristically straightforward: "Bullshit. Take a look at some of the pictures of the riot. They were out there stealing and looting and assaulting, and while they were looting most of them were laughing. Where was the 'rage' over Rodney King and the verdict?" Gates's point of view is shared by some members of the black community, most of whom struggle with working and trying to rear families in what amounts to a war zone. The successful black attorney Johnnie Cochran built a reputation (and a specialty) by standing up for black victims of police abuse, but he has said that the L.A. 4 are "not heroes," thus earning the characterization by Miss Williams as "an Oreo." Cochran, as it happens, is representing Reginald Denny in his civil lawsuit against the city, which claims that the L.A.P.D. deliberately abandoned Florence and Normandie while protecting citizens in other areas of the city, and thereby left Denny and others vulnerable. "I respect Maxine Waters," Cochran says, "but to the extent that she calls for 'freeing the L.A. 4' or that they want to dismiss all these charges, that's just plain out wrong."



"My position is very simple. I prefer not knowing whether a person is gay or Irish."

THE divisions over the L.A. 4 case mirror the deep fragmentation of the city itself. Southern California was hit hard by the recession, and it has been almost unaffected by the recovery: violent crime is up across Los Angeles, and morale is decidedly down. Michael Eisner, the chairman of the Walt Disney Company, was criticized recently for suggesting that Los Angeles had become a "Third World nation," but it was not an entirely groundless observation, not only because of dramatic population shifts that are making Anglos, as whites are called in L.A., a minority. There are disturbing signs of a fractured social order: in parts of the inner city, authorities have constructed barricades on public streets in order to impede the traffic of drug dealers and their associated assassins; in wealthy areas, some developers are forgoing the convenience of city sewer and water lines, so that the streets of the new neighborhoods will be private and gates can be erected at the entrances to communities. One neighborhood near the Hollywood Bowl has even gotten the city's permission to build fences blocking through traffic on public streets.

Part of the city's anxiety can be traced to a leadership void. Mayor Tom Bradley, who is retiring, rode into power in the wake of the 1965 Watts riots, but his greatest achievement during a twenty-year reign was the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics; meanwhile, the problems of the inner city festered beneath the poultice of well-meant, grant-funded projects initiated after Watts—projects that most concede have had little long-term success. With the news of

Bradley's retirement, more than fifty candidates announced that they would try for his seat in City Hall.

One man who seemed for a time as if he might become the city's de-facto leader was Peter Ueberroth, the Mr. Fix-It of the 1984 Olympics and subsequent commissioner of major-league baseball, whose entrepreneurial skills Bradley and Governor Pete Wilson called upon to save Los Angeles even as the fires were raging in the streets. But Ueberroth's "Rebuild L.A." program has been seen as a disappointment by many in the city, partly because so many originally saw it as a cure-all, which would provide instant jobs, come up with funding for even more programs, and become the arbiter of special-interest grievances. Although its initial mission was simply to attract business to the inner city, R.L.A. expanded dizzyingly in its ambitions and its bureaucratic bulk. Women, Latinos, Asians, blacks, and others were alternately angry over underrepresentation, and as soon as one group was accommodated another group felt slighted. At one point, several hundred angry garbagemen staged a protest in front of Ueberroth's office to decry his statement that "minimum-wage jobs bring dignity to those who labor in them." And, after an early rush of gooey sentiment by the city's prosperous class, when movie stars came out with brooms to symbolize their willingness to help rebuild Los Angeles, many in the white success sphere have shown a pronounced hesitation to participate, including some businesses that Ueberroth had been counting on. These days, Ueberroth himself is uncharacteristically weary, and even slightly cranky. He blames the federal government for not coming through with enterprise-zone incentives and money, but he also blames the many competing factions that seem to be looking for goodies to be handed out. "It comes a little bit out of the government grants programs—'Give me the grant, I control the money, and we'll see what happens,'" he says. "And this is a free-flow private-sector/government combination. I didn't expect those kinds of hurdles. But so be it."

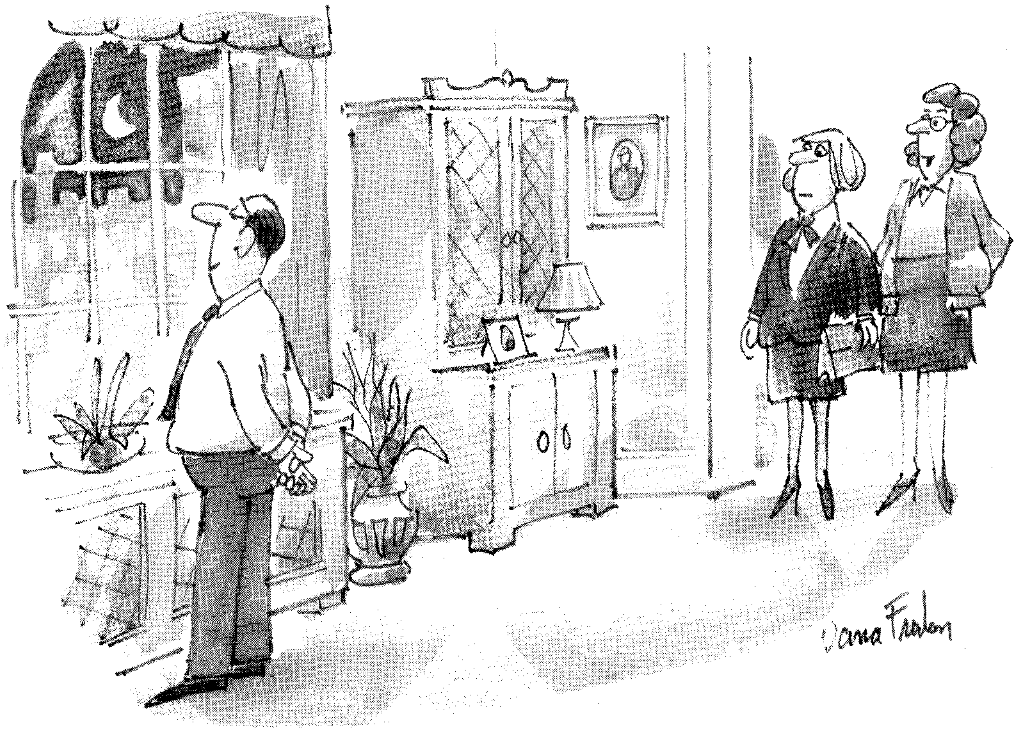
The city's new police chief, Willie Williams, says that the Police Department has designed strategies for each of the two supercharged trials, and admits that he expects trouble if the verdicts come out "wrong": "We will probably have some sporadic problems. That may not be popular to say, and it may not have been popular to say last April, but it's a reality, and we have to prepare for it. But the city also has a major responsibility to work with the people in the community to try to insure that you can get beyond that, that you may not like the verdict but you have to live with it." In fact, in January Mayor Bradley's office implemented a program called Neighbor to Neighbor, which recruits people from the community and trains them in methods to defuse potential upheaval in the event of unpopular verdicts. The Free the L.A. 4 Defense Committee, however, has denounced the effort as a "snitch program."

Gil Garcetti, who succeeded Ira Reiner as District Attorney in December, suggested during his campaign that he was not especially eager to prosecute the L.A. 4 case, and held out the prospect of a plea bargain. But Miss Williams' response to that is blunt: "We don't want no plea bargain. We want justice."

"I'm sorry you had to see us like this—in a Biedermeier frenzy."

FOR all the hype painting Damian as a hardened street thug, his stay in the "super-max" high-security wing of the Peter J. Pitchess Honor Ranch, north of Los Angeles, is his first stint behind bars, and, like many first-time inmates, he was at first racked by homesickness, longing for his mother's warm haven. He told her that someone had sent him a letter quoting the book of Romans, where the apostle Paul promises salvation to those who repent. "And he just asked God to forgive him and to come back into his life," Miss Williams says.

But others say that if Damian is to be born again it should be a different sort of transformation—one of political



"Harry lives inside a beltway all his own."

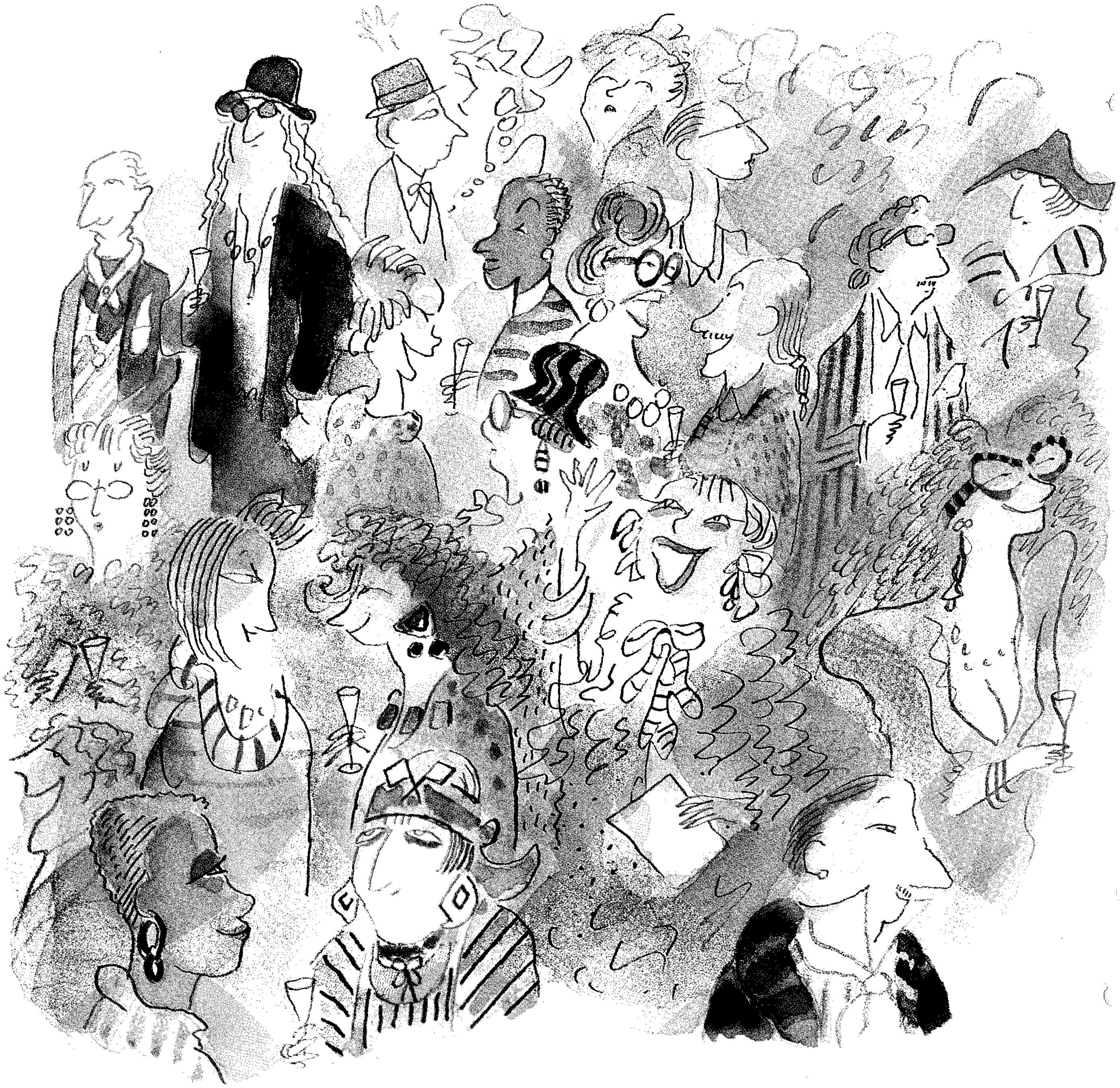
growth. Among the frustrations felt by some of the now middle-aged black veterans of the sixties urban wars is that the new leaders on the street, angry and alienated as they are, seem mostly interested in gang-turf wars and "wearing gold"—acquiring expensive objects. Two gang leaders who called a truce after the riots went on to a kind of weird mainstream celebrity, lunching with Bill Clinton and attending the Inauguration in the company of a white woman they've teamed up with to market upscale gang attire. (The clothes will feature hand-painted "graffiti" designs.) The Watts riots of 1965, by contrast, spawned the politicization of many former gang members; leaders of the notorious Slausons gang organized the Los Angeles chapter of the Black Panther Party. The L.A. 4 case is important to many in the black community who want to recapture the edge of the nineteen-sixties, and to them Damian offers one hope for a renewal of radical politics. B. Kwaku Duren, a former Panther who did time in prison and is now a lawyer and deeply involved in the Free the L.A. 4 Defense Committee, says that like-minded inmates have been nurturing Damian's "growth" in prison. "In fact, I know a brother who is a prison organizer—he's been in prison now for a while—who has communicated to me that he has sort of taken Damian under his wing," Duren says. Damian says that he has read "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" in jail, and he conspicuously brought the book to court with him one day. At the end of the hearing during which the judge denied the motion to dismiss the case, Damian stood up, faced the courtroom, and said, "Free the L.A. 4!"

"It's like the young Malcolm X all over again," says Clark Kissinger, a radical-sixties veteran, who leads a group, called Refuse & Resist, that is strenuously trying to cast the riot as a political rebellion and Damian as one of its heroes. But Damian is clearly torn. In an interview from prison, he said that his main hope is to get out, and to start life over on the straight. "I was playin' ball until I got put into this situation," he said. "But that's what I intend to do, you know—go back out there and go back to school and see can I make a career for myself. Those are the two things: educating myself, and looking for the future, for a solid foundation."

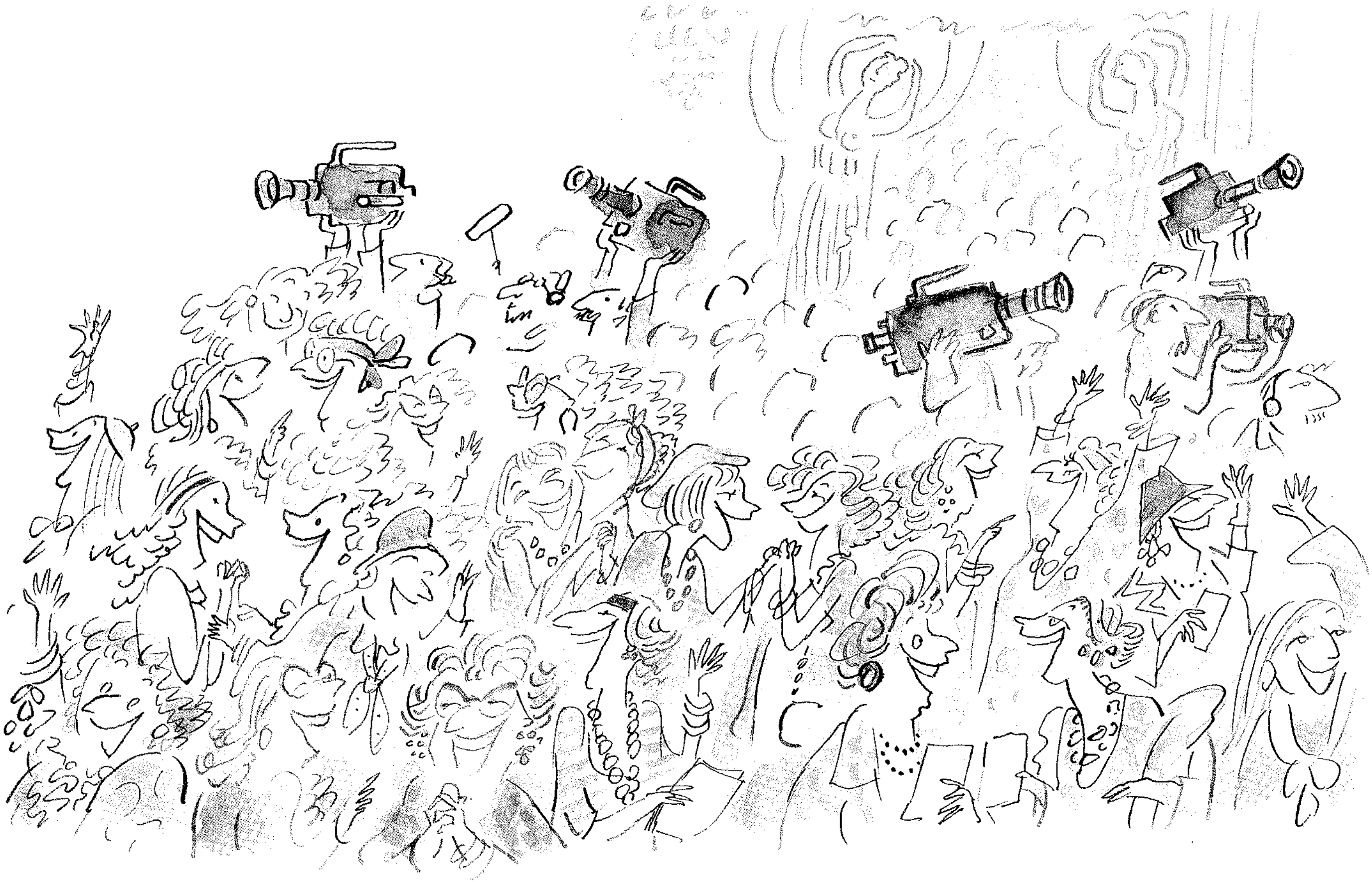
The Peter J. Pitchess Honor Ranch is situated in a distant corner of Los Angeles County, an area that Damian Williams, but for his current troubles, would likely never have encountered. It is a place of neatly ordered, dry-baked communities, exurban havens at the edge of the desert whose residents endure the hour-plus commute to the city as the price for being able to escape from it each night. In one of those communities, very near to where Damian is being held, Reginald Denny is at home, recovering from his injuries, and he, too, is undergoing a kind of inner transformation. Before that day when a shortcut off the freeway brought him into Damian Williams' world, Denny had not much followed the Rodney King case and did not know that a verdict was due; being oblivious to the dramas of Los Angeles is part of the point of living on the other end of the long commute. A divorced father, Denny worked hard, spent time with his nine-year-old daughter, and indulged a passion for drag-boat racing. "He has very little contact with black people," says Johnnie Cochran, Denny's lawyer. "He lives way out there, and he doesn't even see black people most days, until he comes to work." Now, urged by Cochran, Denny is trying to develop empathy with the people who rioted last spring, even with those who pulled him out of his truck and nearly killed him. Denny says he seeks no vengeance—he is trying to understand the "oppression" that must have led his attackers to act. It is a useful evolution: Denny's lawsuit against the city has made him an unexpected ally of the very community whose anger nearly took his life. But it is plain that his new understanding is not complete. On some level his response to the beating is the same one that most viewers of that vivid videotape felt: the injustice of an innocent's brutalization at the hands of a mob. That his accused attackers have themselves inspired a call for justice, a cause christened the L.A. 4, puzzles him. "I am not a political person," he says, "and I do not understand the cause." ♦

ARTIST AT LARGE BY J. J. SEMPÉ

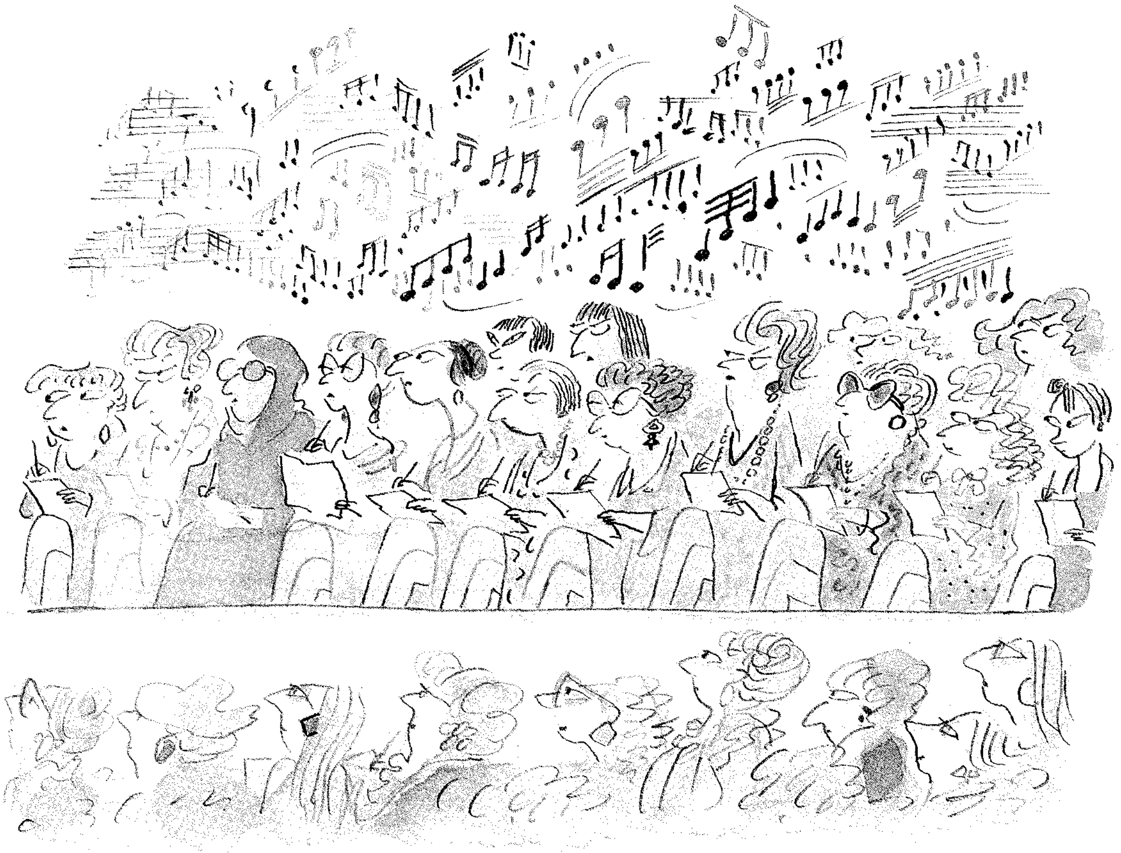
HAUTE COUTURE



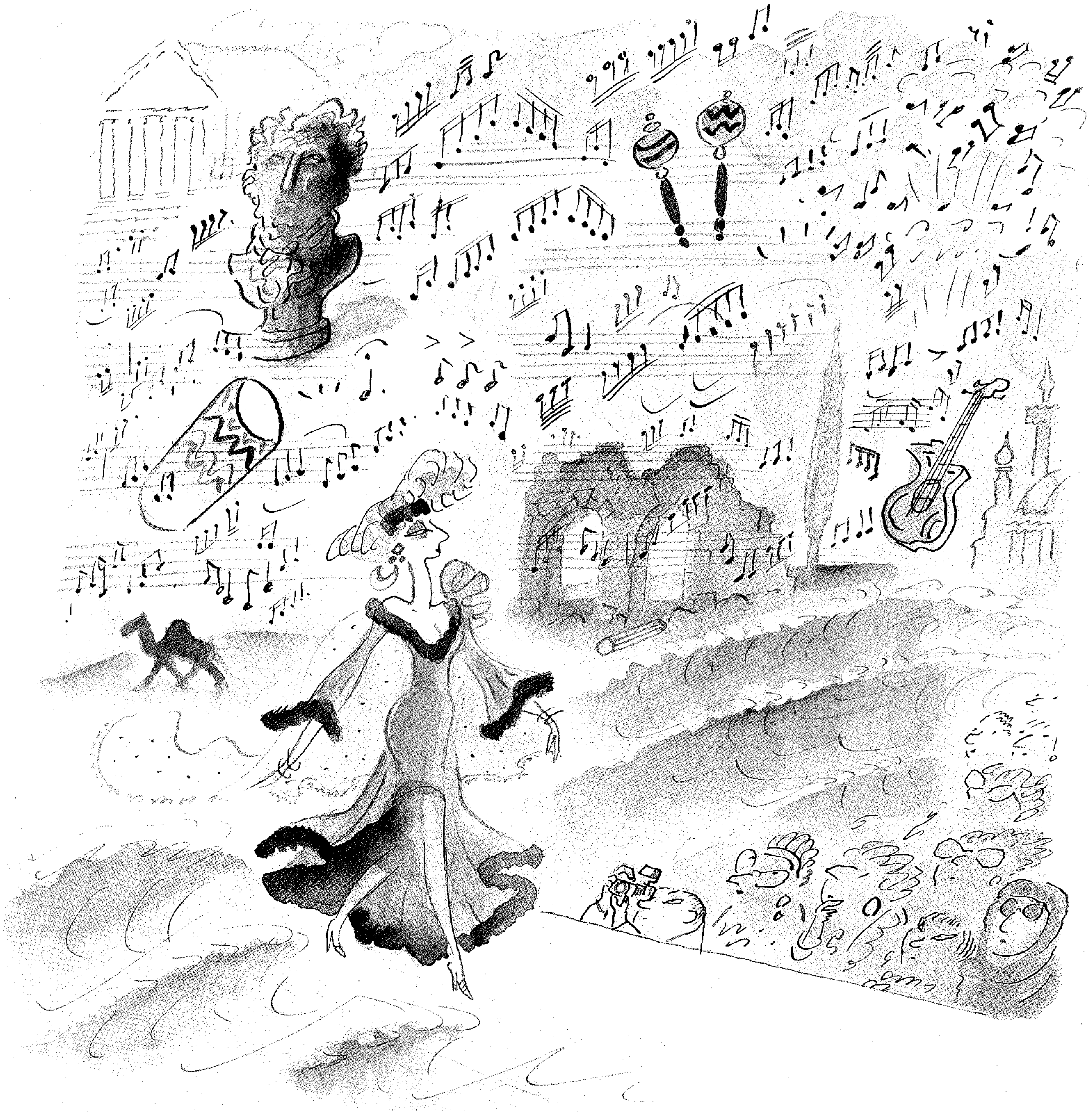
After Florence and I broke up, my friend Patricia tried to perk up my spirits by inviting me to a show of haute couture. "This will help you understand where women today are coming from," she said. "And don't wear your usual dumb suit—you'll stand out like a sore thumb."



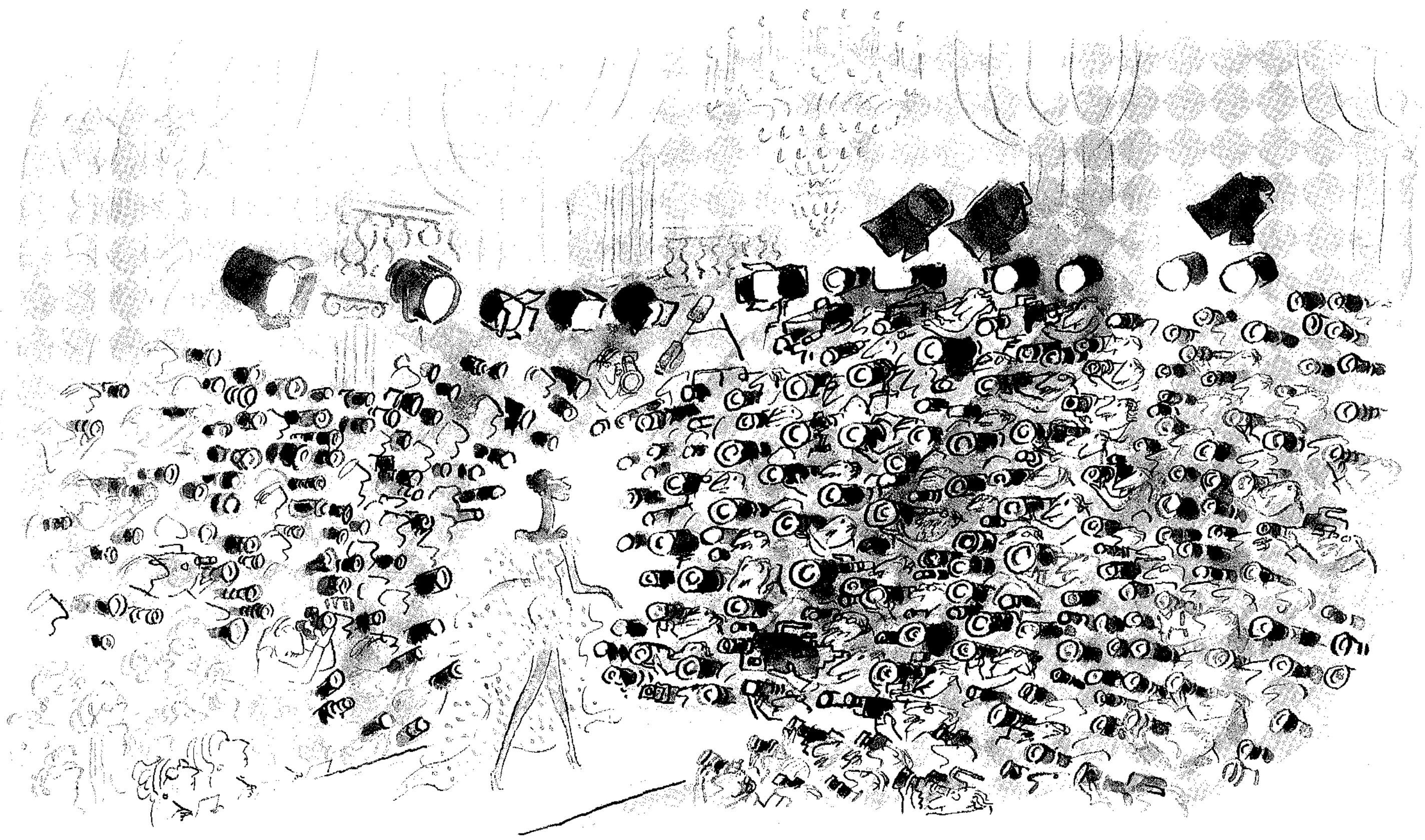
I noticed that, no matter where these women had come from, they greeted each other with great warmth, sincerity, and enthusiasm.



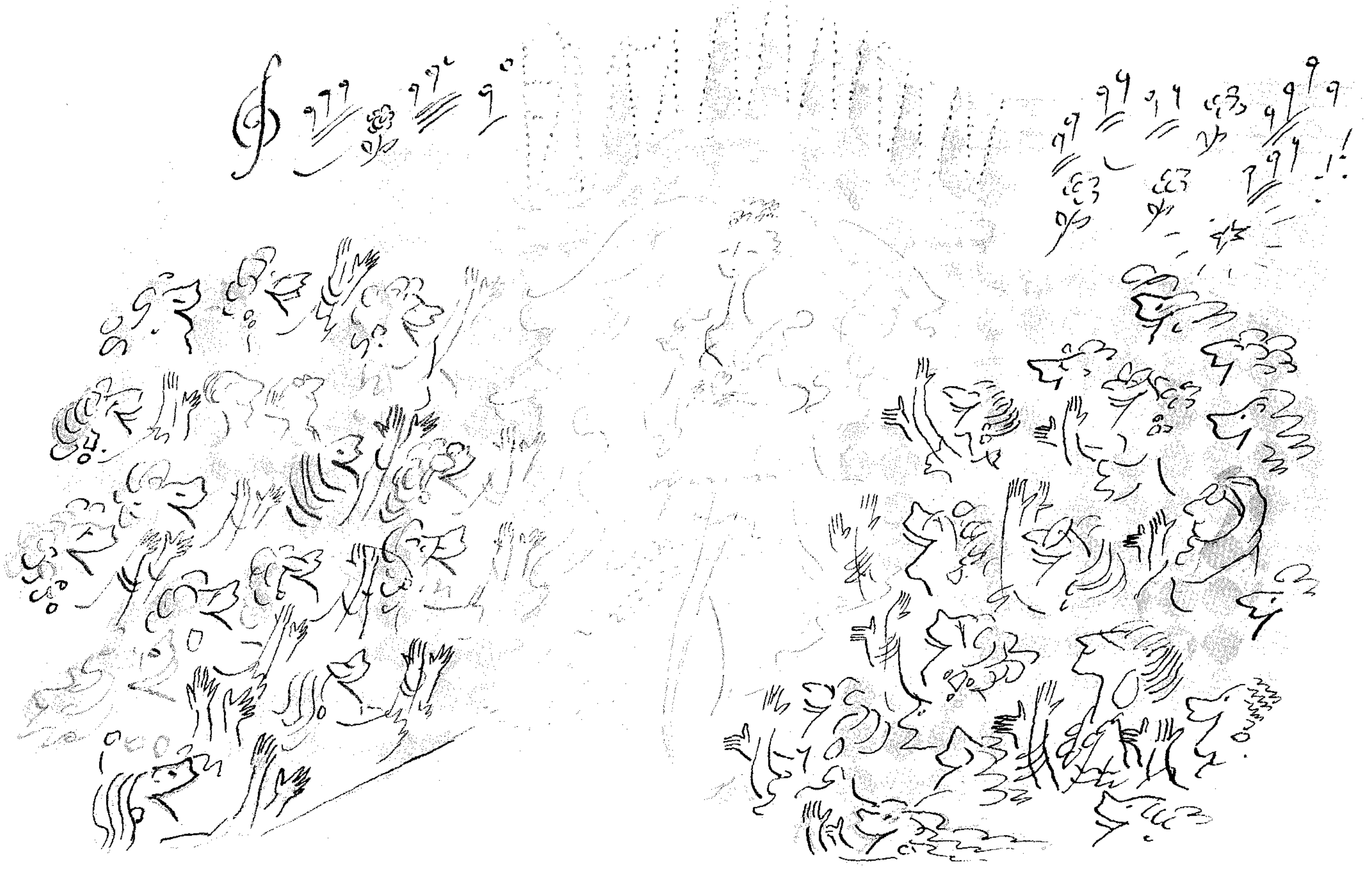
Suddenly, music overwhelmed their animated conversation. They all scrambled for seats, and a certain tension filled the air.



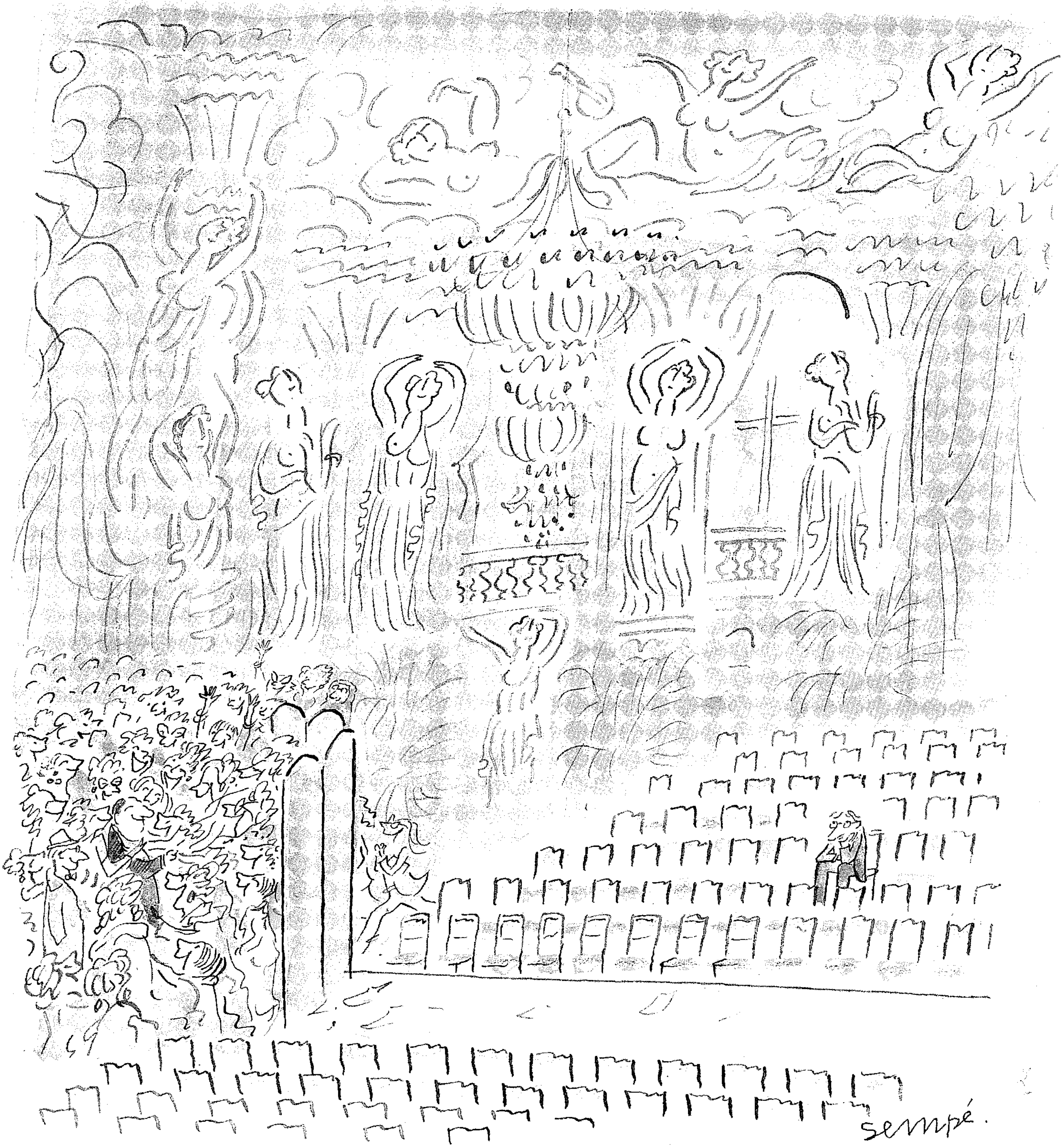
As the models appeared, the music swung wildly from light classical fantasy to the most passionate and insistent rock. I asked Patricia to explain the connection between the music and the dresses, but she told me firmly, "Just relax and enjoy it."
I didn't really relax, but gradually the shifting rhythms of the music, the hypnotic style of the models, the swirl of fabric and colors drew me into the whirlwind of excitement that seemed to transport everyone. Everyone except the photographers, of course.



I felt a need to protect the models from such aggressive voyeurism. I whispered this to Patricia, but she just laughed. "Protect them? They make more in a week than you make in a year."



Suddenly, the fashion parade ended, with the showing of what seemed to me an unnecessarily transparent and provocative wedding dress. Far from sharing my sense of shock, the audience leaped to their feet in enthusiasm.



I tried to express my feelings to Patricia, who was rushing off to congratulate the designer. She looked at me sadly. "I'm afraid Florence was right about you," she said. "You will never understand women."

FICTION

THE SINGING PUMPKINS

BY EDWARD ALLEN

GEORGE was sitting with *Life* magazine opened to a page that showed Senator Barry Goldwater's face lit from below in the manner of kids in a tent trying to scare each other with flashlights. The sun had gone behind a cloud; he had read all his comic books twice; the foot traffic between the dining room and the front hall had receded for the moment to the far ends of George's grandmother's house—when the living room brightened, and George looked up from his magazine to see that his grandmother had burst into flames.

He sat there, staring into a pattern of light as yellow as the fire he would have drawn with a crayon, if he had not outgrown crayons a year or two before. The fancy quartz-weighted cigarette lighters that his grandmother had been filling stood beside her on the table.

He stared and stared. The time moved so slowly that already he seemed to be remembering this moment from years in the future, the way he would remember all the other moments in and near this over-insulated house—the icy wisps of vapor that a carton of Sealtest ice cream gave off when it was lifted out of the deep freeze, the virginal white gloss of bowling pins when the machine has just set them up, or the moment, best on a weekday, when the car would dip down the long ramp to the amusement park, passing through that freakishly ordinary buffer land that exists wherever normal territory borders on amusement-park territory.

George's grandmother shouted, "*Matilda!*" and bunched the fabric of her dress together. The flames went out. Only after the fire was out and the maid had hurried in and George's mouth closed did he begin to think how strange it was that he was already wondering whether the day's trip to the amusement park would be cancelled or if everybody would agree with him that only a family of cowards would postpone a trip to the amusement park because their grandmother had been on fire for three seconds.

The next few minutes could best be described as the bustle in a house the moment after someone has been harmlessly on fire. The sun came out, shining through a cut-glass punch bowl, throwing spots of light, tricolored like grains of candy corn, across the wallpaper. People came and went around George's grandmother's chair, bringing her various-sized glasses of water, which she placed on the table beside the cigarette lighters.

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Without the location and the date penned on the back of unnaturally dark and green-shifted snapshots, the facts of house and river and magazine become conditional. There is a chance that George remembered everything wrong, that he was reading nothing, that it was actually Easter Sunday and the amusement park was closed for the season.

Perhaps what George was really hoping for that day was that they would get to go bowling. As he sat there, with or without a magazine, his eyes would have already been warmed by the thought of the red-and-white marbling of the undrilled, grapefruit-size duckpin balls. Perhaps this was the day on which he had the yearly argument with his parents, about whether or not people in polite society ever went bowling on Easter Sunday.

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Across the Potomac from the amusement park, you could have crawled up out of the water, into the same riparian thickness of woods as on the Maryland side, and been shot. It is wonderful to think how close the southernmost curve of the roller coaster came to the headquarters of the C.I.A., its location not yet officially acknowledged—just the distance of a shout across the river into a hundred hard-windowed offices. It is wonderful to think how easily the world could have blown up—and if it had, it would have happened there—how that reach of hills and water might have blinked into flame any afternoon, how the families coming down the ramp toward the parking lot might have been daguerreotyped forever against their black windshields, never to reach the park but always to love that tall, white-painted machinery coming into view over the trees.

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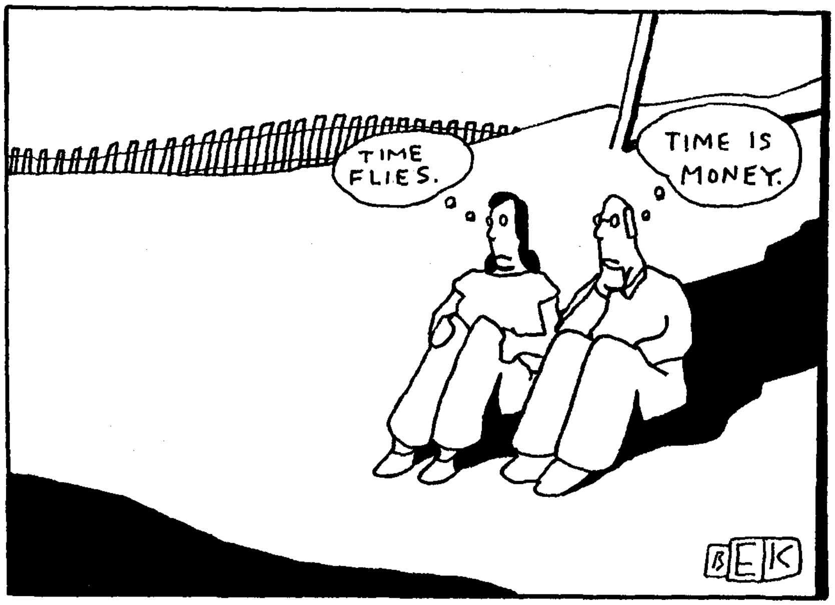
On an afternoon when he hadn't seen the Potomac for years, when he had flown from Denver into the capital for a meeting of the American Association of Private Business Schools, George let a friend from a previous job talk him into going to look at some silk-screen exhibits at what used to be the amusement park—changed now into an art center. They rode the Metro bus north, past the place in Rock Creek Park where the stream ran over the paved road in the only true ford he'd ever seen and his grandparents could actually drive through the water in their Cadillac, and farther north, past the mausoleum where both of them were now shelved aboveground forever.

Graphics galleries had established themselves around the truncated cone that formed the base of what used to be the airplane ride. Tubes of pink light spelled out "PRINTS ETC" and "GLASS DAFFODIL." George's friend Dave stood looking at the paintings while George wandered around outside.

He tried to remember the noise that had once filled this place on a weekday—small steps on the contoured blacktop, the clatter and squeak of machinery, the muffled voices of children who have enough tickets left for several rides—but it got mixed in with something closer to home, the sound of the miniature amusement park that had been installed in his local Megasavers Plus supermarket. There, opposite the family-video department, and not far from the miniature bank and the limited-hours post office, stood a cluster of Nintendo games, a two-seat Ferris wheel, a coin-operated train ride that circled among shocks of corn, and a computer-operated puppet stage. The only kids George had ever seen playing those games were so young that they didn't seem to know whether


TIME FLIES.
TIME IS MONEY.
BEK

their parents had put a quarter in or not, just slammed their hands against the buttons with their mouths open.

On the puppet stage, overlooking the video games, stood the members of "Farmer Joe's Happy Hoedown," which consisted of several life-size mechanical figures: a farmer and his wife with pumpkins for heads, and their helpers, including a hen whose eyeballs could move back and forth behind glamorous eye-lashes, and a donkey with long ears peeking out through holes cut in a straw hat.

When they sang their song, the hinged mouth in Farmer Joe's pumpkin head was supposed to open and close and his helpers were supposed to move around and jiggle their pitchforks while a patch of smiling radishes sprang from the ground and swayed back and forth to the beat of the song, but for months the computer that synchronized the mechanical figures with the music had been down. The store manager had put up a sign that said, "Farmer Joe and his farmhands worked so hard picking delicious Megasavers broccoli last week that they got too tired to move around. We hope you like their show anyway."

So every three minutes the figures would stand motionless and sing their song, which began with a few verses of rap lyrics, complete with a bass rhythm so deep that you couldn't tell if it was coming from the stage or from one of the boom cars that often cruised the parking lot, and this was followed by a chorus so loud that you could hear it all over the store:

Be a Megasavers hero!
You can have a ball,
If you just say no
to drugs and alcohol!

and mothers with their shopping carts would look around to see where all the singing was coming from, and in the model amusement park the kids would slam-slam a little harder on their unresponsive Nintendo buttons.

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Across the walkway from the place where the airplane ride had been, in a building that might have been the same structure that housed the Spook Tunnel, a framed poster in the window showed James Dean hunched over the counter of a diner. A tube of orange light ran along the rim of the counter, stopping at the point where it was blocked by James Dean's elbow. In the building to the north of the James Dean poster, mobiles consisting of a number of stylized wooden owls, finely sanded, flat as gingerbread cookies, now hung from the same ceiling from which toy airplanes had been displayed. This art center was really more of an arts-and-crafts center; George could even smell a whiff of lavender gift soap from a nearby door.

In summer it would still have been full daylight, and the trees would have been too thick for anyone to see up to the main road. Now he could see the lights getting brighter in the new subdivisions that had grown up on the uphill side of the highway. The houses were very nice, but they all faced away from the main road, the way houses turn away from a railroad track, showing rear walls and kitchen vents as faceless as the delivery entrance to a restaurant.

As the lights got brighter around him, George could see that almost every shop in the whole art center had one of those illuminated posters in the window. One showed a tropical mansion towering above a five-car garage in which were visible the rear ends of a Ferrari, a Porsche, a Mercedes, a Corvette, and a BMW, their electric tail-lights glowing red—all this below the legend "JUSTIFICATION FOR HIGHER EDUCATION."

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This is what happens when the world does not blow up, George was thinking. He was thinking and thinking, about whatever occurred to him, because his friend would not come out of the shop, and he didn't want to go inside. This is why you look down a row of houses and everything on both sides of the street looks so dead: because it is dead, because actually everything did blow up, the way we always knew it had to, only it happened in one of those alternate branchings of time that science-fiction writers find convenient.

Maybe the spots where the two branches touch are the places in which fire is most likely to occupy regions of our memory where it does not belong, as in George's recollection of his two cousins in the recreation room, with the lights out, setting their fingers on fire with lighter fluid and making ghost noises. It could not have happened. They had waved their burning fingers in the dark for ten seconds.

It would be nice to think that all inappropriate light comes from the same event, especially around this primary target—where metal halide fixtures blaze on tall poles in the parking lot to protect the people carrying wrapped serigraphs from being murdered outside their Volvos, where the tubes of light in electrical posters have been engineered to make drug dealers feel better about themselves, a place where people can bring their memories with them on the bus and take them away on the bus, however impossible they may be, however unlikely it is that anybody else's grandmother can be remembered to have had the same accident with the same tableful of cigarette lighters. ♦

PROFILE

TWEAKING THE DRAGON'S TAIL

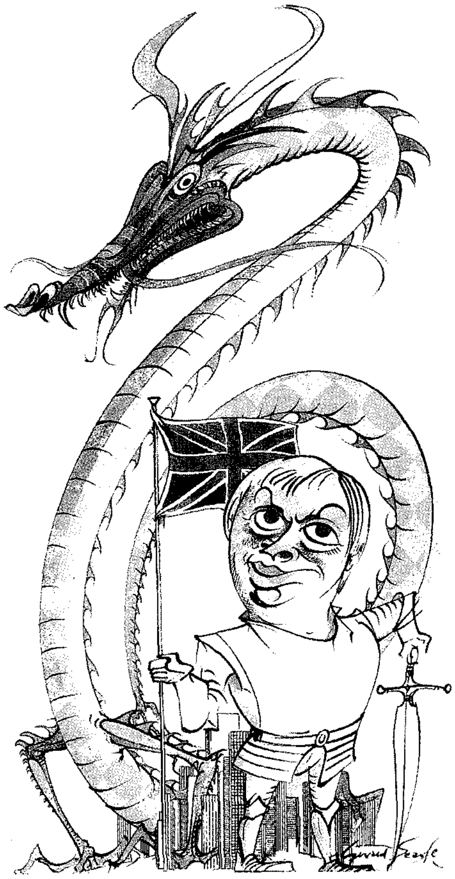
To many British Conservatives, Chris Patten, the new governor of Hong Kong, is the best hope for their party's future. But, in the wake of his recent eleventh-hour bid to save Britain's face in its neglected colony, they are now wondering whether he has made more enemies in Beijing or in Westminster.

BY JOHN NEWHOUSE

AT a time when Britain is full of woe and sees itself as weakly led, Christopher F. Patten—the most gifted politician of his generation, according to most of the Conservative Party hierarchy—has deserted Westminster for Hong Kong. Since last July, Patten has been serving there as governor—as, presumably, the last of Britain's viceregal figures, in the last of its major Crown Colonies. Hong Kong will revert to Chinese sovereignty on July 1, 1997, and Patten says that he will stay on until then. Besides asking just why the hell Patten is thousands of miles from the center of affairs, some of his admirers within Britain's political class also wonder why he has stood traditional Hong Kong policy on its ear and thereby created a huge row with China. A cluster of Britain's senior sinologists accuse Patten of having committed the extreme folly — setting off a firecracker under the dragon's nose. You must look at realities, they say. Hong Kong is a pimple on the bum of a billion people. Never tweak the dragon's tail. There are already two Chinas, and we can't have three. China won't allow it.

Creating a third China is a far cry from what Patten intends. Nor is he trying to make a Western-style democracy of Hong Kong. What he is doing, as he and his numerous supporters in Westminster and Hong Kong would say, is trying to put flesh and bone on the Sino-British Joint Declaration—a covenant agreed to in 1984, which provides that for fifty years after Hong Kong's accession to China the Territory will be allowed to preserve its singularly successful way of running most of its own affairs. China, according to the covenant, agrees to protect the laws of Hong Kong that are currently in force, and also the city's social and economic systems, including private property and ownership of enterprises. The Chinese abjure dismantling Hong Kong's "capitalist system and life-style" during the fifty-year period. "One country, two systems" is the agreed convention between the parties.

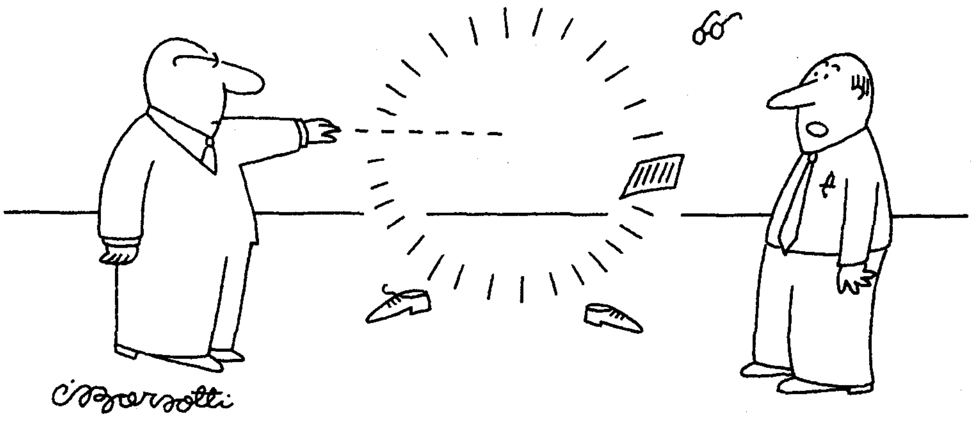
The commotion began last October 7th, when Patten, in a speech before Hong Kong's Legislative Council, outlined his agenda for the Territory during the five years preceding the transfer of sovereignty. "My goal is simply this—to safeguard Hong Kong's way of life," he said. What he then proposed was a measured process that would lead to a pluralistic system based on the rule of law. China's geriatric leadership chose to be outraged. The sheer force of its reaction surprised most China watchers in London and Hong Kong, including Patten. Discordant, and even strongly negative, noises from Beijing had been anticipated, but no one I met had expected to hear Patten and Britain subjected to abusive language of a kind not heard from China since the dark days of the Cultural Revolution, in the late sixties and the early seventies. "Clown" and "immature politician" and self-styled "god of democracy" were among the epithets reserved for Patten. He stood accused of showboating—of taking a strong stand for democracy in Hong Kong so that he could return to Britain wreathed in glory and positioned to take control of the Conservative Party. As for Britain, it had revealed itself as the "two-headed snake" of yore. Britain represented "spiritual pollution," and was using "smokeless warfare." Patten's plan was nothing more than a sneaky, backdoor British attempt to destabilize China by democratizing a corner of the country which other corners would see as a model. And, very possibly, Britain was the agent of an imperialist conspiracy, the alleged threat of which falls easily from the lips of Chinese officials. Finally, Britain was accused of planning to make off with much of Hong Kong's immense wealth before leaving the scene in 1997. The principal vehicle for this shameless deed would be a new airport, which is now a hostage to the quarrel. It is estimated to cost fourteen and a half billion dollars, and would be one of the world's biggest public-works projects; it involves levelling a small island, which would then be linked to the rest of the Territory by a bridge. Hong Kong badly needs a new airport, but China's leaders profess to see the project as a device for siphoning off local resources to British contractors.



Unlike any previous governor, Patten is trying to give Hong Kong a voice in its own affairs which will last beyond 1997.

GERALD SCARFE

With a single speech, Patten created a great piece of political theatre—one that pushed Hong Kong to center stage in world affairs. A clear majority of its people approve; London's loss, they feel, is their gain. Patten is widely popular in



"No fair. You promised you'd downsize by attrition."

• •

Hong Kong in a way that no predecessor could have been, if only because he is a freestanding political eminence, who is calling the shots himself, as distinct from a Whitehall civil servant, who would have to take guidance from London. "Without speaking a word of Chinese, he has established a rapport with people here that none of his predecessors had," W. M. Sulke, a British businessman who has lived in Hong Kong for more than forty years, says. Unlike any previous governor, Patten is trying to give Hong Kong a voice in its own affairs which will last beyond 1997. Although Hong Kong is a highly organized society, not to mention being the world's tenth-largest trading economy, it is the only Crown Colony that Britain has never accorded the option of becoming a self-governing democracy. Most of Patten's supporters in Hong Kong knew that his proposals would bring on some kind of confrontation with China, which, they think, ought to have occurred years earlier. Someone like Patten, they say, should have come much sooner and done what he is doing now. The tantalizing whiff of Westminster that he has given the people of Hong Kong is seen by many of them as unforgivably belated. Britain, they say, has had exactly a hundred and fifty years in which to consider the feelings of Hong Kong, and now seems suddenly in a hurry to prepare the Territory for the future just when it may be too late.

The most gifted politician of his generation went to Hong Kong, it seems, because he had run out of good political options. That, at least, is how Patten himself saw it. In the general election last spring, Patten, in the role of Party chairman, had put together a campaign that kept the Conservatives in power. But the people of Bath, a marginal and largely middle-class constituency, which he had represented since 1979, had grown increasingly estranged from the Government. Many handicappers expected them to reject Patten and try a Liberal, and that is what they did.

Patten then appeared to have three options. The first—favored by many of his friends, including Prime Minister John Major—was to fight an "arranged" by-election for a supposedly safe seat. Nick Scott, a friend of Patten's and the member for London's Chelsea district, was ready to give up his seat and go to the House of Lords, and Chelsea looked safe enough. After winning the by-election, Patten would have entered Major's Government, probably as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then, when Douglas Hurd retired as Foreign Secretary, as he is expected to do before the next election, Patten would have moved on to that job. "I begged him to do it," one friend and confidant says.

Option No. 2 was to go to the House of Lords, and perhaps take on a different Cabinet job—Secretary of State for Defense, possibly.

Option No. 3 was to wait for a safe seat in the House of Commons which had been vacated by death or resignation, as distinct from Option No. 1's contrived vacancy. Meanwhile, Patten would go into the City, London's financial district, and make some money; he and his wife, Lavender, do not have much.

"I had a terrible weekend when all that was being discussed," Patten said when I asked him about the various political options. "I didn't have much doubt it would have been reckless"—an allusion to the treacherous nature of arranged by-elections. British electorates are less predictable than they used to be; they don't like being taken for granted. Having just voted someone in, they may reject an attempt to foist a new face on them. "The electorate has a sense of humor about these things," one of Patten's close political friends says, euphemistically. "Also, there would have been a vicious right-wing campaign against him."

"Suppose we'd lost," Patten continued. "Lavender and the kids had a pretty awful time in Bath. And I didn't want to put them through the rigors and vulgarities of another election. I didn't relish the prospect of transferring my affections from one constituency to another." He then said ruefully, "I wish I didn't feel this way. I love Bath."

To the Pattens, losing the seat was a blow in every sense. "They are both bitter," one friend says. "A constituency relationship is very personal. This was all very nasty. They have moved out of their cottage"—a converted chapel on a hillside, which the Pattens have put on the market.

"Chris didn't want a contrived solution to his problem," another friend says. "Nor did he want to be in limbo for many months"—waiting for some seat to be vacated naturally. "He didn't want to be a high-profile figure and a source of speculation."

And the House of Lords? "I was too young to go there," says Patten, who is forty-eight. One member of the House of Lords—a once senior figure in Conservative Governments—describes the place as "a lot of dead House of Commons people talking their heads off," and says, "He wouldn't want it, and he wouldn't want to go into the City."

"The Hong Kong job was offered within two or three days of the election," a senior Western diplomat who knows Patten well recalls. "Major wanted a politician in Hong Kong"—but not Chris Patten, whom he relied on.

I asked Patten whether it was true that Major had tried talking him out of the Hong Kong job.

"He was prepared to have me come," Patten said. "But he would have preferred me to stay in London."

Only two of Patten's closest political friends—and they are truly close—advised him to go to Hong Kong. "He is a romantic," one of the two said. "And to be offered the last great British imperial job—even if it is a nightmare—is, well . . . And, then, Chris knew how quickly one gets out of the charmed inner circle. I said he'd kick himself forever if he didn't take it. It is the fourth-biggest job within the gift of the Crown." He meant fourth most important, after Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Just about everyone he spoke with wanted him back in the House, resuming his rightful place at the center of our affairs," the other friend, a senior figure in the Government, said. "But he wanted to go to Hong Kong. It is a big job. And he would be his own boss there. It was made clear to him that he would make the policy and that he would be supported."

Patten is seen as the natural leader of his party by an extensive network of M.P.s, journalists, and foreign diplomats. "In leaving, Chris dealt a very serious blow to the Government," a Cabinet figure says. "It was a much more important event than most people realized. He can make a political move comprehensible to the country. We miss that. He is the most effective political operator of his generation. He doesn't make the mistakes that everyone else makes. He has helped me out more than once. My civil servants provided exhaustive statements designed to get me out of one fix. Nobody would have read the stuff. Chris gave me three sentences that solved my problem."

It is uncommon, at the least, to hear senior members of a Government talk about one of their peers in this venerative way, and I said as much to Hugo Young, a friend and political columnist in London. "Chris could say things to Major that no one else could say without being misunderstood or arousing distrust," Young replied. "And he had the vision thing, which none of the rest of them have. He has always had a grasp of gritty detail combined with this broad view of issues. And he has a lot of self-confidence for one who had no reason to have it. He went to a minor Catholic school. There wasn't much money."

Another highly experienced political reporter sees the sequence of events in simple terms. "A job had to be found for the blue-eyed boy of British politics," he said. "The idea was: Get him and his wife out of town. Give him a substantive job as preparation for the larger things that lie ahead."

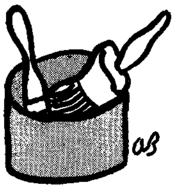
Most of Patten's friends—those I saw, anyway—dispute that view. "He got off the greasy pole," one senior Tory figure says. "A lot of politicians don't understand that."

In Hong Kong, I asked Patten about getting off the greasy pole.

"This job struck me as one of the most interesting and imposing in the world," he said. "Closing the last chapter of British empire, and the huge challenge that was posed. And Hong Kong is an exciting place, with a real buzz. It was quite a leap, but politics isn't the whole of life. There is a lot of life beyond Westminster."

PATTEN has always been a high achiever, but a political career was the furthest thing from his mind while he was at school and then at Oxford. He took no interest in politics. At Balliol College, where he read medieval history, he edited a humor magazine called *Mesopotamia*, which had been started by the founders of *Private Eye*, London's salty and aggressively satirical weekly. But his larger interest then appears to have been the theatre. Each year, the Balliol Players would redo an Aristophanes play and take it on tour. Patten wrote these mock updates of Aristophanes. "We did a lot of smokers," he recalls.

Patten was born on May 12, 1944, in Blackpool, the site of Tory Party Conferences every other year. His father, whose parents had been teachers in Catholic schools, was from Manchester. "They were offspring of famine-Irish immigrants of the nineteenth century," he says of his grandparents. "My father left school, and played the drums in a band. He met my mother when playing at a dance in Exeter. She moved to Blackpool during the worst of the war, when he was stationed in the Middle East." After the war, he says, "the family came to London, because my father went to work in Tin Pan Alley." Recalling a few major moments, he says his father published Guy Mitchell's hit tune "She Wears Red Feathers and a Hooly Hooly Skirt."



"I was brought up in a West London suburb," Patten says. "We were low-to-lower middle class. I can describe these gradations with laserlike accuracy." He recalls that the family moved to "a semidetached house with a small garden" when he was eleven. "I went to a Catholic primary school," he says. "Then I got a scholarship to a local Benedictine school. At age sixteen, I got a scholarship to Balliol. I was a pretty typical scholarship boy. Close family. Altar boy. Captain of cricket. The work never seemed very hard."

Balliol had a lingering cachet, probably deserved, when Patten was there. "I was taught by an astonishing gallery of talent," he said. "They were some of the great medievalists." He reeled off their names, adding that he had met his wife through one of them. "I got alphas on my essays and a gamma on the documents," he recalled. The gamma meant that he was not very good at tracing and interpreting original sources.

Patten's habit of acquiring scholarships didn't stop with Balliol. Upon graduating, in 1965, with a good second-class degree, he received a Coolidge Travelling Scholarship to the United States. The benefactor was William Coolidge, an American alumnus of Balliol, who each year, Patten said, would offer eight just-departed Balliol people a hiatus between the university and their new lives. "We would be taken to the Harvard Coop and fitted out with loafers and other things we didn't know about," Patten recalled. "We'd be given Hertz credit cards and a thousand dollars, and if you ran out of money there would be more."

The last stop on Patten's American tour was New York City, where he met a lawyer named John Wells, who was running a Citizens for Lindsay campaign; John Lindsay was then campaigning for mayor. Through Wells, Patten got a job in the research section of the Lindsay campaign. He returned to London after the election. Much earlier, he had been invited to become a BBC trainee, and had accepted. "But I discovered that I enjoyed politics," Patten said. "I decided against the BBC—a decision that was regarded then as lèse-majesté." Instead, he joined the research department of the Conservative Party, where he spent four years, moving on to a job in the Cabinet Office in 1970. Two years later, he became private secretary to Peter (now Lord) Carrington, who was the Party chairman at the time.

In 1974, Patten went back to the research department as the director. "I survived the peasants' revolt that overthrew Ted Heath," he says, referring to Margaret Thatcher's successful takeover of the Party. "Survival" is not a bad characterization of what befell Patten. He was never "one of us"—the term used by Mrs. Thatcher and "fellow-revolutionaries" (also her term) to distinguish themselves from mainstream members of their party. Patten had been judged the rising star of the traditional—and then dominant—wing of the party of Disraeli. Normally, the head of the research department has a pivotal role, operating, really, as the secretary of the Shadow Cabinet. But Mrs. Thatcher scaled down the research department by shifting it into the Central Office—the Party political operation—and giving it a mainly speechwriting function. "Chris protested, and then went into outer darkness," one of his friends and Tory contemporaries says.

Friends say that Patten, after being publicly critical of Mrs. Thatcher, worked his passage back into the mainstream—the new mainstream—by writing high-quality speeches, especially speeches for her, and most especially her Party Conference speeches. "He was the most elegant speechwriter of his generation"—again that superlative—"in either party," one of his friends says. Another friend says, "It was painfully apparent that the people on the right were no good. And Chris persuaded himself that aspects of Thatcherism were good."

Summarizing his experience with Mrs. Thatcher, Patten said, "We always had a brisk relationship. She never held our differences against me. It's untrue that she doesn't brook dissent." And did he write his way into her favor? "I'm not a bad speechwriter," he replied. "I wrote for her in the nineteen-seventies, and then there was a hiatus when I was not on my best behavior."

Mrs. Thatcher strongly approves of the line that Patten has taken in Hong Kong, but her partisans of the Tory right wing regard him as a traitor, for reasons closer to home. In November of 1990, the time of the successful anti-Thatcher coup, Patten, who was then Environment Secretary, and Kenneth Clarke, who is now the Home Secretary, were the two Cabinet figures who told her that it was over and she would have to go. Patten says now, "Ken Clarke, I think, and I thought that after the first ballot"—for the leadership—"she would lose. It would be humiliating, and the best thing would be for her to withdraw. I said I'd have great difficulty supporting her on the second ballot. It wasn't an easy conversation. She didn't make it worse. She behaved with dignity."

On Election Night last April, at least four parties were given by Tory political figures, including one by Lord McAlpine, a right-wing member of a family that had made a good deal of money in the construction business. McAlpine had been one of Mrs. Thatcher's financial supporters, and it was his party that she chose to attend, as did a large number of her faithful. When the news of Patten's defeat appeared on a television screen, a loud cheer went up. I asked a politically savvy friend whether he'd been surprised that news of the defeat of the man who had managed the Party's victory was received in that way by some Party members. "No," he said. "Major is hated on the right, because he seems to them to have usurped them. If he had lost his first election as leader after she led the Party to three victories, the right would have felt itself vindicated." And a close friend of Patten's says of the Party's right-wingers, "Even though they hate to lose a seat like Bath, they were not unhappy to see him lose."

Patten's friends within the Party say that he did a remarkable job as chairman. "He spent a third the money and got as big a percentage of the vote as last time," one of them says. "Not bad."

The task was uphill. Patten inherited a Party machine that was deeply in debt and was living well beyond its means. The recession ruled out serious money raising. Staff morale was low, media relations were bad, and the Party was starting to fall behind Labour in the polls. Moreover, the hard right was unhappy to see the Central Office in enemy hands. It was a low-road campaign. A friend of Patten's who isn't in politics says, "In January of 1992, he was telling us that he'd have to do things we would not have thought him capable of." Some of the "things" disconcerted Fleet Street, where Patten had many friends and was highly regarded. A sardonic piece in the *Guardian*, headlined "THE CUDDLY BEAST," asked, "Is he, at heart, still a Thoroughly Decent Chap obliged by the Tory tradition of duty to lower himself to doing a Thoroughly Dirty Job? Is it simply that, faced with a choice between career and conscience, he has quietly jettisoned all that made him seem Thoroughly Decent in the first place?"

The style of the campaign was quickly forgotten. Major was swept in with a twenty-one-seat majority, but Patten, of course, was jobless. His relationship with Major was complicated. The two were reputed to be friends, but they were political, not social, friends. Major had tied together their political fortunes by making Patten the Party chairman—a job he could not refuse. In a sense, Patten had constituted a threat to Major. They had

MYRTLE

How funny your name would be
if you could follow it back to where
the first person thought of saying it,
naming himself that, or maybe
some other persons thought of it
and named that person. It would
be like following a river to its source,
which would be impossible. Rivers have no source.
They just automatically appear at a place
where they get wider, and soon a real
river comes along, with fish and debris,
regal as you please, and someone
has already given it a name: St. Benno
(saints are popular for this purpose) or, or
some other name, the name of his
long-lost girlfriend, who comes
at long last to impersonate that river,
on a stage, her voice clanking
like its bed, her clothing of sand
and pasted paper, a piece of real technology,
while all along she is thinking, I can
do what I want to do. But I want to stay here.

—JOHN ASHBERY

entered the House of Commons in the same year—1979—and Patten had always been judged the abler and cleverer of the two, but, because he was clearly not "one of us," his rise on the greasy pole had lagged well behind Major's. Otherwise, his friends maintain, Patten, not John Major, would be Prime Minister. In the brief contest to succeed Mrs. Thatcher as leader, Patten had supported Douglas Hurd, not Major. And some of the others who supported Hurd had done so—in part, at least—because Patten, they knew, would be his Dauphin.

Patten's friends, along with reporters who have covered him, are as consistent in what they say about his personal style as they are in assessing his political strengths. He is deeply read, all of them agree, and intellectually versatile. As a Roman Catholic, he is both *pratiquant* and *croyant*. "He is unobtrusive about it, but it matters," one intimate friend says.

Friends say that Patten, like Edmund Burke, believes that a political figure should have a distinct and separate private existence. He quotes Lord Hailsham, who said that anyone who puts politics first "is not fit to be called a civilized being, let alone a Christian." On all sides, Patten is described as convivial and entertaining. An old friend says, "He is very funny, and also very social. He likes the glamour. There is a touch of vanity. He has a very low threshold for fools or bores. And he is always popping into bookshops. I've read many novels on his recommendation. He was concerned only two days before leaving that he wouldn't be able to pop into bookshops in Hong Kong."

Patten has still mostly sandy hair falling over his forehead, and while he is not yet rotund he is heading in that direction; he likes to eat, and has acquired a paunch. A piece in *The Economist* said, "If Cupid had grown up with a voracious enthusiasm for Italian cooking he would have ended up looking much like Mr. Patten." He has a wide culture, and is clearly at least as happy when talking about books, pictures, pots—whatever—as he is discussing politics. Lavender, too, has an effortless charm; her style is gentle, but does not conceal a warm and lively intelligence. She is slender, with sensitive features. Patten's political friends appear to be equally fond of her. Lavender, who is also forty-eight, was married once before. In London, she was a barrister, specializing in family law. Unlike her husband, she is currently making a serious effort to learn Cantonese. They have three daughters. The oldest, Kate, who is nineteen, is in her first year at Newcastle University. Laura, who is eighteen, is in London, working as an apprentice cook, and she has just moved into her parents' flat. (She had been living around the corner with Tristan Garel-Jones and his wife, who are in loco parentis. Garel-Jones is a minister in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, and is one of Chris Patten's closest friends.) Alice, aged thirteen, is with the Pattens in Hong Kong, and, in a *Sunday Times* piece that covered their arrival, was aptly described as a "sweet-faced Gainsborough blonde." She, too, is learning Cantonese.

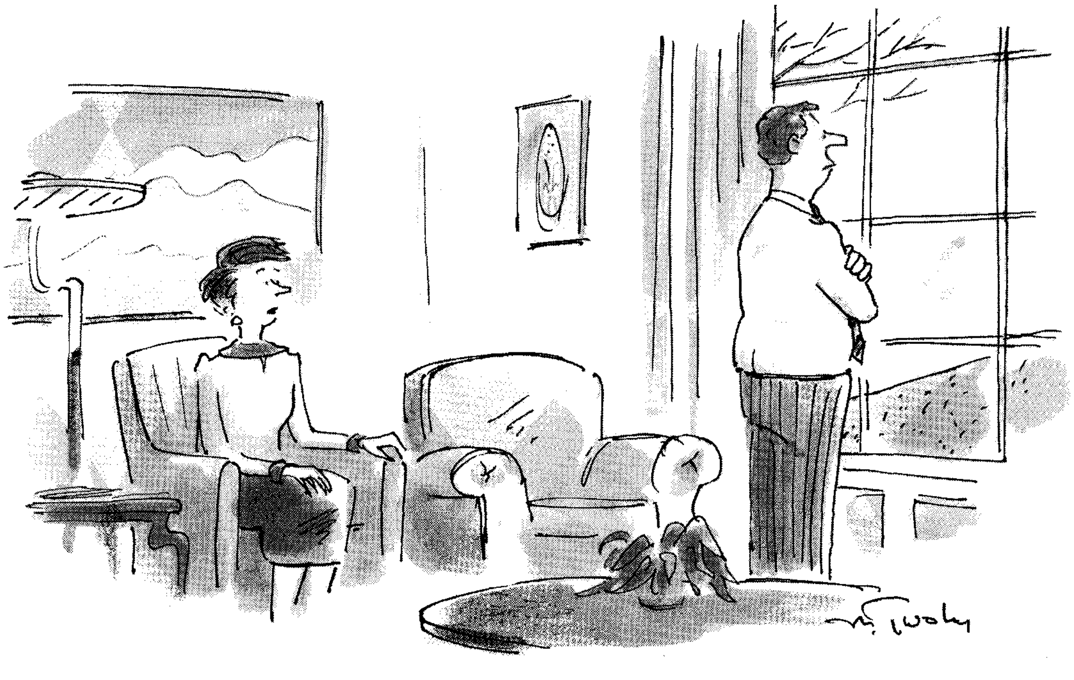
PATTEN'S government experience is curiously modest for one whose status as his party's best potential leader has been taken for granted by so many of his peers for so many years. "Mrs. Thatcher kept him out of office and then dispatched him, in 1983, to Siberia—to Northern Ireland," one of Patten's friends, a senior Tory figure, says. The job—junior minister in the Northern Ireland Office—was a distinctly sub-Cabinet assignment, but Patten was glad to have it and, everyone says, performed with distinction. "I loved it," he says now. "And I became obsessed with Irish poetry and literature." The job also gave him a foretaste of the proconsular role that lay ahead.

Three years later, Patten took another sub-Cabinet job—Minister for Overseas Development at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. He was again seen to have performed with distinction, and he again relished the job, which kindled or strengthened an ambition to become Foreign Secretary. In July of 1989, Patten at last entered Mrs. Thatcher's Cabinet—as Environment Secretary. The job belies its name, for it is "the biggest domestic department," Patten says. "It dealt with housing, water, local government, and environmental protection, which had just then become an issue. I had a rough first year. I had to handle the poll tax"—a Margaret Thatcher initiative. "I was trying to get the government to see how suicidal it was. The poll tax was the most unpopular measure ever introduced in Britain."

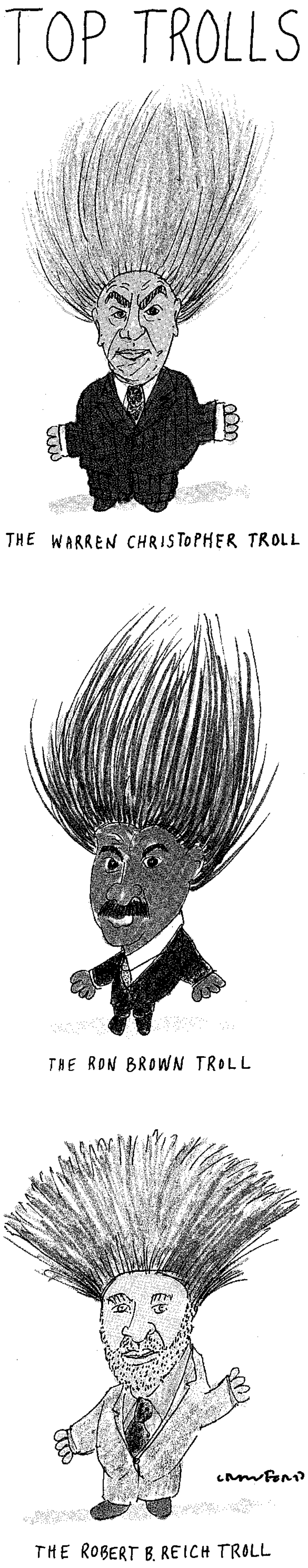
Patten left that job to become Party chairman in November of 1990; he stayed until May of 1992. "John Major asked me to do it, and it's hard to say no," he said. "Winning an election when you are still in a recession is tough. There were some black moments."

I asked Patten whether any of these jobs or the rough and tumble of politics had prepared him for the savaging he experienced from the Chinese.

"The abuse and insults are neither



"I'm sorry if my income is hurtful to you."



here nor there," he replied. "It doesn't compare with going to constituency surgeries"—advice bureaus—"and listening to elderly couples who do not know how to cope. It is different from being in the Cabinet, where there is a collective sense of responsibility. What is different about this job is the loneliness. It is the nature of the job here, and being perched on the edge of China, instead of Pimlico, increases the pressure. It is also dealing with such massive and brute irrationality, which may go on remorselessly."

Patten's departure for Hong Kong, in July, was preceded by speculation about whether he would arrive in full official fig, including the plumed pith helmet that his predecessors had worn on ceremonial occasions. He didn't. Predictably, he launched himself into what in Britain would be called constituency politics. In a farewell press conference, he was careful to give the first question to a Hong Kong journalist. And on reaching Hong Kong he summoned a line from "As You Like It" when he was asked how he felt about being parachuted from Westminster to this faraway place: "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Patten began wandering the streets, shaking hands and chatting up people who spoke some English. "A little retail therapy," he calls it. He was an instant hit, becoming quickly and affectionately known as Fei Pang, or Roly-Poly. Patten already knew Hong Kong a bit; he liked it, and that showed. Around the time of his celebrated proposals to the Legislative Council, he started going to town meetings in various parts of the colony and has continued to do so. Each meeting is attended by from eight hundred to fifteen hundred people, and may last as long as an hour and a half. (An interpreter translates Patten's comments into Cantonese.) He also appears frequently on television. One of his televised Q. & A.s lasted two hours, and though it ended at 11:30 P.M., it was watched by two million people in Hong Kong and ten million more in the neighboring Chinese province of Kwangtung. (The potential audience there is about thirty million.) Patten has for some months now been a household name in South China. Shortly after his October 7th speech to the Legislative Council, Hong Kong's leading English-language newspaper, the *South China Morning Post*, made a telephone survey of people in Kwangtung Province; the result of this unscientific sampling gave Patten a name recognition of ninety-seven per cent, compared with sixty-seven per cent for the governor of the province. And, in a head-to-head popularity contest, he came within two percentage points of the mayor of Shenzhen—a boomtown just across the border. Unlike his predecessors, Patten sees the local press regularly. Unlike most of them, he dines out frequently in restaurants. And he still manages to pop into bookshops and galleries.

Hong Kong, as Patten says, does have "a buzz." There is a sense of one huge, well-oiled, highly efficient machine built around the tireless industry of six million people, nearly all of them Chinese. Many of the six million are convinced that with just a little political luck Hong Kong can and will become the commercial and financial center of the world in the next century. Already, they say, Hong Kong has more cellular phones and car faxes per capita than anywhere else. There is six-per-cent annual growth, and unemployment rarely gets above one and a half per cent. The zing in the air is matched by the opulence. There are more Rolls-Royces and Mercedes-Benzes per capita in Hong Kong than anywhere else in the world, including Britain and Germany. Hong Kong consumes more cognac per person than is consumed anywhere else. A senior civil servant in the Hong Kong Government told me that he is paid much more than his British and American counterparts. (As governor, Patten receives an annual salary of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, tax free.)

China depends heavily on Hong Kong's dynamism and its role as a major trading economy. About eighty per cent of China's exports are either sold in Hong Kong or shipped elsewhere from the city's container terminals. Two-thirds of all foreign investment in China comes from Hong Kong. The border between Hong Kong and South China is becoming all but indistinguishable. "The journey from the border of Hong Kong to Canton is now like going through a gigantic building site," a member of the House of Lords commented last December. Over the past few years, Hong Kong entrepreneurs have created more than three million jobs in Kwangtung Province. Fifty thousand Hong Kong businesspeople spend most of the week in Kwangtung, managing enterprises that their companies have created. Opinion divides over how China will react if some approximation of what Patten has proposed is adopted by the Legislative Council. Optimists guess that in the end China will decide against interfering with Hong Kong's freewheeling way of life, partly because the place is too valuable to risk altering.

The massacre in Beijing's Tiananmen Square in June of 1989 turned world opinion sharply against China. But the events there also produced a vast change in China's attitude toward Hong Kong, a society that until then had impressed Chinese leaders as apolitical—as being concerned only with the process of accumulating wealth. Beijing was stunned to see political elements in Hong Kong sending large sums of money and supplies, including tents, to dissidents in Tiananmen Square. And after the carnage a million Hong Kong citizens demonstrated in the streets, with banners denouncing China's leaders. Hong Kong's behavior enraged and alarmed China's leadership, which saw it as a threat to the regime. Beijing ceased taking Hong Kong's politics for granted.

Tiananmen Square helped to politicize Hong Kong, and caused it to fear the future. Many people left. Britain fell under heavy pressure to restore confidence in this last and most successful of its colonies. The new airport—until then an on-and-off project—would be, it seemed, a long step in the right direction. In October of 1989, Britain, which had already reacted to Tiananmen Square by denouncing China and imposing political and economic sanctions, announced that the mammoth project would go forward. China's mood was angry and defiant; its leaders were not disposed to coöperate on matters affecting Hong Kong's future. Half of the funding for the airport would involve private money, and banks were unlikely to help without China's blessing, which was essential in any case, since the project could well outlast Britain's sovereign mandate in Hong Kong.

David Wilson, Patten's predecessor as governor, tried and failed to enlist China's acquiescence. Douglas Hurd went to Beijing for the same purpose, and he, too, failed. Then, in June of 1991, Percy Cradock, a sinologist who operated at No. 10 Downing Street as Britain's intelligence coördinator—“the mandarins' mandarin,” he was sometimes called—travelled secretly to Beijing, where he was thought to be well regarded by China's leaders. They warned Cradock that big trouble would follow any unilateral British move on Hong Kong; China, he was told, would react by creating its own system for managing the Territory. Cradock did get a green light on the airport, but only in return for agreeing to a visit to Beijing by John Major. No Western leader had visited China since Tiananmen Square; Major would be the first. The Chinese were put on notice that Major would raise the issue of human rights, but they drew the impression that the issue would remain strictly between Major and his hosts. A memorandum of understanding on the airport had been worked out, and China signed it during the visit.

Major, it seems, didn't learn until he arrived in Beijing, in September, that he was scheduled to review an honor guard of the People's Liberation Army on the bloodstained stones of Tiananmen Square. He blew up, according to one Western ambassador in Hong Kong, and went directly there from Beijing. If only to avoid “taking a lot of stick” in London on the visit, he and his aides then gave the press a background briefing on his human-rights initiative. Also, that evening in Hong Kong some of Major's people told members of the British press that David Wilson would be sacked as governor. Wilson was well liked in Hong Kong, and many well-informed people there felt that he was being made a scapegoat. Cradock, they say, bore the larger part of the responsibility for Major's chagrin. In any case, Major is judged to have decided then and there to break with precedent and put a politician into Government House. Wilson was given a peerage.

For China, the airport became a device with which to embarrass the two-headed snake. And some sinologists see the Chinese as determined to “sell this horse” at least twice before ever giving in. They began reneging on the memorandum of understanding within months of signing it, and the airport remains in what some call “the sandbox stage.” Patten has lowered its profile so as to diminish Chinese leverage, and has gone as far as to indicate that he doesn't care when it is built. “Diplomats made a hash of this,” one senior and closely involved British official says. “You do not send the Prime Minister—the first Western leader to go to China post-Tiananmen Square—to bargain for just an airport. Sod the airport. It was an appalling effort. The problem is that from six to ten people have made Hong Kong policy for a long time. Part of what is at stake is their reputation. Why didn't we think more about the consequences for Hong Kong of the deals we made? Or did we think that the big game was Britain and China, not the six million souls in Hong Kong? Some of those same people in London think there is too much democracy in Britain.”

John Major “made the best fist of a bad hand,” Patten says of the Prime Minister's visit to Beijing. “He looked as if he had snatched honor from a deeply disagreeable situation.” And what about Major's wanting a politician as governor? “A number of political decisions had to be made,” Patten said. “There was a feeling that the last person should be someone who kept the lights on rather than turning them off.”

MAJOR wanted a new approach—one that would allay sentiment within Parliament and the press that Britain's China policy in recent years had amounted to a procession of kowtows. Patten had a free hand in devising such an approach, and he worked it out last summer, after arriving. He knew that he would have London's support. “Patten is trying to get away from secret diplomacy and elegant sellouts,” says a senior Western diplomat and sinologist in Hong Kong who fully supports him. “He wants to give Hong Kong's people a chance to express themselves. It is a battle of styles right now—his versus China's.”

Patten had to be careful. In whatever he proposed, he had first to avoid flouting the covenant—the Joint Declaration of 1984—and also the so-called Basic Law, a constitution for Hong Kong in the post-1997 period which China cobbled together three years ago, after Tiananmen Square. In drafting this document, the Chinese filled various lacunae in the Joint Declaration with provisions designed to narrow Hong Kong's field of maneuver down the road. In turn, Patten exploited ambiguities and lacunae in the Basic Law to broaden the Territory's field of maneuver after the transfer of sovereignty. In accomplishing that, however, he took pains to avoid two measures that would surely have summoned China's full and relentless fury. The first involved elections. The covenant provided that of the Legislative Council's sixty members eighteen could be directly elected, and that in 1995 this number could be increased to twenty. (The other members are appointed.) Political activists in Hong Kong wanted Patten to propose legislation that would significantly enlarge the number of directly elected seats. In deference to China, he hasn't done so. The leading activist is Martin Lee, who trained for the law in London's Lincoln's Inn. In 1991, when Hong Kong had its first popular vote, Lee's party, the United Democrats, won twelve of the eighteen directly elected seats, though it had presented only fourteen candidates. Lee is well regarded in Hong Kong, but he is loathed and deplored by China's leaders, who rightly consider him to have directed Hong Kong's high-intensity support for the martyrs of Tiananmen Square. As the leader of the Legislative Council's largest bloc of members, Lee could reasonably have expected Patten to place him on the Executive Council, the Governor's quasi-Cabinet. In the past, some members of the Legislative Council had also served on the Executive Council. But Patten, in order to sidetrack the issue of a Martin Lee appointment, ruled that henceforth Legislative Council members would not sit on the Executive Council. Here, again, Patten was avoiding a large trap.

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The one trap that he didn't—perhaps couldn't—avoid was consulting or not consulting China before going public with the proposals of October 7th. China had grown accustomed to advance consultation on matters affecting Hong Kong. Patten faced a no-win proposition: consultation would have invited a veto; no consultation invited a violent reaction. Patten decided against consultation. "It was not a mistake," he says. "They'd have said, 'You can't do it.' I'd have said, 'You can't have a veto over what Britain does.' Then they'd have said, 'We told the chap to his face.' We can't give them a veto on everything we do in Hong Kong. These were just proposals."

Douglas Hurd did tell Qian Qichen, China's Foreign Minister, about the proposals on September 25th, when the two were in New York for the opening of the United Nations General Assembly. Hurd stressed that the proposals were not cut-and-dried decisions. Qian Qichen didn't respond.

Patten's speech of October 7th covered a lot of ground, but the quarrel with China arose from just two of the steps he proposed. The first involved an odd, rather anachronistic political stew known as functional constituencies. It is, or was, a device for helping various élites—especially business groups—to extend their influence over Hong Kong's affairs by being allowed to choose twenty-one members of the Legislative Council. Patten's proposal is to add nine new constituencies but to throw open the selection process in all of them to the lower orders—in effect, to democratize them. This would mean that a Legislative Council member who represented a given industry, or profession, could be an ordinary worker, instead of a big boss, as in the past. Approval of this proposal would mean that by 1995 a large majority of the Council's members would be chosen by a democratic process—either by direct election or by fully enfranchised guilds, which is to say, the reformed constituencies.

For the Chinese, Patten's other unspeakable trick involved procedure. Their Basic Law provides for direct election of the entire Legislative Council as an "ultimate aim," without proposing any kind of electoral system; it does mention an election committee but is silent on how to form it. Patten filled this void by proposing that a committee of directly elected officials choose ten of the Council members.

Patten's bold initiative seemed to leave him and Britain on the high ground. His proposals were seen in most places as moderate, sensible, and, on their face, unremarkable. They do fit within the four corners of the Joint Declaration and the Basic Law, if barely. And, as Patten often says, they *are* just proposals. If the Chinese don't like them, they can make counterproposals. Finally, as Patten also says, it is up to the Legislative Council to approve, amend, or disapprove the proposals; he will be only as brave as Hong Kong wants him to be.

Britain has not had a claim to the high ground since 1842, when it wrested control of Hong Kong in wars caused by the trade in opium and then imposed the drug on China, the loser. "I felt guilty about not giving the people of Hong Kong more freedom," a senior British official says. "In retrospect, that was a mistake. The mark of British rule is much clearer in other colonies. In language, cultural attributes, and ways of thought, Hong Kong has remained a Chinese city within a British administration. It is a very un-British place."

Hong Kong is quite different from such former British colonies as India, Rhodesia, and Kenya. There were never many settlers—people who came to stay and, in the bargain, spread British culture. By and large, people instead came to make their fortunes and leave. Britain has no special emotional attachment to Hong Kong; rather, it has what one Whitehall figure calls "a lot of subsurface guilt." And, he adds, "If things went wrong and the handover became a shambles, Hong Kong could become an issue like the Falklands. People would see it as the plucky little colony that, under British guidance, became a wonder of the world, and here we were turning it over to Commie tyranny. Ministers have to keep all that in the back of their minds. We needed a politician in Hong Kong because it's a different and more political situation now."

In London, officials and many diplomats see the Patten initiative as putting Britain in a kind of heads-we-win, tails-you-lose position. If China rejects proposals that fall within the contours of the basic documents and then doesn't make reasonable counterproposals, who is to blame? China is trying to shift the blame, but it won't work, the British say. If Hong Kong can't be a democratic place, it isn't our fault. It's theirs. And a member of the Cabinet says, "We must be seen to have tried." Patten, too, wins even if he loses, according to this thinking: he will simply have proposed more democracy than the people of Hong Kong felt capable of accepting.

Some skeptics agree that Patten may have spared Britain the appearance of a squalid sellout of its last little spit of empire, even if he did arrive at the eleventh hour. They do not agree that Patten himself wins if he loses. "Patten is the first Prime Minister we've had," people in Hong Kong say. But a defeat of his proposals in the Legislative Council could be seen as a vote of no confidence; and if Patten stayed on after the event, as he has said he would, he might be seen no longer as a Prime Minister but, rather, as a lame-duck viceroy—one who was saddled with the joyless task of presiding over a society growing increasingly tense and nervous as the date for changing sovereigns got closer. Patten just might confront a dilemma. China wants him gone, whatever happens. If he did decide against squandering his time and his political career by staying on as a lame duck, his return home would be seen throughout Asia as a humiliating defeat for Britain. Patten has a lot to think about.

"Cézanne is as goofy as I like to get."

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PATTEN drew blood in London and Hong Kong as well as in Beijing. His proposals created a strange polarity in Westminster and some of the Tory clubs, with old China hands alarmed and others, including younger China hands, distinctly cheered up by what he had done. The debate is curiously generational. The Chinese are no different from other people—no tougher—say the Patten supporters, who see mandarin sinologists of a certain vintage as having performed one kowtow after another. "Pusillanimous" is how a London *Times* editorial described the sinologists last November. The old hands either are openly angry and hostile, as in the case of Percy Cradock, or, in other cases, are merely indicating concern while trying not to rock Patten's boat or make matters worse by giving comfort to the Chinese, who have tried hard to drive a wedge between him and his Government. And then there are numerous members of the political class who do not really know what to think. They include former ministers—people rich in honors and experience—who like what Patten stands for but wonder whether it isn't all rather quixotic and too late in the day. They worry that the people of Hong Kong are being forced to choose between their present and future masters.

It was Sir Percy Cradock who reacted most harshly to Patten, and in the most surprising way. He took personally the "pusillanimous" leader, since the offending passage did refer to the failures of the "former architects of China policy." Several days later, on December 1st, a letter from Sir Percy appeared in the *Times*. It came down heavily on the Patten plan. "The Chinese have said that if the proposals are implemented they will dismantle the present legislature and set up their own in 1997," he wrote. "The result will be a more repressive system. . . . If we are sure they are bluffing, all well and good. If we believe, as I do, that they are serious, that is a different matter."

The following evening, on "BBC Newsnight," Cradock cited the Cultural Revolution and warned that not taking the Chinese seriously would be "fatal." Whitehall and Westminster were shocked to find this former chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee not only going public but also, as many saw it, planting a knife in the back of the Prime Minister, whom he had served until the previous June, when he retired. A quiet fury was felt within the Government and parts of the Foreign Office. The battle lines were clear.

"Patten's plan is total illusion," one of the hard-line critics said. "It is unforgivable—an inexcusable self-indulgence. It is one thing to be brave if you don't have to face the consequences, but if someone else pays the price. . . . But it plays well in the House of Commons and the press. We beat our chests. The Prime Minister is loyal to him. But Patten must be made to realize he's made a terrible error. We have to climb down. Otherwise, there will be a state of political siege. Patten is dead for the Chinese. He has reason to have very uneasy nights."

Another retired sinologist worries about a lot of little things that China would interpret as signalling a major shift in British policy. "The Prime Minister received Martin Lee and then saw him to the door of No. 10," he noted. "The Chinese saw this as a mark of approval for which there was no precedent. No Hong Kong Chinese had ever before been bid farewell at the door. And the Government seemed to depart from coded, hallowed terms it has used in connection with Hong Kong, such as 'stability' and 'prosperity.' Instead, the Prime Minister and Patten were talking about 'way of life' and 'essential freedoms.' The Chinese are puzzled, angry, clumsy, and worried. It's a bad mixture."

A bizarre spin was put on the situation last January, when Cradock's name appeared on the New Year's honors list; he'd been made a Privy Councillor. "To the Chinese, who don't understand the honors system anyway, this was incomprehensible," an experienced Whitehall sinologist says.

Martin Lee, a blunt man, says, "The

"He said, 'Hayward, you've given us twenty-seven years of loyal, dedicated service, and I hate to have to let you go.' Then he fell out the window."

best day of my life came when Percy Cradock retired, last June 5th. This Whitehall China clique—they speak excellent Mandarin and profess to know China better than the Chinese, and have consistently appeased them."

One senior Tory—a member of the Government—agrees. "The Whitehall mandarins go native," he says. "They become more Chinese than the Chinese. All their lives are devoted to not upsetting the Chinese, and to getting along with them."

Most of London's anti-Patten bloc seems convinced that if the Legislative Council defies the Chinese they will dismantle it and its works. Patten demurs. "If they don't recognize the Legislative Council, it's like saying they do not recognize the harbor," he says. Patten's critics find him too dismissive of a culture and a system that, they say, he doesn't understand. A few of his supporters share this view.

In Hong Kong, the important opposition to Patten stretches across the big-business sector. This convergence of Hong Kong's capitalist élite with the ideologues of the left in Beijing is striking—the more so since Patten has been drawing heavy support from the middle class and making a strong appeal to the working class. The taipans, as the movers and shakers of Hong Kong's lusty economy are called, chose to become upset when the Chinese got upset; and they blamed Patten for creating the upset. Beijing pressed them to do so, partly by threatening, for a time, to cancel all contracts made before the transfer of power, in 1997. Many, and probably most, of the moguls also saw lurking in Patten-style pluralism the danger of "people power" and, with it, a bigger welfare system, hence higher taxes; welfare has never been a priority concern in Hong Kong. "When you put in the road, you get the traffic" is one of the admonitory comments one hears coming from a worried élite.

In Hong Kong, as in most well-heeled societies, the stock market is usually the first casualty of political nerves. And China's strategy of rattling the business community after Patten's speech did drive the Hong Kong exchange down. However, it didn't stay down; it came back, and resumed a climb. "The business community has a time horizon of about ten minutes," one Western ambassador, an experienced sinologist, says. "Its members are not good at politics. They trust family, and the master, whether it is the old master or the new master," he added, referring to big business's continuing hostility to the Patten plan. "There is also a colonial, Gilbert and Sullivan outlook here. You can't have a system that gives coolies the same franchise I have, they say. What will coolies want next? Beneath the glitter, there is an ugly side here, which is drawn to China."

Recently, I talked for nearly two hours with one of the taipans, a likable man. For much of this time, he paced nervously and chain-smoked. He began by telling me that his group hadn't had "a strong position in China" but was moving toward one. "The Chinese are accelerating city development on their rivers, coasts, and borders," he said. "We are doing our thing on the back of this 'three-along policy,' as they call it." He then raised the political issue. "Taking sides would be diabolical," he said, but added, somewhat contradictorily, "The more Hong Kong helps China, the more we can do business here. We have to demonstrate that. These difficulties irritate me, because we've done so well managing our own affairs. Here we have two sovereigns bickering. The Union Jack is coming down, and that five-star flag is going up. As long as Whitehall and Beijing agree, I don't give a damn what they agree on. I don't care as long as this is resolved fast. We can't plan for the future. No long-run project is possible now. Chase, Barclays, Bear Stearns won't finance it. I can't get seven- and eight-year money. I had no trouble before October 7th."

I played back the last bit of that comment to Patten, who called it "a spectacular exaggeration," adding, "Business-people here were still congratulating me weeks later"—after October 7th. "Th they began saying I was off my trolley."

There are said to be tens of thousands of small-business men in Hong Kong who are operating in China. Many of them are believed to support Patten, and many others are on the fence. The truly big-business men are in most cases not risking much; they can leave any time and remain big-business men elsewhere. Meanwhile, many of them are taking out insurance in China by being supportive in various ways, some of which are unsavory, if traditional. In any case, big business can still borrow whatever it needs for projects that do not involve contracts with the Hong Kong government. Actually, it was never the authorities in Beijing who put in doubt the long-run validity of contracts made before 1997; it was the pro-China press in Hong Kong, which isn't always reliable.

Most of the sinologists within Hong Kong's diplomatic colony seem to support Patten and deplore the attitude of the taipans. His proposals, they think, are carefully measured and strike a sensible balance, offering neither too much nor too little suffrage; an excess of people power would unhinge China, whereas too little would undermine Hong Kong's institutions, not to mention the rule of law, on which business people depend heavily. "The business community doesn't understand where its interests really lie," one diplomat, an experienced Hong Kong watcher, says. "If Ford bought Ferrari, would it send in Ford engineers or leave Ferrari alone?"

I asked Patten about Hong Kong's complaint that Britain had waited too long before trying to take a step in the right direction.

"That argument is a bit of a cop-out," he said. "There is rarely a right time in politics. Letting this problem hang around longer would have made it even less manageable." Then, changing the subject, he said, "Why should we conduct the argument entirely on Chinese terms? They always set the terms of the debate and box you into their agenda."

There was no difference between the private and the public reaction of Chinese leaders to Patten's proposals, as he discovered in a two-day visit to Beijing in late October. On Day 1, he spent seven hours talking to Lu Ping, the director of the Hong Kong and Macao Affairs Office, who is, by most accounts, a low-key and highly cultivated man, said to have been brutalized during the Cultural Revolution. The discussion grew heated at the end of the day, at which point Lu Ping spoke from a prepared text. Dinner that evening was amiable, and included an exchange of gifts. Other officials joined the talks the following day, and the atmosphere worsened. Patten was accused of breaching the Basic Law. He asked his hosts to show him where and how he had broken it, and they replied by saying that they had written it and he had broken it. Patten again asked for details, and received the same reply; the conversation, it seems, got stuck in this iterative, unproductive vein, except in the final session, when Foreign Minister Qian Qichen proposed continuing the discussion in two channels. One was strictly official. The other, in theory unofficial, involved Zhou Nan, the director of the New China News Agency in Hong Kong, who is a supreme ideologue. Shortly thereafter, however, Beijing changed its mind about having any further discussion with Patten. Instead, it would attack him. "Their idea is reflected in an old Chinese saying," a senior Hong Kong civil servant says. "'You kill the chicken to scare the monkey.' They want to isolate Patten from the civil service here."

The Chinese leaders' fury seemed to be genuine. They don't like democracy. They had planned on Hong Kong's being unchanged after 1997 except that its governor would be Chinese. There would be a weak legislature, most of it non-elected. Such democracy as was already in place would be manageable; elections built around a limited franchise are easily fixed. But Patten was proposing to extend the franchise to nearly three million more people.

The Chinese are angry because they tried and failed to pin the blame for the impasse on Britain. And, alas, the world is forgetting Britain's checkered past in Hong Kong, while China, the sovereign-to-be, is being blamed for its shrill opposition to a plan that is widely approved in Hong Kong and beyond. Also, Chinese leaders see a weak British Government that isn't backing down, whereas in the nineteen-eighties a much stronger British regime—one led by the Iron Lady herself—offered far less resistance. Beijing's view is skewed: it chooses to see a Hong Kong that is still run by the Jockey Club and the most venerable of the *hong* (Cantonese for "big company"), like Jardine Matheson, the original opium trader. Beijing must also find the ingenuity of Patten's plan maddening: he bent the covenant to his purposes without, in the strict sense, flouting or mocking it. As for the Basic Law, Patten says, "You can search it in vain for how to organize the functional constituencies." China has been upstaged and thrown off stride—even outmaneuvered—by a newcomer to its and Hong Kong's affairs. In not being consulted in advance by Patten, the Chinese leaders apparently saw themselves as losing face. "The only real point the Chinese have is the absence of consultation," a senior member of the Hong Kong government says. "But doing it the old way wasn't possible in 1992. It wouldn't have worked if he had said to us, 'I cannot discuss it now, but I'm about to engage in secret diplomacy, and I'll let you know what I've done after I've done it.' " Others make the same point: that the two sovereigns can no longer work out a secret deal affecting the people of Hong Kong—not after Tiananmen Square.

In mid-November, China raised the stakes by threatening to scrub the Joint Declaration, the putative guarantee to keep Hong Kong's way of life intact for fifty years. Moreover, the threat was delivered in London by Deputy Prime Minister Zhu Rongji, who is widely regarded as one of the most moderate Chinese leaders. Zhu's warning, or bluff, caused share prices on Hong Kong's Hang Seng Index to fall by two hundred and six points.

Chinese leaders have an array of punitive options: they can turn off Hong Kong's water and deny the Territory the larger part of its food supply; they can cease holding at the border the multitude of their people who want to cross into Hong Kong; they can announce the formation of an alternative government. They will take none of those steps, according to the prevailing view in Hong Kong. "China has never stepped on Hong Kong—not even during the Cultural Revolution, when it was at its most religiously ideological," one of the colony's most respected China watchers says. He and others point out that China wants to avoid a flight of capital from Hong Kong and a resumption of the brain drain that began after the events in Tiananmen Square. Toward the end of last year, Beijing seemed to realize that its abusive and threatening line had backfired: friendly elements in Hong Kong were in some cases turning against China. In early January, Lu Ping attempted to lower the temperature in an interview with a Hong Kong television station. Opinion divides

on whether this was the start of a thaw or was only a lull. Some experts feel that China's leaders need time, because they are scared and confused and haven't worked out what their bottom line is. "We expect the Chinese to slap us down," a member of Hong Kong's government says. "If they can't do it now, they will feel that they'll have a problem with us in 1997. They will have to accept something by May or June or we'll have a big punch-up. For us, there is no going back." Like Patten, China's leaders have a lot to think about.

As in London, opinion in Hong Kong divides sharply on the great and immediate question "What will China do?" Some say that China can't afford not to show its mastery of Hong Kong over the next two years. Otherwise, they say, Hong Kong and its dynamic will swallow China, instead of vice versa. Others, echoing this pessimistic line, make the point less picturesquely: Beijing, they say, sees an untamed Hong Kong as a base of subversion that would contaminate all of China.

Again, as in London, a cautiously optimistic line has more resonance, at least for now. "China will not demolish any system that conforms to the Basic Law, in spite of threats and intimidation," says Martin Lee, who until Patten arrived headed Beijing's list of demons. "China will raise the gate and let the through train go by"—a reference to Hong Kong's political moves over the next two years. "The Chinese are much more pragmatic than people think."

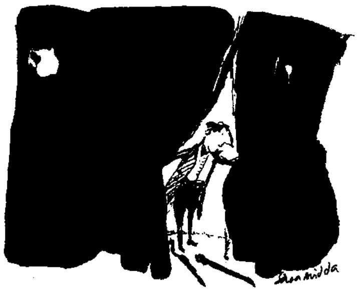
I asked Lee if he planned to leave Hong Kong before the transfer of sovereignty.

"No," he said. "I will be here in July of 1997. I think it will be fine."

Western diplomats agree, by and large, that China will not in the end crush political arrangements that are decided on by the people of Hong Kong themselves. A currently fashionable scenario runs as follows: A few members of the Legislative Council who are generally supportive of Patten but remain on speaking terms with China's leaders talk to them about the Patten plan and, in effect, work out a compromise that can save face for both sides. The Chinese have recently and for the first time indicated a willingness to talk. Then, in May or June, the Council adopts this somewhat watered-down version of the Patten plan. Everyone seems to agree that the tension and uncertainty will not be allowed by either side to endure beyond that point.

Any such exit from the impasse, although probably reflecting the logic of each side's position, ignores at least one big imponderable: succession politics in Beijing. Deng Xiaoping is now eighty-eight, and no longer has a formal title, but he remains the ultimate source of power in China. The other senior leaders, a collection of six or so fellow-geriatrics, are said to be locked in a struggle for the power that Deng will leave behind. They all want to stay in his good graces, and they are acutely aware of the issues on which to take their cues from him. Hong Kong seems to be one of those issues. A few Western diplomats in Beijing say that, according to intelligence reports, Deng told his colleagues last October to be tough on the British. "That explains a lot," one of the diplomats says. "When people down the line get an edict like that, they have to figure out how to put it into effect. How to interpret Deng could be the problem." Overreaction may be seen in Beijing as the better part of wisdom.

In Hong Kong Deng is said to have limited periods of lucidity now. His speech is slurred, and his daughter may be the only person who understands him. "A lot depends on how she interprets a few cryptic words," one Hong Kong sinologist says.



Without minimizing the uncertainties of succession politics, the optimists feel that China's leaders have diminishing scope for ugly behavior. Pushed by Deng himself, China is transforming itself into a market economy at an astonishing speed; some areas are experiencing the most rapid economic growth anywhere. It's hard to find a serious newspaper in any part of the world that hasn't carried a series of two or more pieces on China's great leap forward, which is probably the world's next future shock. Living standards are shooting up. "The cities in the coastal provinces along the southern and eastern seaboard . . . up through Hangzhou, Shanghai, Nanjing, Tianjin, and Beijing itself, are bursting with obvious prosperity," a recent survey in *The Economist* says. "The suburbs in these provinces . . . are even richer than the cities." In the next fifteen or twenty years, China's economy could easily become the world's largest.

"The market economy is probably irreversible," Harry Harding, a highly respected sinologist at the Brookings Institution, says. "Chinese leaders cannot go back to central planning and state ownership. The state lacks the power to do it."

Bert Levin, who runs the Asia Society in Hong Kong, agrees. "Communism is dead in China," he says. "It has been transformed into traditional Chinese authoritarianism, as distinct from a regime committed to an ideology. People no longer call each other Comrade. There are no political slogans. Wives are referred to in traditional terms. There is no reference to Marxism in political briefings. There are still people in the leadership with knuckles dragging the ground, but the Chinese people are not suffering under a heavy, repressive hand. There is now a materialism, along with Western cultural influences, that offends the leaders, but not because of their ideology. They abhor it because it isn't Chinese."

Travellers in South China comment on similarities to Hong Kong. There is a pop culture in Canton; radio traffic reports are issued in Cantonese rap style. The leadership has given up on suppressing the pop culture except when it veers toward politics or pornography.

"You cannot open up the economy and have repressive politics," a senior British official says. "There is a nexus of Chinese companies which doesn't want government interfering with making money. There is this mixture of prosperity, satellite TV, cellular phones, expanding education. It all has the same effect everywhere in the world."

China doesn't want the dustup over Hong Kong to damage its wider relations with the West—not even with Britain. That was made clear to the British when Zhu Rongji was in London last November, being disagreeable about Hong Kong. What mainly worries Chinese leaders is trade with America: China is running a surplus of close to thirty billion dollars in this trade; the larger part of it consists of products of the sort that fill America's Wal-Marts and are exported from China through Hong Kong container terminals. Without most-favored-nation, or M.F.N., treatment in trade, which America extends to China, the surplus would be close to nonexistent. M.F.N. is also an earnest of normal relations. Bill Clinton indicated during the Presidential campaign that M.F.N. might be continued only if China improved its observance of human rights. Some members of Congress, including George Mitchell, the Senate Majority Leader, have pushed for such a link, and they may try again. Congress reviews the issue of China's M.F.N. status each summer. Patten worries that Washington may link China's performance on Hong Kong to M.F.N. Such a move, he thinks, would be unwise, and most of the sinologists I know agree. Like them, Patten feels that not renewing M.F.N., or attaching a long list of conditions to renewal, would merely harm the people in China—economic reformers, for example—whom everyone wants to help. Also hurt, he feels, would be American and Hong Kong business. Patten and like-minded sinologists argue that trade should not be used as a weapon against today's China, which, they point out, is more open and less repressive than it was in 1980, when M.F.N. was granted. “The Chinese should realize that Chris Patten can do them a lot of good,” a prominent Hong Kong figure says. “He is a credible figure on the world stage.”

“SORTING out Hong Kong's political arrangements is only part of the job,” Patten says. “It's a question of making what we put in place survive—of being sure that people aren't frozen out and that different kinds of people take part in the political process. But the tallest order of all will be melting down Chinese suspicions. Do the Chinese really think we are going to make off with the money in 1997? And leave behind a political booby trap that will explode?”

It is, as many have said, a collision between Western values and an ancient political culture. The question is: Can an accomplished and rational political luminary take charge of an inherently irrational situation? In the weeks ahead, Patten and we should have the answer.

Patten's future is Part II of the same question. “What if he loses out in the Legislative Council?” one of his friends says, reflecting on Patten's commitment to remaining in the job, whatever happens. “Staying on might mean having to endure a permanently high level of aggro.”

Staying on would also take Patten beyond Britain's next general election. “He cannot cut and run six months before the election,” a British official says. “There is a point of no return, beyond which he cannot duck out.”

And what does Patten do if he comes out a clear winner in the duel with Beijing? He is regarded by numerous Tories and many others as his party's lost leader. “Some serious people do not rule out his coming back in two years in that case,” a serious Tory watcher says. “He gets himself elected and becomes the heir apparent.”

If Patten does stay on in Hong Kong, however, he will be no threat to anyone in London, including various Tories of his generation who aspire to succeed Major should he slip on any more banana peels. And Patten must also consider those Tories who are never comfortable with people who are cleverer than they are. “It's hard to see the forces that would summon Chris from Hong Kong if Major fell under the No. 11 bus,” one friend says.

I asked Patten if he would stay on in that case. “Yes, honest injun,” he replied. “If I'd wanted to stay in British politics, I'd have stayed in. John Major said when I decided to take this job, ‘You realize this takes you beyond the next election.’ I said, ‘I do.’ I miss my friends a lot. I don't miss Westminster. There is too much drinking in underground bars with people who know a lot about points of order.”

And suppose Douglas Hurd decided to pack it in sometime soon and Major asked Patten to return to fight a real by-election and then take over as Foreign Secretary?

“I have to say—I've said it before—it's the job I'd most want to do. But it isn't likely.”

I asked if he thought his political career was over.

“Yes, it's probably over,” he said. But then he hedged, or seemed to. “I'm reminded of the Cardinal Newman hymn ‘Lead, Kindly Light’: ‘I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me.’ ”

“In our trade, the people who do best are those who don't spend every waking moment considering what to do next,” one of Patten's two closest political friends says. “The interesting question is what happens after the next election. There is C. F. Patten then, only fifty-five, experienced, the world his oyster.” ♦

Spring Summit
The first robin meets the First Cat.

Questions?
Shanahan

FICTION

HEAVEN, HELL, ITALY

BY TOM DRURY

A CAR hit Kleeborg one hot and sunny Wednesday as he was walking back from church. It was an old blue Galaxie at a four-way stop. A man and a woman got out of the car and stood over the fallen photographer.

"You were in my blind spot," said the man.

His name was Frank. He was a handsome man, in a yellow shirt, who sold signs and rented billboard space. He had been popular in high school and felt somewhat victimized by everything that came after.

"See my hand?" he said. "How many fingers do I have?"

Kleeborg closed his eyes.

"I hate to think what this will do to our premiums," said Frank. He lit a cigarette and threw the match in the street. "What a fraud that is. What a big racket. You pay and pay, every month of your life, and what happens?"

"I never should have let you drive," said the woman. She wiped her brow with the back of her arm. She wore a sleeveless blouse, a short full skirt, and a pin that said "Grace."

"They raise your rates, that's what," said Frank.

"You know, this is a really old man," said Grace.

"What did they do with the money you've been giving them all along?" said Frank. "But we're not supposed to ask that."

"Here's his glasses," said Grace. "Broken."

"Imagine it's the other way around," said Frank. "Imagine your record is spotless. Imagine you have no violations."

"Will you shut up?" said Grace. "You've knocked this old man unconscious."

Frank smoked his cigarette and walked in a big circle. "Tell you what we could do," he said. "We could say you were driving. This would be your first infraction, and that way we could stay out of the risk group. What about it? Good idea?"

Grace lifted Kleeborg's feet. He wore penny loafers in which the pennies had drifted from the slots. She put Kleeborg's feet down.

"You drove yesterday," said Frank. "So it wouldn't necessarily be a lie."

"Look at this gorgeous old shirt," said Grace.

"Oh hell," said Frank. "He doesn't know what day it is. Mister! Hey! He's out like a night-light. If there aren't any witnesses, our testimony takes on added weight."

A boy came down from one of the big houses on the bluff east of Eleventh Avenue. "I've called the 911," he said. "I saw what happened."

"Good," said Frank. "Great."

The boy knelt and laid a washcloth on Kleeborg's narrow forehead. "Something told me, Go to the window. I was making a sandwich and suddenly—I don't know—it was like, Put down your knife."

"These voices, tell me about them," said Frank.

"Were you driving?" said the boy.

"So many questions," said Frank.

THREE blocks away, the county supervisors were having their weekly meeting. Sheriff Dan Norman had to attend these meetings, although he thought picking up rocks would have been more fun and surely more useful. For the past five minutes he had been surveying the little white scars on his hands in an effort to stay awake. *This was done by a band saw, this by a hammer, this by a fishing knife. . . .*

The supervisors were retired people, mostly, and they took their sweet time. Lately they had been toying with a plan, obviously illegal, to unilaterally extend their terms. This allowed them to confer with county attorney Rusty P. Rasmussen, which they seemed to enjoy. "Better run this by Rusty," they would say.

Today, however, they were talking about Ronnie Lapoint's plan to build self-storage units next to Lapoint Slough. This was on the low part of Route 29, south of Lunenberg and northeast of Margo. There was some disagreement about the proposal. The chairman of the board of supervisors, Russell Ford, seemed to be in Ronnie's pocket. On the other hand, there was concern about the environmental impact and about the creepy nature of self-storage places.

"I guess my fear would be who these people are and what exactly will they be storing," said Supervisor Phillip Hannah. "If this is something they can't put away proudly in their own home, my feeling is, should we provide a place to hide it."

Beverly Leventhaler argued that bitterns nested near the slough and that the U-Stow-It building would disrupt their habitat. She was the county-extension woman and host of "The Coffee Club," which was on the radio every day except Sunday.

"I've got a book with a picture," said Bev. She was tall and pretty, with red lipstick and an attractive overbite. "Can everybody see that? I'll pass it around. Please be careful. It is a library book. What can I say? Tim and I love these birds." Tim was her husband. "They are by no means domestic, but we've had some success with small feeders fashioned from an ordinary Clorox bottle."

"Thank you, Bev," said Russell Ford, suggesting through the flat look in his eyes that nothing could be more trivial than what she had said.

Dan put in his opinion. "A lot of people hunt ducks in Lapoint Slough. I hunt ducks in Lapoint Slough. Lapoint Slough is a game area, where the hunting of ducks is encouraged. It was donated to the county twenty years ago by Ronnie's family, and I don't think they ever anticipated that Ronnie would go and attempt something like this. My real problem is building on the edge of a game area. Who's to say bird shot won't rain down on people using these units?"

Ronnie Lapoint stood up and defended his plan. In a rambling talk Ronnie claimed that family heirlooms make up ninety per cent of the contents of self-storage places, that the bitterns would welcome the company, and that if bird shot were to reach the building, which he didn't think would happen, it would fall harmlessly on the corrugated roofing.

Dan did not stay for the whole thing. He slipped out of the courthouse and drove down Ninth, took a left on Pear, and eventually happened on the crowd around Kleeborg.

IN addition to Frank, Grace, and the teen-age boy with the washcloth, there were now a dozen people who had, like Kleeborg, attended the liturgy at St. Alonzo's, and two young women leading a pack of children on a rope, and some landscapers who had stopped their green truck and were leaning on rakes, watching the commotion.

Dan happened to be married to Louise Darling, who worked for Kleeborg at the old man's portrait studio. So he said, "It's Dan Norman, Mr. Kleeborg. Louise's husband Dan. Can you hear me?"

Kleeborg put his hand to his forehead. "I don't know why, but I am reminded of something that once happened to my sister."

"Yeah, what's that?" said Dan.

"She would write letters late at night," said Kleeborg. "Her name was Lydia. She had a strange habit of moving her hands over the page when she was done writing. One night I heard her crying. It was important that our father not wake, you see, because he worked for the creamery. So I lit a kerosene lamp and went to see what the matter could be. Kerosene was all we had for lighting, you know, and there were many fires. Well, Lydia had upset the inkwell, and I'm afraid it had fallen. The letter to her boyfriend was ruined and, for that matter, so was her nightdress and the rug beneath her little desk."

"That must have been something," said Dan.

" 'Well, Lydia,' I said. 'Maybe you'll learn not to move your hands so much when you write.' "

"What did she say?" said Dan.

"She cried all the more," said Kleeborg.

"What happened here?" said Dan.

"I wonder why I thought of that," said Kleeborg.

"I don't know," said Dan.

"The man in yellow ran me down," said Kleeborg. "I was coming back from the church, and he struck me with a car."

The E.M.T.s got Kleeborg onto a stretcher and put an orange clamp around his head. Dan went after Frank. "Sir. Sir," he said. "Were you driving this car?"

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Franklin Ray," said Frank.

Dan walked around the Galaxie. It was dark blue and dusty, and there were regular indoor stereo speakers sitting crooked in the back window. This arrangement always struck Dan as pathetic, like a suitcase with a rope handle, or a dress held together by pins. "This isn't your car?"

"I would like a lawyer present," said Frank.

"Then it is your car," said Dan.

"I didn't say that," said Frank.

"Don't go anywhere."

Sheila Hunchbee of the Stone City police pulled up, new Chevy cruiser gleaming in the light of a summer noon. Although the county stood at the peak of local government, the towns seemed to get the better police cars.

"What do we have, Dan?" Sheila was a short, tough sergeant who loved to roar up to a crime scene and ask what they had. Dan had stayed over at her apartment a couple of times, years ago, when he was a deputy and she a patrolwoman. She had more candles than Christmas, and beanbag chairs.

"Apparently there's this Galaxie 500 over here, and it struck Mr. Kleeborg," said Dan. "There he goes, into the ambulance."

"He took our yearbook pictures," said Sheila.

"Well, that's right," said Dan. "My wife works for him."

"Which reminds me, congratulations," she said. "Your wedding and everything."

"Thanks, Sheila," said Dan.

"Louise Darling, right? Her second time?"

Dan nodded.

"You know, I once considered getting into photography," said Sheila.

"Louise does real well with it," said Dan.

"I remember there was a printing paper called Agfa," said Sheila.

"That's right," said Dan.

"Always liked the sound of that. Agfa," said Sheila. "Are you going to do this accident?"

Dan shook his head.

"Who's operator number one?" said Sheila.

"It's got to be the guy in the yellow shirt," said Dan. "A Mr. Franklin Ray. But he's being all evasive."

"Know the type," said Sheila.

"Some kind of legal scholar," said Dan.

"Oh, yeah."

"Shh," said Dan. "Here he comes."

Frank had his hands in his pockets and was walking like someone out for a stroll. "Let me offer a hypothetical situation," he said. "Assuming I was the driver—now, I'm not saying I was, but just assuming—would I be looking at a moving violation, or some other kind of violation? Or are they all moving?"

"Look," said Dan. "I don't have time for this. Either you were driving the car or you weren't."

Frank scuffed his foot on the pavement as if clearing a space. "I was," he said.

"Well, you drive like shit," said Dan.

"The old guy leaped in front of me," said Frank.

"I really believe that," said Dan.

"Come on, sir," said Sheila Hunchbee.

Rollie Wilson approached Dan with a clipboard. He was a farmer, a mechanic, and an ambulance driver. He raised antelopes as a hobby animal. His white coat had smudges of oil, but his fingernails were scrubbed.

"Need your John Henry, Danny," he said.

Dan signed. "How's Kleeborg?"

"He's had a hit on the head," said Rollie. "I expect he's all right. They might keep him overnight or whatever. You

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look terrible, but he looks all right.”

“I'll admit to not sleeping well,” said Dan.

One of the young women walked by, reeling in the string of children. “I wouldn't push her out of bed for eating a cracker,” said Rollie. “You know, I had insomnia there for a while. After our place burned. You remember our fire.”

“Vividly,” said Dan.

“I'll be honest with you, Dan. I went to see a psychiatrist,” said Rollie. “I don't mind telling you that, don't mind it a bit. I've really come around on this question. I used to be ashamed, but shame is so stifling.”

“Oh, I know it can be,” said Dan.

“Well, never been one for talking about myself,” said Rollie. “The family I come from, you more or less keep your mouth shut. I bet my father never said a complete sentence to us kids the whole time we were growing up. Not with a subject and predicate—no, sir. But the funny thing is, when I finally got to the psychiatrist—get this—I didn't have to say two words. She wrote me a prescription right off the bat. She said a lot of people can't sleep. This is no lie. I was in and out of that place in fifteen minutes.”

“Really,” said Dan.

“I can write her name down if you like,” said Rollie.

“Are you still taking something?” said Dan.

“You bet,” said Rollie. “And I sleep *great.*”

LOUISE was making prints in the red light of the darkroom at Kleeborg's Portraits. She wore bluejeans and a dark T-shirt.

“Rollie said they might actually keep him overnight,” said Dan. “He was none too lucid when I talked to him. I know that.”

“Yeah? Like what?”

“He was talking about his sister spilling ink back in the days of kerosene,” said Dan.

“Lydia,” said Louise.

“Yeah, Lydia.”

“Poor Kleeborg,” said Louise.

“You know what we ought to do. Call her.”

Louise laughed. “You better have a good phone. She's been dead for years. That's why he goes to church.”

“Why?”

“Because of Lydia,” said Louise.

“He misses her.”

“Yeah, or whatever,” said Louise.

WHEN Louise's mother, Mary, heard about the accident, she rather ruthlessly pushed for Louise to take center stage at the portrait business. But about Mary it was sometimes said that you could no sooner change her than you could teach a badger to fix cars.

She drove out to the farm one scorched evening. The heat had been bad for weeks. The air did not turn over, the sun burned the basin of the Rust River, and events acquired a random quality, each one set off by a ring of heat. And Grouse County was scattered to begin with. Family agriculture seemed to be over and had not been replaced by any other compelling idea.

Louise and Dan were sitting in lawn chairs in cutoffs and T-shirts. Louise read the paper, and Dan shucked corn. They were expecting relief. They lived on a hill, and whatever wind came from the east funnelled through their yard.

“Did you see the six-o'clock news?” said Mary. “A gal went to the statehouse dressed in road maps.”

“Why?” said Louise.

“I only caught the tail end of it,” said Mary. Her hair was in a long silver braid.

“Probably some kind of protest,” said Dan.

“Well, evidently,” said Mary.

“Against the heat,” said Louise. She folded the paper and fanned her face.

“I guess,” said Mary. “Isn't this something? And tomorrow's supposed to be worse than today. Is Perry Kleeborg out of the hospital yet?”

Louise shook her head.

“Who's his doctor?” said Mary. “Freiberger?”

“Duncan,” said Louise.

“I don't care for Duncan,” said Mary.

“A lot of people don't,” said Louise.

“Freiberger I like, but Duncan, no,” said Mary.

“Kleeborg doesn't mind Duncan,” said Louise.

"Louise, I'm afraid this might be it for old Perry," said Mary. "He isn't twenty-one anymore."

"That's an interesting point," said Dan. "How old is he?"

"Eighty-seven," said Louise. "But very spry. He's still the best person I know of with a view camera."

"I don't look for him to be back," said Mary. "I'm sorry, but I don't. Let's not forget, the man walked into the stream of traffic. Isn't it time to start thinking of retirement?"

"Kleeborg had the right of way," said Louise.

Dan had finished shucking the corn and now picked up a Tupperware bowl full of ice cubes. "She's right," he said.

"Excuse me?" said Mary.

"Frank Ray was in the wrong," said Dan.

"That's the guy who was driving," said Louise.

"There's such a thing as right of way and such a thing as survival," said Mary.

They pondered this. A puff of breeze came along, and they turned their faces toward it.

"But that's not the point," said Mary.

"I know very well what your point is," said Louise.

"We both do," said Dan. He crunched ice in his teeth.

"But I like the darkroom," said Louise. "I like printing. I like burning and dodging. I like the chemicals and the lights, and I like not being hassled."

"Louise, you like the darkroom. Fine. We know this. This is a given," said Mary. "But the darkroom is not a career."

"You would say that no matter what I did," said Louise. "If I was an opera singer, you would say that wasn't a career."

"Well, I don't think it is a very stable one," said Mary.

A WHITE plastic fan swivelled in Dan and Louise's bedroom. They sat up in bed watching a movie about a bear family. Louise drank a gin-and-tonic, and Dan had a beer. The narration of the movie was from the point of view of the male bear.

"And so, inevitably, our winter sleep comes to an end," he said. "The warmth of the sun calls us from our den."

"Quite the articulate bear," said Louise.

"You know, your mother really gets after you," said Dan.

"I do know," said Louise.

The bears were batting salmon

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through the air. "We just saw this footage," said Dan.

"Is everything all right?" said Louise.

"Yes," said Dan.

"Really?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"No reason," said Louise. "Are you still having trouble sleeping?"

"Are you still talking in your sleep?" said Dan.

"How would I know?" said Louise.

"Well, you are," said Dan.

"It isn't supposed to be a contest," said Louise. "You need to relax. Why don't you have a real drink? The problem with beer is that the water content is very high. You know when they say, 'It's the water'? Well, that's right. It is water. Whereas gin is more distilled. Have some of this. Relax."

Dan took a drink and mussed her hair. "Kind of fond of liquor, aren't you?" he said.

"I am," said Louise. "When I was getting ready for bed just now, I couldn't wait to tear into this g.-and-t."

"I noticed your clothes flying off," said Dan.

"The trick is just what they tell you—being moderate," said Louise. "Too much will actually wake you up. But a little bit helps. It does me, anyway. One generous drink with lime. Certainly no more than two."

Dan woke up in the middle of the night. It was not just that he was awake. There was always something a little bit wrong. Either his ears rang or his bad knee felt tenuous or his teeth hurt, or he had a hard-on that would not go away. It was always one thing but never two things together. Maybe these distractions did not cause the insomnia but instead resulted from it—as if, once he was awake, some bothersome condition was required to keep him company.

d. ehrenberg

Louise was breathing deeply onto his arm—he could see her dark hair beside him—and he seemed to be breathing in time with her. This was going to be the little problem of the night. With each breath, he was taking in slightly less air than his lungs required. You would have thought that breathing was automatic enough, and usually it is, but on this night Dan was going slowly breathless to Louise's rhythm. He got up and sat in a chair. Now he could make out the shape of her back. She was a being of beauty and tenderness from this vantage point, and maybe they should have met a long time ago. He was thirty-six years old, and even though the county of which he was sheriff was not heavily populated, he had seen the worst things. Every kind of car accident, involving children, involving infants. And motorcycle accidents, in which the drivers seemed to have been fired into the pavement by a giant hand. Of course he had seen people out of their heads and threatening to kill their families. That happened every drinking night of the year. He had seen the consequences of a murder-suicide (or whatever it was) in an otherwise neat kitchen with a sampler that said "Bless This Mess." He had a hard time squaring these memories with the plain sight of Louise brushing her hair in the morning, simply taking the hair in one hand and brushing the ponytail with the other; or making a sarcastic statement, with light in her eyes and a glass poised at her lower lip; or driving the car, even, with her hair back and forearm slung over the door. Now she was turning, and now saying something. He leaned toward the bed. "Wetlands," she said, just that. "Wetlands," in a low voice. And then either the breathing problem went away or he stopped being conscious of it.

Dan put on a shirt and went downstairs to the kitchen. It had been Louise's house, but he was familiar enough with it by now to walk around in darkness. A bar of orange light shone from the dryer, a reassuring reminder that the dryer could be used anytime, day or night. Dan pulled up a chair and turned on a small black-and-white television that sat on a table between the refrigerator and the counter. They got four channels at this time of the night: Ames, Albert Lea, La Crosse, and Sioux City. There was no cable out in the country, and Morrisville signed off at one. Dan turned the dial with scientific disinterest. Channel 7 had a gold commercial. After a month of sleeplessness, Dan had become convinced that the American people, or at least American insomniacs, loved gold—gold plate, gold filigree, and, most of all, solid gold. On any night you could order gold bracelets, gold chains, gold animals of any species, gold characters from "Les Misérables." If you were of a business mind, you could even buy a franchise to peddle this gold to other people. And yet in his day-to-day world Dan encountered very little gold, and he wondered, as he sometimes did about all television, whether these advertisements were intended for someplace else and only reached Grouse County by accident. Channel 13 had car racing followed by an advertisement for a science-fiction movie called "The Thirty-Foot Bride of Candy Rock," starring an oversized woman in a sexy tunic that was probably fashioned from a tent or a tarp of some kind.

Moving along to Channel 3, Dan found an old movie in which a woman sang in a strange and otherworldly setting. She wore a white veil and had dark, curly hair and eyes so light that they seemed to glow. Her voice soared and wavered, and the music threatened to sweep her away. There were string players beyond number, and women playing harps, and a massive bank of singers with burning candles. Who will stop this? seemed to be the question posed. Then the camera pulled back, revealing an amphitheatre in a landscape of dark towers and hills. Was this supposed to be Heaven? Hell? Italy? Dan could not say. He made the short journey to Channel 5, where a man with a Southern accent was hacking up a countertop with a kitchen knife to prove the durability of the knife.

KLEEBORG had still not been released that weekend, so Louise and Dan went up to Stone City to see how he was coming along. They had him in Mercy Hospital, an obscure but industrious place where construction was a constant but nothing ever seemed to get built, and where some new machine was always being acquired to do the things that were being done in Rochester or Kansas City.

"I think they forgot me," said Kleeborg. Even in a hospital gown he had dignity, with his cool gray eyes.

"You want to get out," said Louise.

"Not especially I don't," said Kleeborg. "They bring food. I hear it's awfully hot out there. I don't like the heat."

"How are you?" said Dan.

"Dan, I can't see very well," said Kleeborg.

"What does Duncan have to say about that?" said Louise.

"Well, I don't know," said Kleeborg. "I haven't seen Duncan since the day I came in. This is what I'm telling you. I think they forgot me. But I have reached a decision, Louise."

"What's that?"

"Well, I've been thinking a lot about death."

"Oh, Perry," said Louise. "There's no reason."

"In fact there is," said Kleeborg. "Because yesterday I had a roommate—his name was Crawford—and last night he died."

"No kidding," said Louise. "What of?"

"No one seems to know," said Kleeborg. "There is a great deal of confusion here—a great deal. But I have made a decision, and I called my lawyer in today. You know Ned Kuhlers. And I said, 'Ned, when I die, the studio belongs to Louise. And you see to it, and you do what has to be done.' "

"Perry, this is really, really jumping the gun," said Louise. She picked up a buzzer and pushed it. "And I don't blame you. No one's talking to you, and you're sitting here getting all worked up."

"Well, I talked to Crawford yesterday," said Kleeborg. "Talked to him a lot, in fact. He couldn't go anywhere, and I suppose I took advantage of this. I hope it wasn't what killed him."

Louise went to the door and looked down the hall. "I'm going to go find somebody," she said.

This left Dan and Kleeborg alone.

"She gets so emotional," said Kleeborg.

"Oh, yeah," said Dan.

He went to the window. Bulldozers crawled silently through a dusty lot. "So anyway, what did you say to Crawford?"

"Well, I told him about my sister," said Kleeborg.

"Lydia," said Dan.

"Yes. You see, when we were young she wrote many letters to her boyfriend," said Kleeborg.

"I remember," said Dan.

"But our parents did not agree with this," said Kleeborg. "Whether they were correct in their apprehensions I don't know. But they made an arrangement with Harold Detweiler, who ran the post office and the store in Romyla, in which Harold would hold Lydia's letters for my parents to retrieve when they came into town. Of course, this was unfair to Lydia. But back then you didn't see the strictness about the mail that you see today. Anyway, I don't think a one of her letters got to where she thought they were going."

Dan came away from the window and sat in a chair. "I guess it's a sad story," he said, "but I don't think it would have killed anybody."

Someone knocked on the door. It was not the doctor or nurse, as they had expected, but Grace, the woman who had ridden in the car that hit Kleeborg. She crossed the room in sandals and a tight green dress and gave Kleeborg his broken glasses.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I really wanted to get these fixed. I took them to one place where they said they couldn't help me because the glasses were too old. And I took them to another place where they said that was completely wrong, they weren't too old, and when did I want them. So fine. Then I went back today, and they said, 'Come to find out about it, they are too old, and we can't fix them.' I said, 'Thanks, thanks a lot for wasting my time.' Anyway, here's your glasses, and I'm sorry I couldn't get them fixed, and I'm sorry this whole thing ever happened in the first place."

"Well, thank you, Miss," said Kleeborg. He turned the mangled glasses over in his hands. "I appreciate the fact that you did try."

And then she left, and of course he had to ask who she was, because he couldn't remember. Then Dan and Kleeborg played cribbage.

"Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, a pair is eight, and nobs is nine," said Kleeborg.

Louise returned, and said, "Has anyone been here?"

"Just Grace Ray," said Dan.

But eventually Louise did find Dr. Duncan, and he said what doctors often say—that things were going more or less as he would expect them to go; that he was doing all that could or should be done, and that the situation called for monitoring but not, at this time, outright concern. ♦

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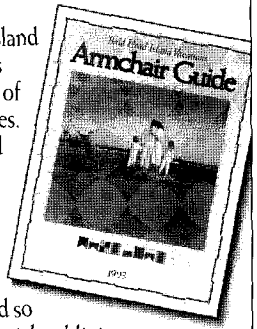

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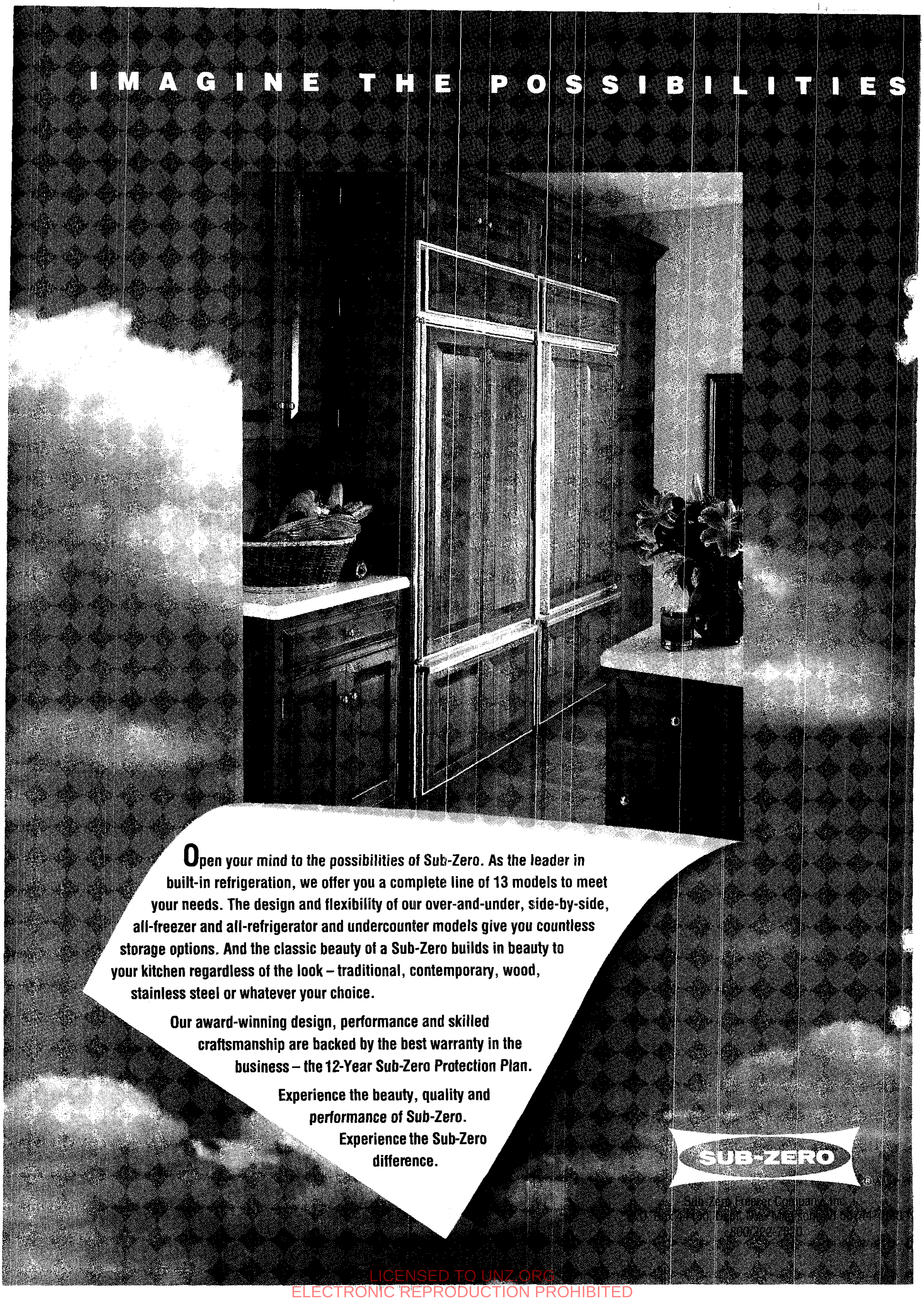
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THE CRITICS

BOOKS

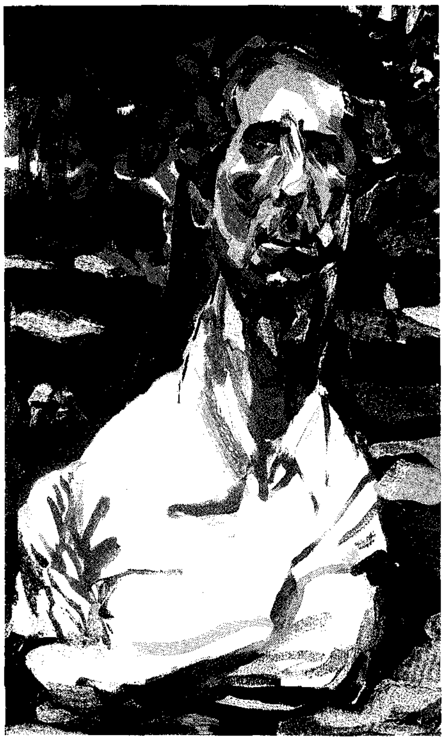
RECRUITING RAW NERVES

BY JOHN UPDIKE

SOME readers may feel there has been too much Philip Roth in the writer's recent books—"The Facts," subtitled "A Novelist's Autobiography," with an eight-thousand-word afterword by the novelist's recurrent character Nathan Zuckerman (1988); "Deception," an airy love tale, with wide margins, involving an American novelist called Philip living in London and conversing with a number of women in gusts of pure dialogue (1990); and "Patrimony: A True Story," the gritty, moving account of Roth's father's slow death from a brain tumor and of his own coincidental open-heart surgery (1991). Such readers should be warned: there are *two* Philip Roths in his new novel, "Operation Shylock: A Confession" (Simon & Schuster; $23). The first one, an aging author minding his own business in New York and Connecticut, hears from friends in Israel that another Philip Roth has been in the news and is delivering a lecture in Jerusalem's King David Hotel on the topic "Diasporism: The Only Solution to the Jewish Problem." After a sleepless night, Philip I (let's call him) telephones the hotel and, upon inquiring if this is Philip Roth, is told, "It is, and who is this, please?"

The question is a profound one, and the concept of the double, in this novel, is never again as electrically spooky as in the long-distance phone call that is apparently answered by the caller. Later, in Jerusalem, Philip I meets Philip II, and at first finds the resemblance only approximate:

> I saw before me a face that I would not very likely have taken for my own had I found it looking back at me that morning from the mirror. . . . It was actually a conventionally better-looking face, a little less mismade than my own, with a more strongly defined chin and not so large a nose, one that, also, didn't flatten Jewishly like mine at the tip. It occurred to me that he looked like the after to my before in the plastic surgeon's advertisement.



Philip Roth: In his furious inventiveness and his passion for permutation, he has become an exhausting author to be with.

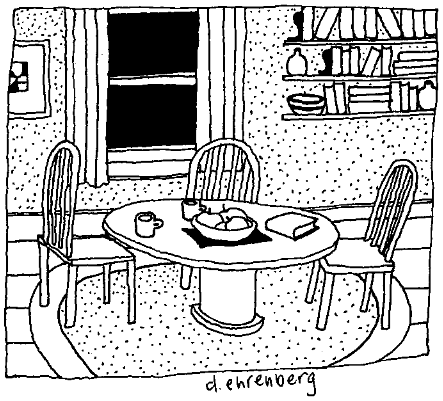
We seem to have, at first blush, the figure of a nicer brother, like handsome, earnest Henry Zuckerman in "The Counterlife" (1987). At least since "Portnoy's Complaint" (1969), Roth's refractory central persona has been haunted by a moral shadow, the decent, civic-minded, asexual non-writer who is innocent of blame—blame from used and abandoned shiksas, and blame, in the exhaustively investigated case of Nathan Zuckerman, from outraged Jewish critics of the author's allegedly anti-Semitic fictions. But Philip II, "the Hollywooded version of my face so nebbishly pleading with me to try to calm down," is no mere shadow. The closer Philip I looks, the more exact the resemblance becomes, down to a "nub of tiny threadlets where the middle button had come off his jacket—I noticed because for some time now I'd been exhibiting a similar nub of threadlets where the middle button had yet again vanished from *my* jacket." The perfection of the duplication infuriates the original, whose charge of personality appropriation meets a wall of fawning verbosity. When Philip I demands, "Who are *you* and what are *you*? Answer me!," the answer comes back, "Your greatest admirer." Philip II supplies a cascade of grievances on the author's behalf ("*Portnoy's Complaint*, not even nominated for a National Book Award!") and of fluent babble about Jung's mystical theory of "synchronicity" and his own theory of Diasporism, which would solve the dangerous problem of Israel by returning its million European Jews to Europe. In addition, he bursts into tears, twice, and reveals, without tears, that he (Philip II) is terminally ill of cancer.

If the repercussions and complications of this self-on-self grapple don't absolutely defy summary, they certainly don't invite it. The book is a species of international thriller: Philip I witnesses some of the trial of the alleged concentration-camp demon John Demjanjuk, ponders the purported diary of the Jewish martyr Leon Klinghoffer, and winds up, against his better judgment, performing as a spy in Athens and elsewhere for the Israeli intelligence service, the Mossad. "Operation Shylock" is, too, something of a medical thriller, and exhibits Roth's knowing way with pathology, no less masterly than Thomas Mann's. Philip I is slowly recovering from paralyzing mental distress induced by his taking Halcion in the aftermath of a botched knee operation, and the novel's Gentile femme fatale is a Chicago nurse called Jinx Possesski, whose descriptions of hospital life are authoritatively harrowing. Philip II, the lover who has saved her from the anti-Semitism contracted after prolonged exposure to Jewish doctors, wears a penile implant to compensate for the ill effects of cancer therapy, and the novel's father figure, a Mossad eminence bearing the genial name Louis B. Smilesburger, gets about on forearm crutches, has "that alarming boiled look of someone suffering from a skin disease," and shows a bald head "minutely furrowed and grooved like the shell of a hard-boiled egg whose dome has been fractured lightly by the back of a spoon." Roth's habitual polarities goy / Jew and hedonism / altruism have been augmented by sick / well and disintegration / integration. Jinx is trumpeted as "a voluptuously healthy-looking creature . . . somebody who was *well*."

The novel is also a psychological thriller, centered on Philip I's frenzied and not unparanoid responses to the excessive stimuli of a few days in Israel—responses that are to be construed, we are told at the end, as steps in his recovery from the Halcion overdose and its sensations of disintegration. This particular infirmity, Roth readers will recall, figured in the last paragraph of "The Facts," when Nathan Zuckerman assures the author, "I am distressed to hear that in the spring of 1987 what was to have been minor surgery turned into a prolonged physical ordeal that led to a depression that carried you to the edge of emotional and mental dissolution." Roth's œuvre presents an ever more intricately ramifying and transparent pseudo-autobiography: the first-person voice goes back to "Goodbye Columbus" (1959), the layered self-referentiality to "My Life as a Man" (1974), the serialized formalization of an alter ego to "The Ghost Writer" (1980). He should be commended for facing the fact that a fiction writer's life is his basic instrument of perception—that only the imagery we have personally gathered and unconsciously internalized possesses the color, warmth, intimate contour, and weight of authenticity the discriminating fiction reader demands. Rousseau's "Confessions" opened the door to the nineteenth-century novel, and Proust's autobiographical "Remembrance of Things Past" could be said to have closed it. In the post-Proust, postmodern, post-objective world of American fiction, Roth stands out as a working theorist of fictional reality, a marvellously precocious and accomplished realist who has tested the limits of realism: he has feverishly paced its boundaries and played games with its pretensions. The act of writing has become his fiction's central dramatic action. In this novel, which purports to be a confession, Philip II is a study in ongoing character creation. When he entertainingly and circumstantially describes his seamy career as a private detective in Chicago, his auditor, Philip I, feels doubts that echo the reader's own:

> I thought, He's got it all down pat from TV. If only I'd watched more "L.A. Law" and read less Dostoyevsky I'd know what's going on here, I'd know in two minutes what show it is exactly. Maybe motifs from fifteen shows, with a dozen detective movies thrown in. . . . Maybe it was the in-flight movie on El Al.

However, taking the trouble to invent a profession and to crib details from other, often equally fictional sources does, by drawing on the edges of the writer's imagination, make possible a wider personal truth—a dreamier level, as it were, of confession. Philip II, implausible and raddled as he is, is more of a character than Philip I, who seems, it must be allowed, slightly stiff. Like a Hemingway hero, Philip I has his dignity to protect, a certain rightness to uphold. Perhaps his neck is stiff from the effort of not letting his head be turned by all the compliments directed at him in the course of "Operation Shylock." Along with his doppelgänger's slavish flattery, he hears himself described by an old Palestinian friend, George Zaid, as a model, non-Israeli Jew: "A Jew who has never been afraid to speak out about Jews. An independent Jew and he has suffered for it too." Zaid and Philip I were fellow graduate students at the University of Chicago in the fifties, and Zaid, now a professor in Israel, teaches "Portnoy's Complaint" to his students "to convince them that there are Jews in the world who are not in any way like these Jews we have here." The alluring Jinx Possesski reads Philip I's palm and, after assuring him that, according to his creases, his "sexual appetite is quite pure," tells him, "If I were reading the hands of a stranger and didn't know who you were, I would say it's sort of the hand of a . . . of a great leader." Clinchingly, Smilesburger, who by his final appearance has metamorphosed into the embodiment of enduring Jewish manhood ("The this-worldliness. The truthfulness. The intelligence. The malice. The comedy. The endurance. The acting. The injury. The impairment"), compliments Philip I on his spying assignment and his writing both: "First through our work together and then through your books, I have come to have considerable respect for you. . . . You are a fine man."



It's hard to wrap your mind around this paragon, whereas grotesque, sketchy Philip II has problems we can grasp: he is dying of cancer, he has been cursed with the name and appearance of a celebrity without being one, he must resort to a phallic prosthesis to satisfy his sexy girlfriend, he is enough tormented by the condition of post-Holocaust Jewry to have developed some crackpot schemes to remedy it. Through the plot's tangle and the steam of righteous indignation emitted by Philip I, this figment attracts our wonder and pity; his last days, and his incredible little afterlife as a dead sexual partner, commemorated in a letter from the faithful

Jinx, stick in our minds, as images of the human condition having nothing to do with being a writer. "I AM THE YOU THAT IS NOT WORDS," Philip II tells Philip I, in capitals. For a writer, to be without words is to be without defenses, without immortality. Philip II is not the nice side of Philip I but his sick side, his mortal side, given phantasmal reality through the projective magic of fiction.

THIS magic is amply displayed in "Operation Shylock," which, under the mysterious intensity of its inspiration, is as painstakingly written as it is elaborately developed. The passages introducing the characters, especially the female characters, are brilliantly, lushly evocative. Here is Jinx:

> Her whitish blond hair was worn casually pinned in a tousled bun at the back of her head, and she had a wide mouth, the warm interior of which she showed you, like a happy, panting dog, even when she wasn't speaking, as though she were taking your words in through her mouth, as though another's words were not received by the brain but processed—once past the small, even, splendidly white teeth and the pink, perfect gums—by the whole, radiant, happy-go-lucky thing.

George Zaid's wife, Anna, appears thus in their cavelike village home:

> Anna was a tiny, almost weightless woman whose anatomy's whole purpose seemed to be to furnish the housing for her astonishing eyes . . . intense and globular, eyes to see with in the dark, set like a lemur's in a triangular face not very much larger than a man's fist, and then there was the tent of the sweater enshrouding the anorexic rest of her and, peeping out at the bottom, two feet in baby's running shoes.

Yet, once they have been so vividly introduced, the characters turn out to be talking heads, faces attached to tirades. The novel is an orgy of argumentation; Roth, like Bernard Shaw, is as happy to shape an aria around a perverse or frivolous argument as around a heartfelt one. "That lubricious sensation that is fluency" seizes even our sensible Philip I as, too often mistaken for Philip II, he fervently expounds his double's theory of Diasporism, "calling for the de-Israelization of the Jews, on and on once again, obeying an intoxicating urge." One of the book's few taciturn characters, a Mossad strong-arm man, complains to him, "You speak too much. You speak speak speak." Though both Philips do much waxing wroth over a range of issues, the de-Israelization of the Jews—the claim that the embattled and therefore combative state of Israel has poisoned the Jewishness of the Diaspora—forms the dominant topic, argued from a pro-Jewish standpoint by Philip II and from a pro-Palestinian standpoint by George Zaid:

> "What *happens* when American Jews discover that they have been duped, that they have constructed an allegiance to Israel on the basis of irrational guilt, of vengeful fantasies, above all, *above all*, based on the most naive delusions about the moral identity of this state? *Because this state has no moral identity*. It has *forfeited* its moral identity, if ever it had any to begin with. By relentlessly institutionalizing the Holocaust it has even forfeited its claim to the Holocaust! The state of Israel has drawn the last of its moral credit out of the bank of the dead six million—this is what they have done by breaking the hands of Arab children on the orders of their illustrious minister of defense."

Though such views are put in the mouths of fictional characters, Roth's Zionist critics will not excuse him from their vigorous expression. "Name a raw nerve and you recruit it," Smilesburger tells Philip I after he has read this book. The ominous case of Salman Rushdie flickers into the author's mind: "Will the Mossad put a contract out on me the way the Ayatollah did with Rushdie?" If there were a Jewish Ayatollah, he might have issued his fatwa long ago, in the wake of those youthful short stories about goldbricking Jewish soldiers, bullying rabbis, Short Hills nouveaux riches, and little Jewish boys who can't understand why, if God could make the world in six days, He couldn't also impregnate a virgin.

Relentlessly honest, Roth recruits raw nerves, perhaps, because they make the fiercest soldiers in the battle of truth. Moral ambiguity, Semitic subdivision, has always been his chosen briar patch. His searching out of Jewishness is of a piece with the searching out of himself that has consumed so many pages and so many pleading, mocking, mocked alter egos. This, his most extended consideration of Jewishness, takes as its reference points not God's covenant with Abraham or the epic of Moses but affectionate memories of the Diaspora Jews of his boyhood's Newark. The myths of personal history have replaced those of a people's history. The only significant Old Testament reference is to Jacob's night-long wrestle with an unknown presence, which pairs nicely

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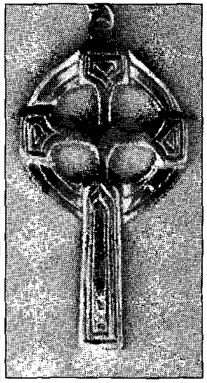

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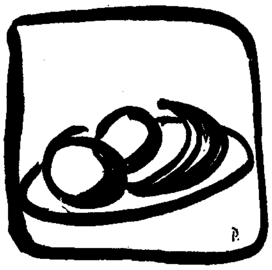
as an epigraph with Kierkegaard's assertion "The whole content of my being shrieks in contradiction against itself." Jacob's struggle with *another*, which gave Israel its name as "he who wrestles with God," has become, in echo of Christian self-abnegation, the self's struggle with itself.

NEVER impressionistic in his style, Roth began with sensory facts, arranged and presented in a prose not quite colloquial but simple and clear. From "Goodbye, Columbus":

> I watched her move off. Her hands suddenly appeared behind her. She caught the bottom of her [bathing] suit between thumb and index finger and flicked what flesh had been showing back where it belonged. My blood jumped.
>
> That night, before dinner, I called her.

Under the stress of the intricate questions his later fiction poses, his sentences stretch and turn a bit stentorian: "However heroic the cause had seemed to Michael amid the patriotic graffiti decorating his bedroom walls in suburban Newton, he felt now as only an adolescent son can toward what he sees as an obstacle to his self-realization raised by an obtuse father mandating an outmoded way of life." A diagrammatic grayness creeps in as the complications thicken: "And what was *I* thinking? I was thinking, What are they thinking? I was thinking about Moishe Pipik and what *he* was thinking. . . . This is what I was thinking when I was not thinking the opposite and everything else." Not that Roth has quite forgotten the tricks of sensory actualization. Philip I sleeps with the delectable Jinx, and tells us nothing about the experience until, in the next chapter, while riding in a taxi, he remembers "that wordless vocal obbligato with which she'd flung herself upon the floodtide of her pleasure, the streaming throaty rising and falling, at once husky and murmurous, somewhere between the trilling of a tree toad and the purring of a cat." Later still, the experience washes back upon him less pleasantly: "I smelled her asleep in my trousers—she was that heavy, clinging, muttony stench and she was also that pleasingly unpleasing brackishness on the middle fingers of the hand that picked up the receiver of the ringing phone." But such sensory details are rare, and get rarer as the story goes on.

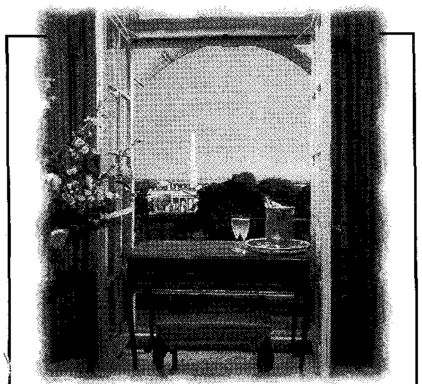


Somewhere after Philip I sleeps with Jinx, the novel stops pretending to coherence and becomes a dumping ground, it seems, for everything in Roth's copious file on Jewishness: a slangy American anti-Semitic monologue recorded by Philip II as a "workout tape" for his Anti-Semites Anonymous program, the touchingly bland and banal journal of Leon Klinghoffer (fictional), searing testimony in the Demjanjuk trial (actual), and pages of uninterrupted discourse on the saintly nineteenth-century rabbi Chofetz Chaim and his desire that Jews abstain from *loshon hora*—evil speech, especially against other Jews. Perhaps the novel, whose events are centered on a few days in January of 1988, was too long in the working, and accumulated an awkward number of subsidiary inspirations. The headlines that haunt it—Demjanjuk, Klinghoffer, the case of Jonathan Pollard, the United States Navy officer who spied for Israel—also date it, as everything on the far side of the end of the Cold War is, for the time being, dated.

"Operation Shylock," though it is as hot and strenuous as "Deception" was cool and diffident, shares with the previous novel an album quality, a sense of assembled monologues and interviews. Roth has taken to entrusting his message to the eloquence of his characters rather than to the movement of the plot. Plot be damned, he as good as says. Pausing midway to take stock on behalf of Philip I, he writes, "The story so far is frivolously plotted, overplotted, for his taste altogether too freakishly plotted, with outlandish events so wildly careening around every corner that there is nowhere for intelligence to establish a foothold and develop a perspective."

Well, theorists might argue, life isn't packaged in plots anymore, and why shouldn't a novel be a series of interviews, in this interview-mad age? Jinx Possesski's pilgrimage from working-class Catholic to fourteen-year-old hippie to born-again Protestant to anti-Semitic nurse to atheist consort of an anti-Zionist Jewish prophet is livelier than most tales you will read in *People* or hear on "Donahue." But Roth, in his furious inventiveness and his passion for permutation, has become an exhausting author to be with. His characters seem to be on speed, up at all hours and talking until their mouths bleed. There are too many of them; they keep dropping out of sight, and when they reappear they don't talk the same. The plot is full of holes, and Roth, who becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish from Philip I, leaves out, for fully discussed security reasons, the crucial chapter in which he goes to Athens and spies for Israel and demonstrates, despite vicious rumors to the contrary, that he is a "loyal Jew" full of "Jewish patriotism."

This hard-pressed reviewer was reminded not only of Shaw but of "Hamlet," which also has too many characters, numerous long speeches, and a vacillating, maddening hero who in the end shows the right stuff. Writing of "Hamlet," T. S. Eliot coined, or gave fresh circulation to, the phrase "objective correlative," saying, "The supposed identity of Hamlet with his author is genuine to this point: that Hamlet's bafflement at the absence of objective equivalent to his feelings is a prolongation of the bafflement of his creator in the face of his artistic problem." Again, "In the character Hamlet is the buffoonery of an emotion which can find no outlet in action; in the dramatist it is the buffoonery of an emotion which he cannot express in art." All of Roth's work, and the history of mutual exacerbation between his work and his Jewish audience, lies behind the pained buffoonery of "Operation Shylock." His narrowing, magnifying fascination with himself has penetrated to a quantum level of indeterminacy, where "what Jung calls 'the uncontrollability of real things' " takes over. The authorial ego's imaginative "self-subverting," which in the Zuckerman sequence conjured up counterlives of compelling solidity, in "Operation Shylock" slices things diaphanously thin. Still, this Dostoyevskian phantasmagoria is an impressive reassertion of artistic energy, and a brave expansion of Roth's "densely overstocked little store of concerns" into the global marketplace. It should be read by anyone who cares about (1) Israel and its repercussions; (2) the development of the postmodern novel; (3) Philip Roth. ◆



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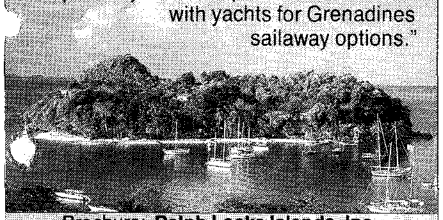

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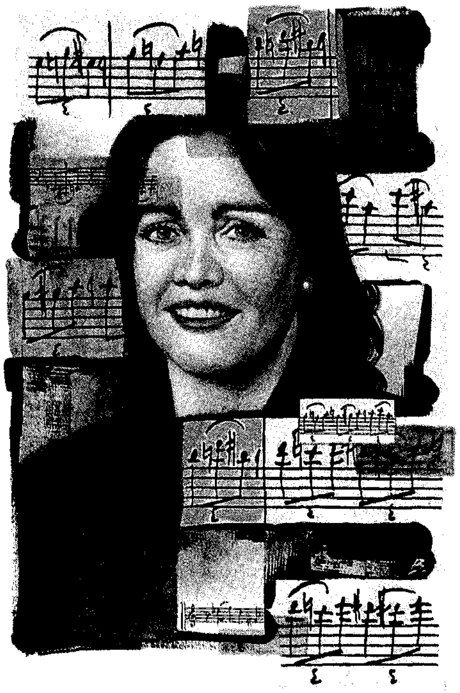
MUSICAL EVENTS

ZWILICH IN F-SHARP

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

PERHAPS there's nothing one can do now but stand by and watch Ellen Taaffe Zwilich marching on as the market leader of American orchestral music. In the decade since she won a Pulitzer Prize, for her First Symphony, she's been played by most of the country's professional orchestras and commissioned by many of them. Her Third Symphony, given its first performance at the end of last month, was her second Philharmonic commission; on the night of the première there was also Zwilich on the music stands of orchestras in Phoenix and St. Paul. And the parade continues: a bassoon concerto is scheduled to be introduced by the Pittsburgh Symphony in May, a horn concerto by the Rochester Symphony in August.



Ellen Taaffe Zwilich: Her extrovert Third Symphony ends with a bang and a whimper.

TIM BOWER

Clearly, we're dealing with a success story, and it's a success story mirrored within each of these astonishingly frequent works—or at least within each of the ten or so I've been able to hear, either in the concert hall or on record. In the first place, the music exudes success by being made for it, by being so eminently practical. Ms. Zwilich was herself an orchestral violinist; she knows how orchestras work, how to make the maximum effect for the minimum expense of rehearsal time and instrumental setup. The new symphony is for a completely traditional ensemble, with no unusual instruments or irregular percussion, and it avoids problems of coördination or balance. It rides well. It's the work of a pro. Like other recent Zwilich, too, it speaks—or clamors—of success in the energy of its form and the boldness of its close. Ms. Zwilich works with the immense propulsive force of a harmonic drama enacted by resolutely emphasized themes in an arena of resolutely emphasized keynotes.

In a gambit taken over from her "Celebration," written for the Indianapolis Symphony in 1984, the Third Symphony begins with one note in loud octaves right across the orchestra. It's not easy to imagine how one could avoid interpreting this F-sharp as the starting point of a tonal journey, especially since—by the time one might have begun imagining such a thing—the hammered pitch has become the bass under the first slow, inexorable statement by the violins of a theme, starting out from a rise through a minor third by way of a minor second (the second, third, and fourth degrees of the F-sharp minor into which we seem to have been plunged). Now—and the symphony is still only six measures old—we have both a harmonic center and some first steps that seem to want to tug up and away from that center, steps in the shape of a motif that will finally, inevitably, and after many forceful reappearances point us back to the center again, since the three movements (introduction and allegro, scherzo, and largo finale) are linked by both harmonic joints and thematic cross-references.

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Nielsen, Sibelius, and Shostakovich, all of whom had to deal with the problem of how to establish the motive power of tonality in a post-tonal age. It takes some effort. Increasingly, it takes more effort, and Ms. Zwilich's vigorous, ear-bending techniques are presupposed by her aims. We have to be told, loudly and clearly, where we are and where we're going. Subtlety and ambiguity are largely ruled out, and that's one respect in which this music, on the surface so affirmative, shows itself also as a provocative denial of a great deal that has happened in the art since Debussy.

However, the new symphony is at least more graceful, and perhaps more cautious, about this than was its predecessor of 1985, Ms. Zwilich's Second, subtitled "Cello Symphony," on account of the leading role it gave to that section of the orchestra. Where the first movement of No. 2 pressed forward with a combative display of musical martial arts—fanfaring gestures organized by a strong march pulse—the equivalent movement in No. 3 has strange interruptions, at least in its introductory segment. No sooner have the first violins begun to draw out a theme than the task is snatched from them by the violas, who have an initiating prominence in this movement somewhat similar to that of the cellos in the earlier piece. But Ms. Zwilich seems disinclined to trust them: their position slips from movement to movement, and even in this assertive first entry the top of the phrase is doubled by the second violins, as if the composer's novel idea were being compromised by her practicality—a slight thing, perhaps, but a token of the priority she gives to effectiveness.

What follows is even more curious. The violas fall from their melody-building into rippling arpeggios (shades of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade"), and the music collapses from thrust into circling. Before long, it's off again, this time on a course that will carry it through to the end of the movement and beyond. But in the context of musical material that's so declarative of what it's about, so demonstrative of push and purpose, this interim of idling sticks out as something hard to account for, and its interpretation isn't made any easier when similar revolving arpeggios arrive to open the slow final movement. Ms. Zwilich's music is all about progress and action, but perhaps what we have here is an image of a pool—the pool of tonal harmony—out of which the progress and action of the rest are derived.

It could also be that the broken-backed start of the piece indicates some tension between will and inclination, some tension parallel to that between official constraint and individual voice in the music of a composer whom Ms. Zwilich in the nature of her output so strikingly and growingly resembles: Shostakovich. In a general way, the similarities are there in the preference for large-scale instrumental forms, the fecundity, and the force. The more particular musical echoes in the new symphony include the work's stubborn, laboring main motif, which ascends scalewise as if it were shoving a Sisyphean boulder in front of it. (Comparable music in Shostakovich occurs in, for instance, his 1963-64 "Hamlet" score.) Among other shared features are the suspension of lone musical lines in cold space over accompaniments that are distant in register and harmony, the ruthless pulse, and the sense of something awry in the final homecoming. When the new Zwilich symphony eventually avows the return to F-sharp which has long been in sight, avowal comes in the oddly precarious form of major triads perched in the treble register, with high trumpets and vibraphone not only endowing the harmony with a radiance but also enhancing the sense of wobbling danger. Given that the rest of the piece is not remarkable for orchestrational invention, which would obstruct the music's easy passage through rehearsal, the ear is caught at this juncture, and so is the music, repeating the chord until it can be made a suitable point on which the symphony may complete itself. There's an unreality about it, a kind of doubleness. Yes, the music seems to be saying, this is the way the work ends. But no, it says, too, this is not the right place. We hear the bang and the whimper together.

The resemblances to Shostakovich—which are pervasive, unlike such flickerings across the work's surface as the early hint of Richard Strauss's silver-rose music at a point where trumpets assume the lead, or the acid glamour of Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet," which also steals into the score at times—may simply reflect admiration and the fact of making symphonies in a world that hasn't, musically, moved on very far in the almost eighteen years since the Soviet composer's death. But it's also possible to understand how artistic honesty might compel a composer finishing a work on March 20, 1992, with chords of F-sharp major to admit that such a conclusion is not incontrovertible, and can be made to seem so only by a triumph of effort.

Triumphing effort is by no means restricted to these few measures, or to this symphony, or, indeed, to this composer, since Ms. Zwilich's success is merely the brightness on a whole wave of returning reconstructed symphonism, a symphonism that can be made to work, or to appear to work, only by what I've already described as a denial of much of this century's musical history. One can understand the pressures that forced Shostakovich into at least the semblance of such a denial. What is less obvious is why someone of Ms. Zwilich's age and background—she was born in 1939, and studied at Juilliard with Elliott Carter and Roger Sessions—should want to ignore the lessons of, for example, the works of her teachers. Success, though it might result from what she and others do, can't be their motivation, since there are easier ways to popularity and fortune—and even esteem—than writing symphonies.

Because the new piece has so much to do with ways and means familiar to us in symphonies from Beethoven onward, it's telling us stories we already know. We've heard other pieces, and not just Ms. Zwilich's "Celebration," starting out from reiterated fortissimo octaves. We've heard other pieces in which fluent melodies are carried by solo woodwinds against a vamp. We've heard other pieces in which the brass ensemble is brought in to press forward a harmonic turn. We've heard other pieces that steer themselves toward a closing with major triads. Sure, Ms. Zwilich's symphony communicates. It communicates loudly and powerfully and, through most of its length, quite unmistakably. What it communicates, though, is a string of things we didn't have to be told again. Its first performance, therefore, sounded not like a first performance at all but, rather, like an umpteenth reëncounter with an archetype—the symphony as tonal narrative—and with many of the procedures that

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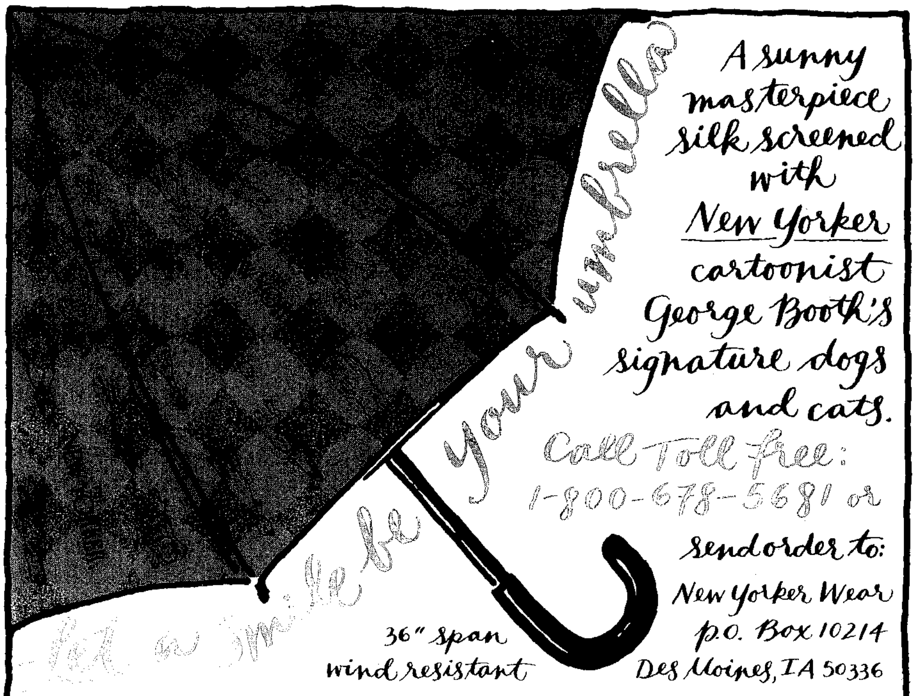
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have substantiated that archetype in the music of two centuries. The shock of discovery—which runs the risk of being bewildering, unpleasant, incomprehensible—was almost absent.

Yet this again may be a symptom of Ms. Zwilich's artistic efficiency. What she provides is another example of what orchestras are used to playing, and therefore of what audiences at orchestral concerts are used to hearing. I don't imagine that musicians need to be told in any great detail how to perform what she gives them: they have all the information they need in the experience of their professional lives. In the same way, any listener having a fair acquaintance with the symphonic repertory is going to know how to hear the piece. Ms. Zwilich's success is easily explained as the success of familiarity, coupled with a formidable directness in putting the familiar into action, a directness amounting to bravado. Her program note describes the symphony as “really an intimate piece,” but though the slow finale may perhaps be expressive of intimacy, the doubt expressed by that “really” is truer to the case. The piece is determinedly a showpiece for the Philharmonic, and by no means only for the viola section: it offers exuberant opportunities also to the violins (so fine and strong in high registers), to the brass (who remind us that Ms. Zwilich was not only a violinist in Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra but a jazz trumpeter), and to the woodwinds, exposed in solos and small ensembles. It's extrovert music; it had a fittingly extrovert first performance (and a slightly fuzzier second one), conducted not by Kurt Masur, as had been planned, but, since he was ill, by Jahja Ling.

The lack of fulfillment, then, had nothing to do with the performance, everything to do with the music—and most of that everything to do with the music's failure to find anything new, or even to suggest any belief on the composer's part that it might be interesting, desirable, or possible to find anything new. If Ms. Zwilich had no imaginative gift, one wouldn't mind so much. The evidence of her creative talent is possibly hard to dig out from what she's writing now, but it shines in her earlier work. The recent reissue of some of Ms. Zwilich's earliest published pieces, on a Composers Recordings disk (CRI CD 621), offers melancholy evidence of the distance she has travelled—and of the direction in which she has travelled—since the early seventies.

The prime exhibit must be the string quartet that she wrote in 1974. Because it's not shackled to a traditional tonal argument, the music's much freer in harmony and, maybe even more conspicuously, in rhythm. It's also, perhaps for the same reason, much smoother in form: it doesn't have either the hiccups I described in the first movement of the Third Symphony or the all-crushing, tanklike momentum of the corresponding movement in the Second. I suppose one might think of Bartók for the intense working of small intervallic groups, the polish, and, at moments, the eeriness. But there isn't the dread beholdenness to some past which in more recent works is so depressing—even, or perhaps especially, when the overt tone is more festive than it is in the Third Symphony.

Where the movements of the new symphony ask to be heard as examples of types we know—the first movement setting out the initial stage of the argument, the scherzo rallying tumult (brassy triplets) around more sustained material, the slow return to base—those of the quartet slice time in ways that are unpredictable and teasing, and only very tenuously linked to conventional quadripartition. True, the music is relatively simple; this isn't Carter, or even Sessions. But it doesn't turn its back on their examples, and with its simplicity goes a freshness, an openness, that's exhilarating in itself and full of hope for the composer's future.

What is one to conclude? Certainly not that Ms. Zwilich has deliberately betrayed the promise of her youth. I don't doubt for a moment that, with all her consciousness, she believes in every note she writes, pushes the substance of faith into every F-sharp-major triad, even if the music may occasionally reflect an unwilled questioning. But I do doubt whether this symphony—asking, as it does, to be weighed not only against the works of Beethoven and Shostakovich but against those of a thousand minor symphonists in between—can add anything to the universe of musical possibility. ♦

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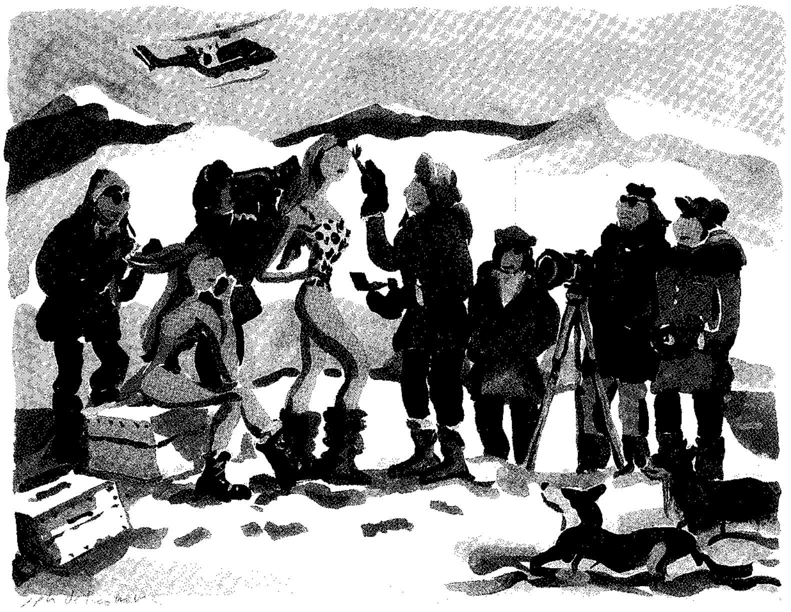
P.C. CHEESECAKE

BY JAMES WOLCOTT



If only beauty would behave. If only female beauty would remain encased under glass, forever awaiting the prince's kiss, or preserved behind gauze and mist, like the faces of Garbo and Dietrich. But it insists on striding forward, stealing the show, reducing ordinary mortals to backdrops. Beauty is a form of deity. The chief deities today are not Hollywood stars—who, Sharon Stone aside, deem glamour an obstacle to the authentic grit of Acting and rubbing tattoos with Mickey Rourke—but fashion's supermodels. Like Balanchine dancers, supermodels combine tweezer legs and birdcage torsos with blank looks of inner beyond. According to Naomi Wolf's "The Beauty Myth" (which I intend to read someday), women feel tyrannized by these stick-figure space zombies with pouting lips and pouting breasts. Their omnipresence in the media imposes an impossible ideal. In the latest issue of *Mirabella,* Carol Mithers heralds the morn when models will no longer conform to the unnatural standards of youth, height, hair color, and skinniness: "The images we want to see aren't cruel taunts of what we're not, but affirmations of all we are." This call for inclusion extends the Clinton doctrine onto the runway. We must now have supermodels who look like America. Politically correct cheesecake is the order of the day.

News of which hasn't reached the makers of HBO's "Swimsuit USA: America the Beautiful," a behind-the-scenes promotional peek at the putting together of *Sports Illustrated's* annual swimsuit edition. (Next airdate: March 10th.) Directed by Susan Froemke and Albert Maysles, "Swimsuit USA" wins no points for diversity. The supermodels are white, long of limb, and largely blond. Their selection for the swimsuit issue is staged as an initiation rite into the top echelon of pop exposure. It's no simple operation shooting this series of pinups. Like those "making-of" specials about feature films, the message of "Swimsuit USA" is "It takes a skilled team of technicians to create this magical illusion." Sultry images of a swimsuit model planted like a flag at dusk are actually shot at cold, wasted dawn. Bigger effects demand planning, precision, and piles of Coppola-esque crapola. In a segment featuring the supermodels Vendela Kirsebom and Ashley Richardson and entitled "Voyage of the Ice Maidens," two helicopters and a prop plane deposit the crew on a snowy pla-

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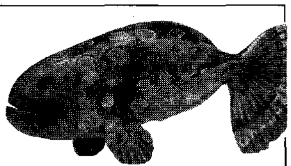

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teau in subfreezing temperature. Before the shoot, they shelter inside a tent. As Vendela warms herself in front of a heater, Ashley comments, "She's barbecuing her butt, and, I might add, what a nice butt it is, too." As a helicopter containing a photographer makes a sweep of the terrain, the models wave inanely, then resume their shivering. Finally, the temperature becomes too much for Vendela; she announces she's on strike, and defects down the slope in a parka. With a hand at the side of her mouth, Ashley confides to the camera, "Vendela's not a very professional supermodel."

Structurally, the HBO special resembles a *Playboy* Playmate video, with its segments of models cavorting in idyllic getaways, and swaying their arms as if doing the Dance of the Seven Veils. Light is showered like gold coins. "Swimsuit USA" legitimatizes voyeurism by portraying the supermodels as nature lovers and wholesome next-door girls, who just happen to look like Hugh Hefner's honor guard. But the *Playboy* videos are pure product. Attempting to demystify the pinup process, "Swimsuit USA" deliberately dismantles itself. There's a self-conscious horsiness to the whole enterprise. One photographer has the supermodel Stacey Williams doing a split on rock chips. (She later enters a gift shop and jokily orders Preparation H.) After making chimpanzee sounds, another photographer pretends to chase the supermodel Ingrid Seynhaeve through the grass. The *Sports Illustrated* senior editor Jule Campbell, who supervises each shoot like a den mother, coaxes the supermodel Rachel Hunter into doing a Folies-Bergère cancan. No one looks good doing a cancan. The bathing suits themselves, high along the crotch and blatant at the top, make even the best bodies bulgy. It's as if there were an unconscious undermining of the spell that legendary beauties can inflict, a desire to cut them down to size. When Stacey Williams applies makeup in front of a camcorder at 6 A.M., the point seems to be that at that early hour supermodels look like the rest of us: lousy.

Still, for all its flubs and brain flops, the HBO special offers more scenic awe than the *Sports Illustrated* issue itself, in which the photographs appear poorly reproduced (as grainy as a bowl of Grape Nuts), lustreless, logy. Certainly nothing in the magazine can compete with "Swimsuit USA" 's supermodel Eva Herzigova in her daisy-petal bikini, smiling like the Sunbeam girl, or the super-supermodel Kathy Ireland training her Brooke Shields eyebrows on the camera and trancing into an eternal cat stare. But such epiphanies are rare. The show keeps busy to cover up its skittish lack of conviction. True body-worship stops time, turning every pair of eyes into binoculars.

PRESERVING the honor of bikini beach (sandbox of the gods) is "Baywatch," an hour-long action-drama that is not only a hit in American and international syndication but a cult favorite among more intellectual cave dwellers. (The latest issue of England's *Modern Review*, a with-it journal about pop culture, splashes the former "Baywatch" star Erika Eleniak on its cover.) Starring the Dudley Do-Right dim-bulb David Hasselhoff, who had long conversations with the dashboard in the action-adventure "Knight Rider," "Baywatch" has built its following on the bombshell attractions of lifeguards played by Pamela Anderson, Nicole Eggert, and Alexandra Paul. Although their characters are conceived as gruff, capable professionals who bark out instructions to deadbeat bystanders between bouts of C.P.R. ("Someone call 911—move it!"), the show is mostly an exercise in reckless eyeballing of the young and the built. If Wayne and Garth of "Wayne's World" were to devise a dream show, this would be it, with whipped cream on top.

Yet "Baywatch" can't really be derided as "jiggle TV" in the seventies tradition of "Charlie's Angels." (The most jiggle is in the sight of Hasselhoff running in slow motion to flag down a snow cone.) For all its commotion, "Baywatch" has a daydreamy, pictorial expanse. Slickly photographed, the series shines like a magazine-spread mural, its hard-body stars pasted like odalisques against the perfect wave. How does "Baywatch"—"Babewatch" to its fans—get by with such brazen objectification? In part, because it's careful to employ all the soft jargon of the recovery movement in its characters' back stories. Into their hourglass figures the writers pour bowls of mush. One character is a compulsive gambler, another suffers from panic attacks. As head lifeguard, Hasselhoff is no harem master, no party hound, but a single father who cooks and, more important, cares. This airhead mix of hedonism and humanism is very California. But it serves its purpose, which is to give us permission to look.

Permission to look is the hidden bargain struck between viewers and TV programmers. The withered fig leaf of "redeeming social value" has returned in the form of progressive piety. The chief hilarity of the recent "Miss USA Pageant," on CBS, was watching the statuesque contestants, feathered and sequinned like Busby Berkeley showgirls, try to shout their platforms for a better tomorrow without moving their teeth: "Hi, I'm Miss Minnesota, and I plan to produce a radio program that empowers women!" The tacit disclaimer for "Baywatch" and the "Miss USA Pageant" is that its women aren't bimbos being exploited for pleasure and profit but well-rounded persons of gender who have so much to offer our troubled world. So wipe that crooked grin off your face, Mister. The irony is that although the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit spectacular is a quintessential guy event, the most gaga reaction in "Swimsuit USA" comes from a pair of girls getting an autograph from Kathy Ireland, whose floral crown adorns her like a princess. Political scolds trying to wean people from their beauty fixations are fighting a lost battle. Men, women, children, and animals all know when they're in the presence of one of nature's anointed. Even at its dippiest, voyeurism expresses the universal longing for life, filtered through an enhancement lens. Looks may not be everything, but everybody wants to look. ♦

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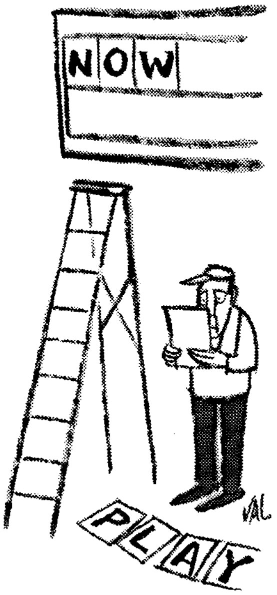
The new stamp has caused such a stir at Boulder's post office that it prompted one frustrated clerk to exclaim, "I don't even like Elvis. I wish he were dead."

THE CURRENT CINEMA

REVENGE OF THE NERD

BY ANTHONY LANE

"MAD DOG AND GLORY" was shot in the second half of 1991. According to a publicity handout, "an early 1992 release is tentatively set by Universal Pictures." Tentative is right. One year late, the movie is finally seeing the light of a projector. But, whatever they were doing with it all that time, it wasn't enough. Maybe they couldn't decide what sort of film it was supposed to be. Comedy, mob drama, love story, thriller—it is all these, and less. Plainly, the old adage still holds good: you can't judge a picture by its credits. "Mad Dog and Glory" stars Robert De Niro, Bill Murray, and Uma Thurman. It was written by Richard Price, who wrote "Sea of Love," and was directed by John McNaughton, who made "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer"; Martin Scorsese was one of the producers. In other words, it has all the right instruments, ready to make sweet music. The only trouble is, no one can remember the tune.



The movie seems to begin where "Henry" left off, in a casual spurt of nastiness, filmed in black-and-white. The camera lies low, as if already scared, and watches a car cruise to a halt. The headlights die, and so do a couple of characters. "You dead, too," says the murderer, killing off his grammar for good measure. The music is a swell of horns, villainous and very flat, plus a one-finger piano jab borrowed from "Halloween." This kind of grubby violence is Hollywood's idea of lowlife: none too credible, but it gets the story moving. And there's an amazing moment when the killer lights his crack pipe and the film blooms into color around him. Only a fast high will get you over the rainbow these days.

That bright spark of irony is the last real surprise in the movie, and we've only just reached the end of the credits. From here on, it's familiar ground. First on the scene is De Niro, making his first move into the land of nerds since "The King of Comedy." He plays a man called Wayne Dobie, who's about as interesting as he sounds. Wayne does his tie up properly, drinks a lot of coffee, and spies on his curvy neighbor having sex. His idea of a good time is staying home and listening to jazz. He also happens to work for the Chicago Police Department, where everybody calls him Mad Dog, just for fun.

Wayne's world is a new area for Richard Price. He's given us the lonely policeman before, but never this type of high-precision dork. The Al Pacino character in "Sea of Love" wasn't just divorced—he was dispossessed, hungry to return to the world but flinching at what he might find there. Wayne, too, has a heap of fears, but deals with them by shutting the door; when the neighbor (Kathy Baker) offers him coffee, he makes a sour, wrinkly face and declines. It's not the coffee that worries him; it's what might come with it. The buttoned-up cop is an endangered species, in a field crawling with the tough and the expansive, and you can see why. The pathos feels ready-made; he needs an edge of something else to stay alive in our heads. Wayne's closest relation is probably Chabrol's Inspector Lavardin, with his raincoat and his air of unperturbed courtesy, but there was also a chill in that air, a secret cruelty tucked away for emergencies. No such luck for Wayne; all the movie can do is pity the poor schmuck and hope he gets better soon.

He does, of course: "Mad Dog and Glory" is a redemption picture, which

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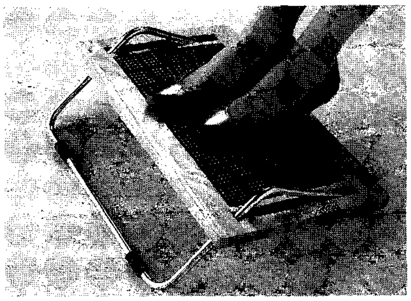

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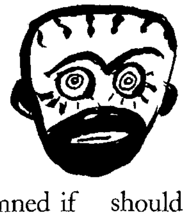
proclaims that all the Waynes out there can get off their backsides and earn some respect. The first thing you have to do is learn to pull your gun—something that Wayne hasn't done in years. It may have grown into his holster by now. He's a Clean Harry, and the movie gradually lets him get dirty. The process begins when he goes looking for Twinkies at a store and gets snarled up in a robbery. He lets the gunman have his way, which annoys another customer, Frank Milo (Bill Murray). It's a weird, two-tone scene: De Niro looks patient and petrified; Murray lies on the ground with a foot on his face and tells jokes. He can't believe how Wayne is treating the thief: "Jesus, why don't you give him a fucking back rub?"

Buddy movies always match unlikely types, but these two come from different galaxies, and McNaughton can't work out how to film them together. When they sit down and talk in a diner, the camera dutifully glances back and forth, but the head shots might as well come from two unconnected movies. Murray looks bored by De Niro: he can't bounce off him, can't get any rhythm going in their patter. "Are you married?" he asks. "Not personally, no," Wayne says. It's not a bad line—you can sense the flicker of Wayne's nervous politesse—but everything around is so flat that it sounds like a faux pas, nothing more. As the film progresses, De Niro seems to lose his grip, his scary concentration; Wayne is just an act for him, like the catatonic patient in "Awakenings," and you're never in his thrall. He used to cage himself into a character and beat against the bars; now he sits and spiels.



There's an undeclared battle going on in "Mad Dog": Murray can smell the promise of comedy going round, and he wants a piece for himself, but nobody will let him get to it. De Niro and McNaughton are making a serious picture here, and they're damned if someone else is going to spoil it with fun. All the gags are booby-trapped: you get ready to laugh, and find yourself wincing with embarrassment instead. Even the deadpan dies. On paper, Murray's must have looked a peach of a part. Frank Milo is a big Mafia cheese, who not only owns a night club but likes to perform there. We see him going through a crummy standup routine, all his sidekicks hooting deferen from the front row. We're not mea find it funny, but because it's Murray we almost do, and from he confusion reigns. How should we this guy? The patent Murray express is glued in place—the one that stare the world and says, "You cannot be s ous." Only, this time it is serious, the joke's on him. He has to stand th and, in all honesty, deliver lines li "Your life becomes a raging sea" a (twice) "I am the expediter of yo dreams."

Frank realizes that Wayne, though far from heroic, did save his life, and deserves some kind of reward. One morning, the reward turns up at Wayne's door in the shape of Uma Thurman, so timid she can hardly vouch for her own presence: "Hi? My name is Glory?" It turns out that she owes Frank a huge favor, and one way to pay it back is to shack up with Wayne for a week. Price flings a few explanations at us, but he can't hide the dumbness of this plot twist; it isn't even a twist, in fact—just one of those fake knots that vanish when you pull on them. And the rest of the movie obeys that fine old principle of cinema, upheld ever since Madeleine Carroll got cuffed to Robert Donat: When a man and a woman are joined by force of necessity, they will (after a period of profound skepticism) fall in love. In this case, the title tells it all: Mad Dog will twin up with Glory, and no man shall put them asunder. Not even Frank.

But John McNaughton is not really the man to film the mysteries of the heart, not unless someone cuts it out and holds it up to the camera. "Henry" was a scummy, dispiriting affair, in which violence grew over boredom like a second skin. The tone hasn changed; the new movie should be called "Wayne: Portrait of a Serial Loner." De Niro and Thurman niggle where th should flirt; they seem to be practicing for divorce before they've even thought about marriage. Only when they come on to each other does McNaughton's style pay off. As they start to grapple on the sofa, he just sits his camera down in front of them like a guard dog and lets it stare. You want him to cut, change his angle or something, but he won't budge; it's like watching a rape scene from

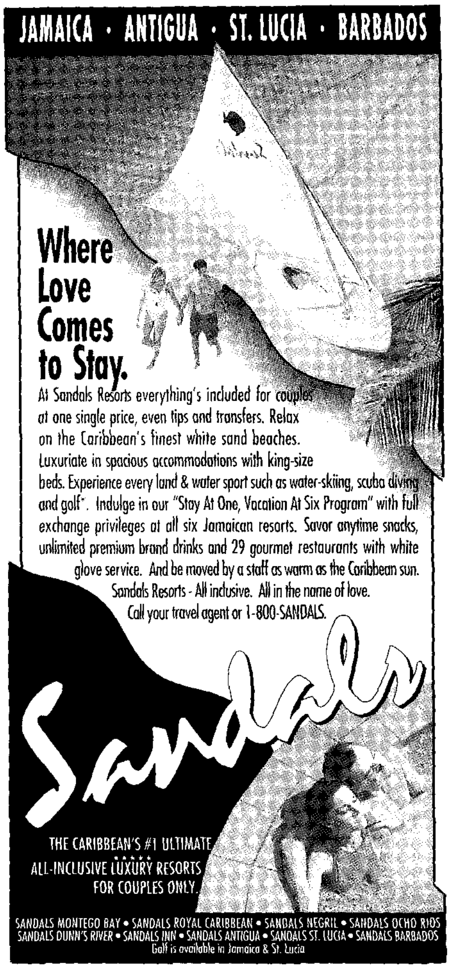
"Henry," except that this time it's the woman who leads the assault. There's something awkward and touching about it, a taste of authentic fumble, and it makes a welcome change from current Hollywood procedure, whereby sex is shot like a workout—glowing dissolves, stretch torsos, music to move to.

Uma Thurman spends the film looking gorgeous but faintly ill. All the major lookers, I've noticed, put in an under-the-weather performance from time to time, just to remind us how delicate their beauty is, and how lucky we are to have them. (I spent most of "Married to the Mob" wanting to stand up and offer Michelle Pfeiffer my handkerchief, so she could blow her nose.) Thurman tends to ooze through her movies, powered by a blend of cunning and indolence; the Vicomte of "Dangerous Liaisons" may have thought he was stealing her innocence, but you felt she'd off-loaded most of it already. Her gift onscreen is to get things done by pretending not to give a damn, and "Mad Dog" tries to work that into her role: Frank keeps telling Wayne that Glory has him twisted around her pinkie. But we see no evidence of that; for once, she really *doesn't* give a damn. Thurman only adds to the numbing suspicion that there's no point to paying much attention to this movie, since it refuses to pay any to itself.

You'd never think that Scorsese had thrown his weight behind "Mad Dog and Glory"; it has none of the jive and jabber of his own work, it drifts away at the end, and most of the cast look as if they rehearsed underwater. The only one to profit from this is Mike Starr, who plays Frank's bodyguard—loyal and slow-moving, with wool for brains and a bent for Chivas and milk. Just occasionally, something cracks the glaze, as when Wayne wanders onto a crime scene (a body in a bar) and starts up the jukebox. Black comedy! Where did that come from? It's utterly out of character, but you may as well enjoy it while it lasts—a brief bark in a movie that won't bite.

IN the first scene of "Shadow of the Wolf," a polar bear breaks open an igloo to get at the Eskimo within. This is rather thrilling, and the attacker has a good right hook, but I couldn't help thinking of that old Gary Larson cartoon where the bear explains why igloos are so delicious—they're crunchy on the outside, chewy on the inside. The whole movie is like this—the wilder and more magnificent it gets, the more you want to laugh. Set in 1935, among the Inuit of the Arctic, it bundles together various stars in the hope that they'll look like Eskimos, which none of them do. Lou Diamond Phillips plays the hero, Agaguk, with Jennifer Tilly as the woman who bears his child, and Toshiro Mifune, no less, as his wise old dad. Mifune looks furious throughout—partly because Agaguk is such a pain, but also because after years of making masterpieces with Kurosawa he must be wondering why the hell he should freeze his mittens off for this kind of thing.

The film goes to endless trouble to re-create the Inuit life, then gives us a leading character who wants no part of it. Agaguk keeps playing hooky and sledding off to be alone: Garbo of the North. The director is Jacques Dorfmann, who offers snaps of excitement—arson, murder, the gaffing of a whale—interleaved with long spells of eco-friendship, natural childbirth, and mythic rumination. "The spirit of the white wolf will hunt you down," Agaguk is told, and this isn't just any old wolf; it's the one from "Dances with Wolves," wearing a new woolly sweater. The real villain is not the white wolf, of course, but the white man—fair enough, although the white man the Inuit know best is Donald Sutherland, hardly a straightforward example of his race. He plays the local police chief, sporting bright-red hair and a pair of shades made from punched steel. Somehow, even if you missed the credits you'd know that Sutherland was about to turn up in this movie. It has just the mad, cultish atmosphere on which he thrives, although I doubt if even he has seen anything quite like the climax of "Shadow of the Wolf." To viewers like me, who collect tacky endings, this was a real find; I haven't cheered so loudly since Grandma came back in a bedsheet in "Poltergeist II." It involves what you might call falconization—somebody jumping out of a plane and sprouting wings. "In the making of this film," we are assured, "no animal has been killed." Fine, but what about the audience? ♦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THE THEATRE

SIMON SAYS

BY EDITH OLIVER

"The Goodbye Girl," at the awful Marquis, is a musical that Neil Simon has fashioned from his own movie of 1977 (which I missed), and he has the great luck to have Bernadette Peters and Martin Short in the leading roles. Miss Peters plays a dancer, somewhat past her prime, who has been deserted by her lover, an actor who has gone off to Spain, and left stranded with her twelve-year-old daughter in an apartment on the Upper West Side. Mr. Short, another actor, arrives, lease in hand, claiming to have sublet the place. The landlady (wonderful Carol Woods) backs him, but our heroine refuses to move. After a good deal of argument, heroine and actor decide to share the place. The first act is brightened by the presence of the two stars, of course, and also by scenes of rehearsals of an Off Off production of "Richard III," with Mr. Short as the King, under the direction of an avant-garde nut from Budapest, in the comical person of John Christopher Jones, who insists that the role be acted as a man playing a woman playing a man (or the other way round). Mr. Short turns these rehearsals into a kind of brief festival of hokum. There are also, Simon being Simon, funny lines and some funny and touching scenes with Miss Peters; in one, she almost knocks herself out at ballet practice. ("What's the trouble with your body?" "It died.") But the real spurts of energy—and feeling, too—come in Act II. Peters and Short have become engaged, naturally, and a scene in which Short proposes fatherhood to the little girl in a rowboat in Central Park had me in tears. (I'm a soft touch.) And a scene in which Peters, now employed as a choreographer at PBS, dances, with company, to "Jump for Joy" had the audience cheering. Miss Peters is a marvellous dancer—she is a marvel, period—and Graciela Daniele's dances are up to her standard. The music, by Marvin Hamlisch, is much less so, unfortunately, though many of David Zippel's lyrics sound clever enough. In the end, what matters is that second act: the magical combination of Neil Simon, dead-shot humorist and pro of pros; Bernadette Peters, as described; Martin Short, a funny Danny Kaye, and a great boon to the theatre, as he has been, I gather, to television; and a number of performers in support (most notably Miss Woods; Tammy Minoff, as a delightful twelve-year-old; and, again, the invaluable Mr. Jones, who doubles as a crazy television nutrition expert). Santo Loquasto has, as usual, designed distinguished scenery and, this time, distinguished costumes as well; Tharon Musser designed the lighting. Mr. Kidd directed.

Eric Overmyer's "The Heliotrope Bouquet by Scott Joplin & Louis Chauvin," at Playwrights Horizons, tells the story of the beginnings of ragtime by its two progenitors. Before getting into the show, much of which I enjoyed, I must say that it is almost done in by accursed amplification. In a theatre the size of a toenail, a decision must be made: if there are microphones, the performers cannot bellow. (The same rule applies to the Marquis, by the way.) The play opens in a rooming house in Harlem in 1917, where Joplin, a physical wreck, lies dying. The action is mostly a matter of flashbacks and dreams, set in the Rosebud Café in St. Louis in 1905 and in an opium den in Chicago in 1906, where Chauvin hung out, refusing to write down his music, while Joplin, with great affection, insisted on collaboration. The lines of Mr. Overmyer's script which I could make out suggested that there was a writer at the helm, and the quiet, beautifully modulated performance of Delroy Lindo, as Joplin, pierced the surrounding din. I also admired Duane Boutté, as the sensitive Chauvin, and Donna Biscoe, as both of Joplin's wives. Joplin's ragtime, per Terry Waldo's piano playing, should be treat enough for any evening. ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Let the Dog Drive
by David Bowman
(New York University; $19.95)

YOU'D think nothing could live up to this title, but the book, being generous as well as witty, more than tops it. The narrator, a teen-age pulp-detective fan on the lam from the world of his crazy mother, is picked up by Sylvia, the novel's centerpiece, on one of the long, destinationless car trips by means of which she escapes domesticity. She happens to be a teen-age pulp-detective fan's wet dream (crack baseball pitcher plus socko in moll's cocktail dress) and also the ultimate mommy. Almost immediately, she hands him a volume of Emily Dickinson's poetry. This could be a formula for terminal cuteness, but what results is about as cute as Dickinson's astringent, rigorous verse, or one of Dashiell Hammett's bloodier novels. (Its wit is sparked by the clash between its disparate parts.) The narrator's love for Sylvia, which is not necessarily sexual, comes to embrace anything she might care about, from her two sons to the narrator's dreaded mother, and it lights up a novel that is incandescent almost to the very end.

Exposure
by Kathryn Harrison
(Random House; $20)

THE famous and rich people here are so fine and so emotionally desperate that they indulge in mental anguish of only the most glamorous kind, with some mild, unlikely wickedness thrown in. Though this chic novel is written nicely enough to be highly readable, it is an embarrassing one to enjoy. The protagonist is the daughter of a hugely famous photographer, and is also the photographic subject that made his fame. Because her childhood was haunted by this exposure—to film, to him, and to the public eye—she needs to do secret, not to say illegal, things; namely, shoplift designer clothes and ingest crystal meth. On top of that, she is diabetic, so the drug endangers her sight; and her marriage is unravelling under the pressure of a controversial retrospective of her father's work at the Museum of Modern Art. If while reading you think of certain photographers who have recently been the subject of newspaper articles, it can't be coincidence. And if you skim to get to the end don't worry: there isn't much to miss.

GENERAL

Anthony Trollope
by Victoria Glendinning
(Knopf; $30)

OF the great literary Victorians, Trollope was the most rugged and the most blunt. He was big and loud, and had almost bottomless reserves of energy. He loved the labor of writing. "After a man has done making love," he once said, "there is no other thing on earth to make him happy but hard work." This vibrant, full-scale biography gives due attention to the extroverted prodigy who wrote forty-seven novels after the age of thirty, but it also seeks out the sensitive and percipient observer of human beings, the fond husband, the man who, scarred in his youth by poverty and years of drudgery in the Post Office, yearned for affection and the esteem of his peers. "I have long been aware of a certain weakness in my own character, which I may call a craving for love," he wrote in his autobiography. Ms. Glendinning gives us in this book insights into the intellectual and emotional makeup of a man too often seen as a mere entertainer; she is particularly good on Trollope's sympathetic treatment of women's sexuality, and its attendant problems, in an age when society liked to pretend there was no such thing.

Sleeping on a Wire: Conversations with Palestinians in Israel
by David Grossman, translated from the Hebrew by Haim Watzman
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22)

THE talented Israeli novelist and journalist who wrote, in "The Yellow Wind," a revealing account of what life is like among the Arabs of the Occupied Territories now calls attention to the Israeli Arabs—those Palestinians whose families stayed on in Israel after the founding of the nation, in 1948. He lets them speak for themselves, in interviews with him, and in dialogues (which he records) with other Israeli Arabs and with Israeli Jews, and he deals with all types—school kids, intellectuals, politicians, laborers. It becomes clear that Israeli Arabs feel that they are second-class citizens of their country, discriminated against in everything from housing and employment to education. (Of the more than five thousand full-time university faculty members in Israel, twelve are Arabs.) Surprisingly, it is not so much they who are hostile to society as their Jewish counterparts, who, after forty-five years of living side by side, regard them as potential enemies. In this connection, Mr. Grossman says that Israel is liable "to doom its Arab citizens to fulfill its fears of them." This is a fine, compelling report, in which all facets of what seems an insoluble problem are treated with sympathy.

Dakota: A Spiritual Geography
by Kathleen Norris
(Ticknor & Fields; $19.95)

IN 1974, after the death of her maternal grandparents, Kathleen Norris, a poet by trade, moved from New York City to Lemmon, South Dakota, to keep their house and farming interests in the family. In time, she joined her grandmother's Presbyterian church—where she served for eight months as a temporary preacher—and, though married and "thoroughly Protestant," became a lay associate of a Benedictine monastery. Without adhering to a strict chronology, and with remarkable unself-consciousness, she records in this book the stages of a spiritual conversion firmly rooted in a particular place on the earth. By skillfully weaving together whatever material has come to hand—dry statistics of demography, topography, and annual rainfall; family and local history; tales of the desert fathers and of the Benedictines, whose traditions predate the establishment of a hierarchical church; celebrations of weather and landscape, and of human perseverance and transcendence—the author has contrived a powerful evocation of an experience notoriously difficult to put into words. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

BLUBBER

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

DEFIANT JAPAN TO PROMOTE EATING WHALE MEAT

—*The Times.*

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THE PROBLEM

WHILE consumption of whale meat among older Japanese has remained at satisfactory levels, consumption among the younger generation, susceptible to international whale-lobby disinformation about alleged "endangerment" of world whale stocks, has fallen off drastically. Groups of young Japanese are even being lured to Hawaii, where instead of playing golf they participate in offshore whale-watching parties, and they return home to disseminate pro-whale sentiment and dissuade their peers from eating whale meat.

THE SOLUTION:

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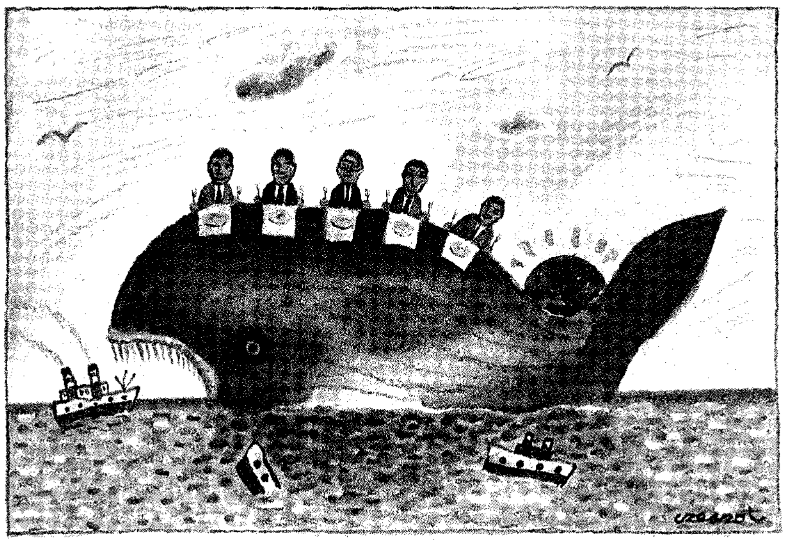
THE STRATEGY:

To bypass ordinary advertising methods, which the media-savvy younger generation regards with suspicion, and to develop dramatic and documentary television programs and specials that will bring about a real "sea change" in attitudes toward the true nature of whales. Specifically:

SITUATION COMEDY:

"The Harpooneers," a hilarious series about the antics of the wacky but brave crew of the whale ship Minke Business. Sample episode: After a gruelling six-month whale-gathering mission, the good ship M.B. is on its way back to Yokohama in time for the big dance, but the young members have all broken out in pimples and are ashamed of showing themselves to the pretty young port girls. Fortunately, the wise, fatherly Bos'n Kikkoman knows that whale meat is an ancient cure for unsightly acne. He advises the youngsters to eat plenty of whale meat. They receive this advice respectfully, and, sure enough, their pimples disappear just as the ship pulls into Yokohama. As the crew files down the gangplank, the girls cry out, "What fine skin they all have! We cannot wait to have sex with them!"



PUBLIC AFFAIRS:

"Devils of the Deep!" Narrated by Leonard Nimoy (if we cannot get him, we will get someone who looks like him), this series will expose the whale for what it is: a large, ugly nuisance that only a *gaijin* could love.

"Who Cries for the Krill?" A shocking, heartrending documentary about the alarming depletion of the world krill supply caused by the irresponsible eco-gluttony of the blue whale, which has enjoyed "protected status" since 1966. The krill, the most gentle of the creatures of the sea, faces virtual extinction, with dire consequences for the world's food. Using a special new underwater "krill-cam" developed expressly for this investigation, the documentary will feature twenty-four hours in the harrowing life of a krill as it is pursued across the South Pacific by a so-called "gentle giant of the sea."

"Ahab's Children." Real-life interviews with people who have lost limbs to whales.

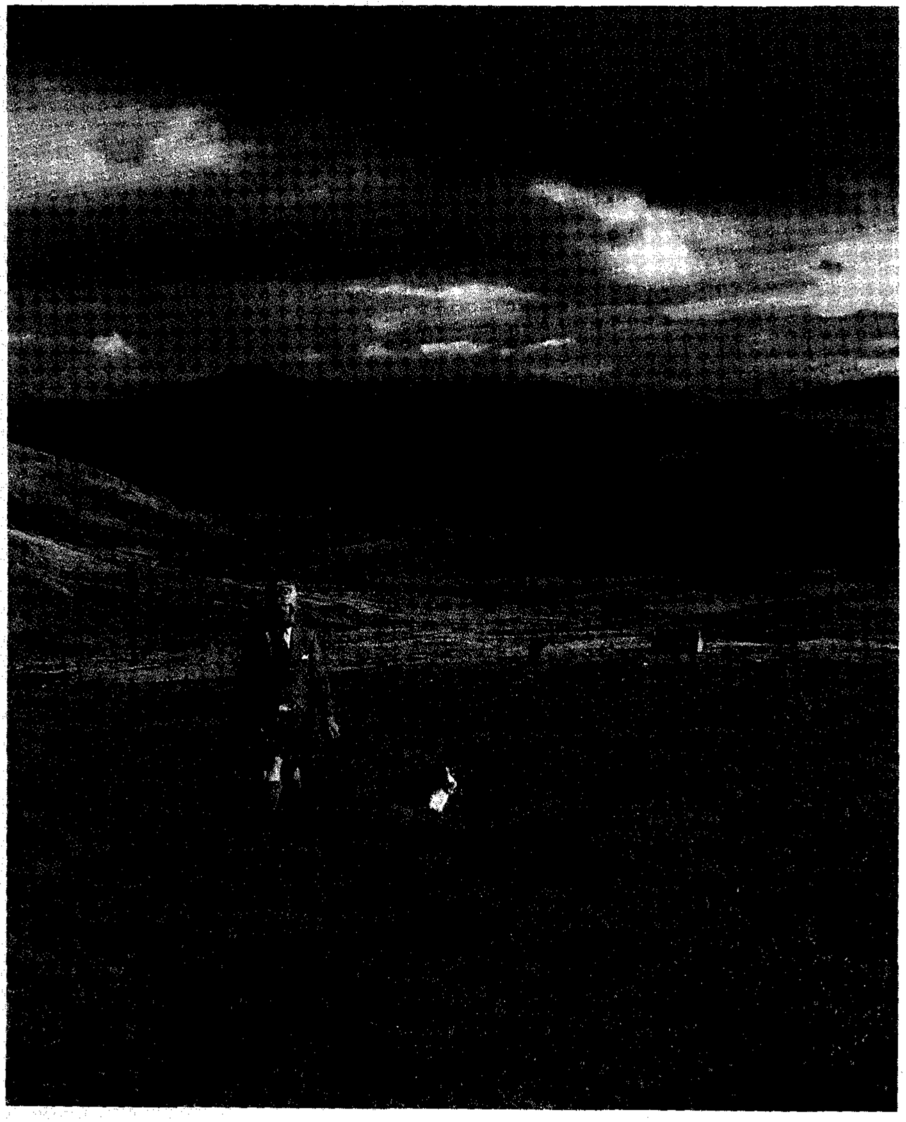
"Exxon Valdez: The Untold Story." This fresh look at the 1989 tanker "grounding" uncovers shocking new evidence suggesting that the fateful Alaska oil spill was not the work of a drunken captain and a submerged rock but, rather, a whale's coolly calculated revenge upon the sea otters of Prince William Sound.

"Mega-Waste: The Coming Crisis." A frightening documentary that demonstrates what scientists have long suspected: if present whale excretions continue unchecked, the world's oceans will rise twenty-five feet by the year 2000, causing unimaginable global havoc. A family in low-lying Bangladesh expresses its hope that the international whaling community will not stand idly by as this tragedy gathers critical mass.

"Mammals, Schmammals." A controversial cetologist (to be determined) reveals that these so-called ocean monarchs are really fish after all, and feel absolutely no pain when harpooned. ♦

"King George IV was up here, back in 1822. He would drink nothing but The Glenlivet.®"

– *Sandy Milne,*
our Resident Sage.

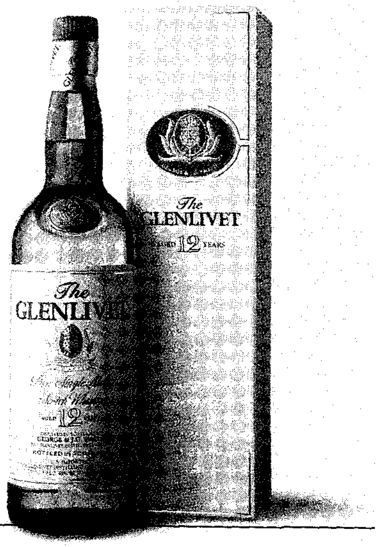


Sandy Milne and trusty companion, Ambrose.

His Majesty was gracing Scotland with a state visit at the time. He brought with him a powerful thirst for The Glenlivet single malt Scotch.

As his host's daughter, Elizabeth Grant, recorded in her memoirs: "Lord Coryingham, the Chamberlain, was looking everywhere for the pure Glenlivet whisky: the King drank nothing else."

A bottle was swiftly brought up from the cellar and pressed into the king's hands. "What is not recorded," says our own Sandy Milne, "is whether His Majesty gave anyone else a sniff of the stuff."



What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.

©1992. Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling Company, N.Y., N.Y. 12-year-old single malt Scotch whisky. Alc. 43% by vol. (86 proof). The Glenlivet is a registered trademark.

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A luxury sedan so unique, it's capable of thought.

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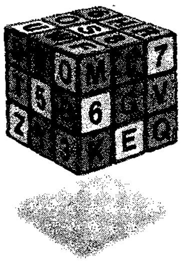
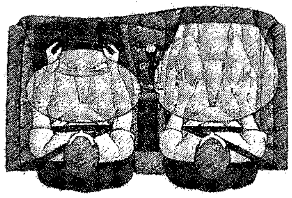


The Mazda 929 Now there's a luxury sedan that thinks like a human. By using the same kind of processes that let you make choices and solve puzzles, the Mazda 929 can anticipate many things you want to do. And then do them for you. ❧ Drive up a steep hill, for instance, and you'll find that the 929 cruise control maintains a steady speed without annoying and unwanted shifts—thanks to its advanced "fuzzy logic" computer, an automotive first. Turn on the windshield wipers when it rains, and the climate control knows to automatically turn on just enough air conditioning to dehumidify the interior. Or park in the sunlight, and an available solar-powered ventilation system knows to activate fans to help cool the cabin. ❧ So while you'll certainly appreciate the 929's V6 power, its sculpted shape, and luxuries such as the available leather trim,* what you may like most is the way this car thinks.



Air bags are standard for both driver and front passenger. Also standard is a computer-controlled Anti-lock Brake System to help you keep control during hard braking. And that's a comforting thought.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.

Standard features include a Preferred Maintenance Plan, covering all scheduled maintenance for 15 months or 15,000 miles. 24-hour Roadside Assistance Program. And a 36-month/50,000-mile, no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" limited warranty. For details on these plans see your dealer. For a free brochure on the 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.

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*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels, and other minor areas. © 1992 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.